



No. 68

# FOUR STAR HIT! BOY COMMANDOS

# The BATMAN

# TMAN *Detective* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OCT.

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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

## CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR BOOK REVIEWS!

Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from your library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a \$5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

**JOSETTE FRANK**

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....	By Mary Jane Carr
Black Stallion.....	By Walter Farley
Juneau the Sleigh Dog.....	By West Lathrop
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....	By Alida Malkus
Black Fire.....	By Covelle Newcomb
Way Down Cellar.....	By Phil Stong
Piang, the Moro Chieftain.....	By Florence Stuart
Happy Landing.....	By Leonora M. Weber
Haven for the Brave.....	By Elizabeth Yates
The Last of the Gauchos.....	By Thames Williamson

## THE MAIL WAGON MYSTERY

By May Justus

Illustrated by Lucia Patton

This is the story of a feud between two families in the mountain country of Tennessee.

When the six Murray children were left, during their mother's illness, to take care of themselves, they had a pretty hard time making ends meet and so they welcomed an invitation to come to Thunderhead Mountain to live with an uncle they had heard about but had never seen. They arrived in the midst of trouble, for their Uncle Matt had been accused of a mail robbery and was in jail awaiting trial. At the mines where many of the men of No-End Hollow earned their living there was strife, too, fanned higher as men took sides in the feud between the Murrays and the Coomers.

To Bob and Dick Murray it became important to solve the mystery of the theft of the miners' money from the mail wagon and thus clear their Uncle Matt's good name. To Harriet, it seemed important also to settle the feud that was keeping the whole mountainside stirred to fever pitch.

When these two plans work out together, the story comes to an exciting climax.

Get this book at your library.

## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE (Code Jupiter No. 4)

M RIIH EQIVMGE. EQIVMGE RIIHW CSY.  
HS CSYV FMX!

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



HAVE YOU MET TWO-FACE, THE MOST BIZARRE VILLAIN OF ALL HISTORY? HE USED TO BE HANDSOME DISTRICT ATTORNEY HARVEY KENT. ONE DAY A VENGEFUL RACKETEER HURLED ACID AT HIM, HORRIBLY SCARRING ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE! SHUNNED, BITTER, KENT IN TRUTH BECAME TWO-FACE...A LIVING JEKYLL-HYDE!

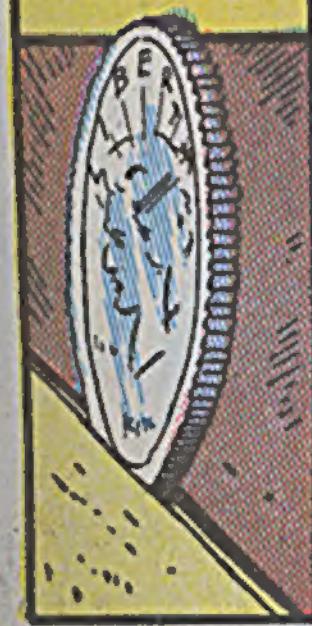
ONE SIDE GOOD, CLEAN, HANDSOME...THE OTHER SIDE UGLY, RUTHLESS, CRIMINAL! EVEN HIS CRIMES WERE DECIDED BY THE TOSS OF A TWO-HEADED DOLLAR, ONE SIDE SHINY, THE OTHER SIDE MUTILATED...LIKE HIS OWN!

BUT WHEN THE BATMAN TOOK UP HIS TRAIL, TWO-FACE WAS FORCED TO FLIP FOR FREEDOM OR FOR JAIL...AND SO, WHERE OUR FIRST STORY ENDS, THIS ONE BEGINS...AS BATMAN AND ROBIN CLASH A SECOND TIME WITH...

"The Man Who Led a Double Life!"

BOB  
KANE

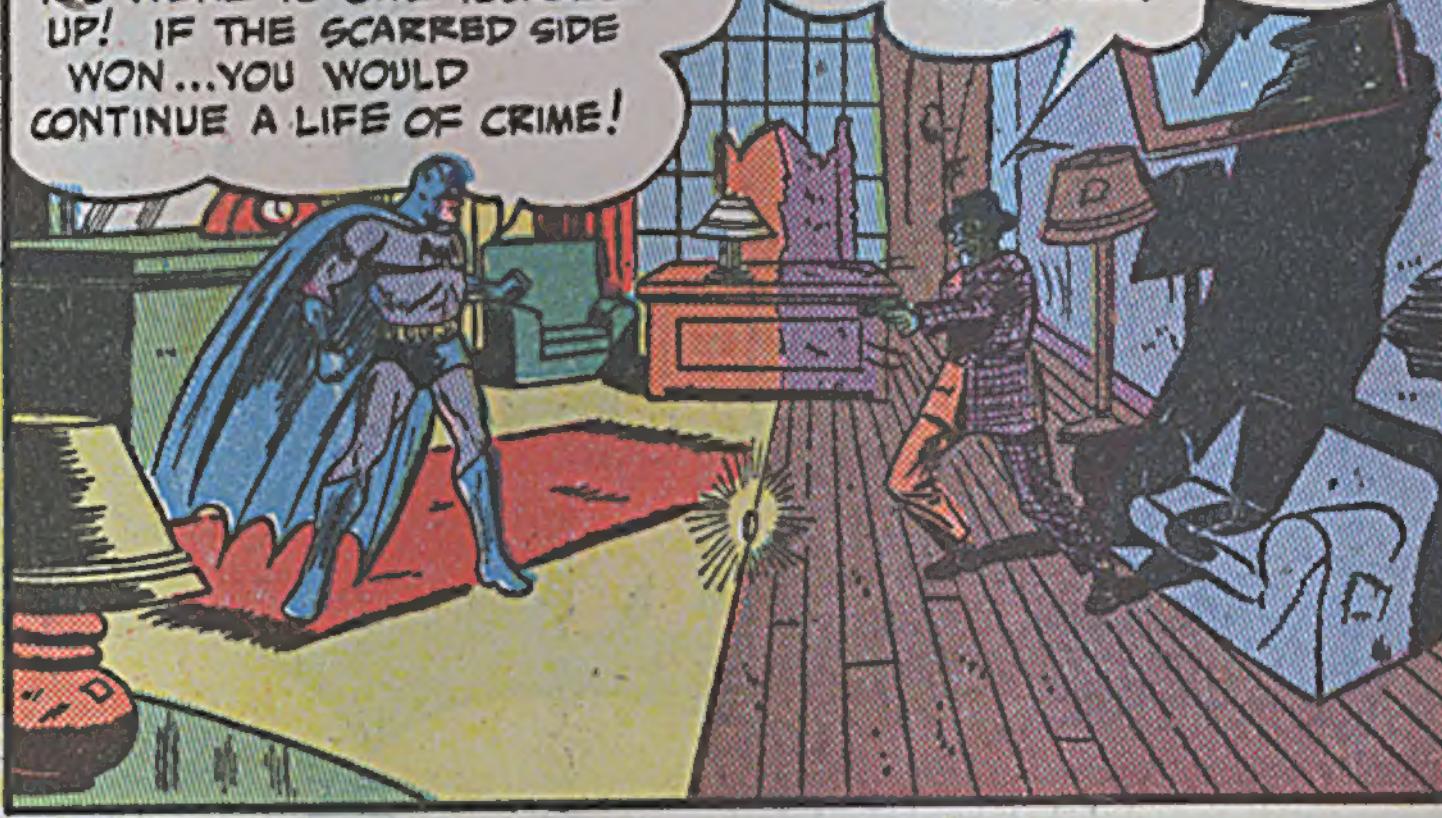
A FLIPPED SILVER DOLLAR IRONICALLY STANDS ON ITS EDGE IN A CRACK BETWEEN THE ROOM'S FLOOR BOARDS AS TWO MEN PEER AT IT!



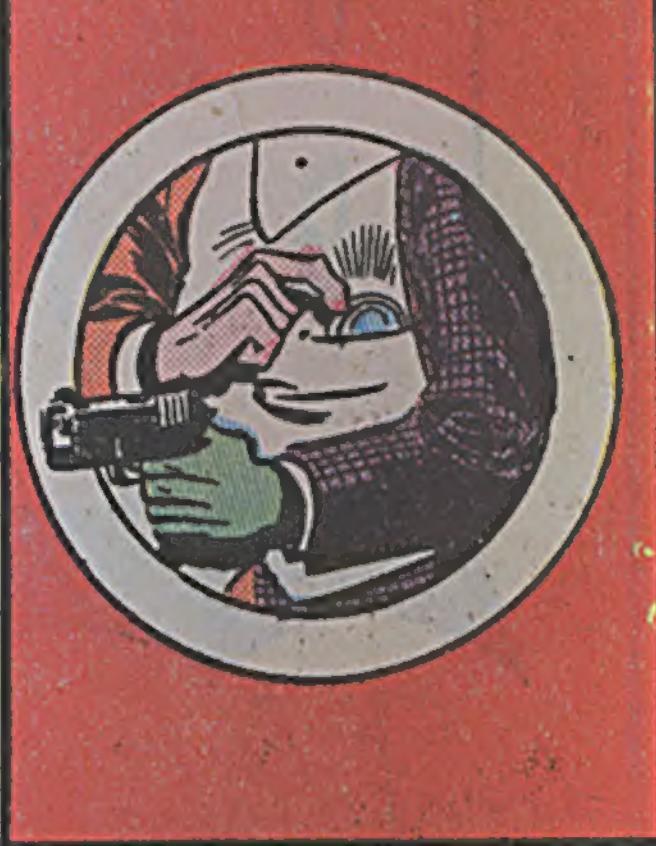
AND THIS IS A BIZARRE ROOM... ALMOST AS BIZARRE AS THE MAN THE BATMAN WATCHES CLOSELY... TWO-FACE!

TWO-FACE, WE TOSSED THAT COIN TO DECIDE SOMETHING! IF THE GOOD SIDE WON... YOU WERE TO GIVE YOURSELF UP! IF THE SCARRED SIDE WON... YOU WOULD CONTINUE A LIFE OF CRIME!

YES... BUT THE COIN IS STANDING ON ITS EDGE, SO IT CAN'T DECIDE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

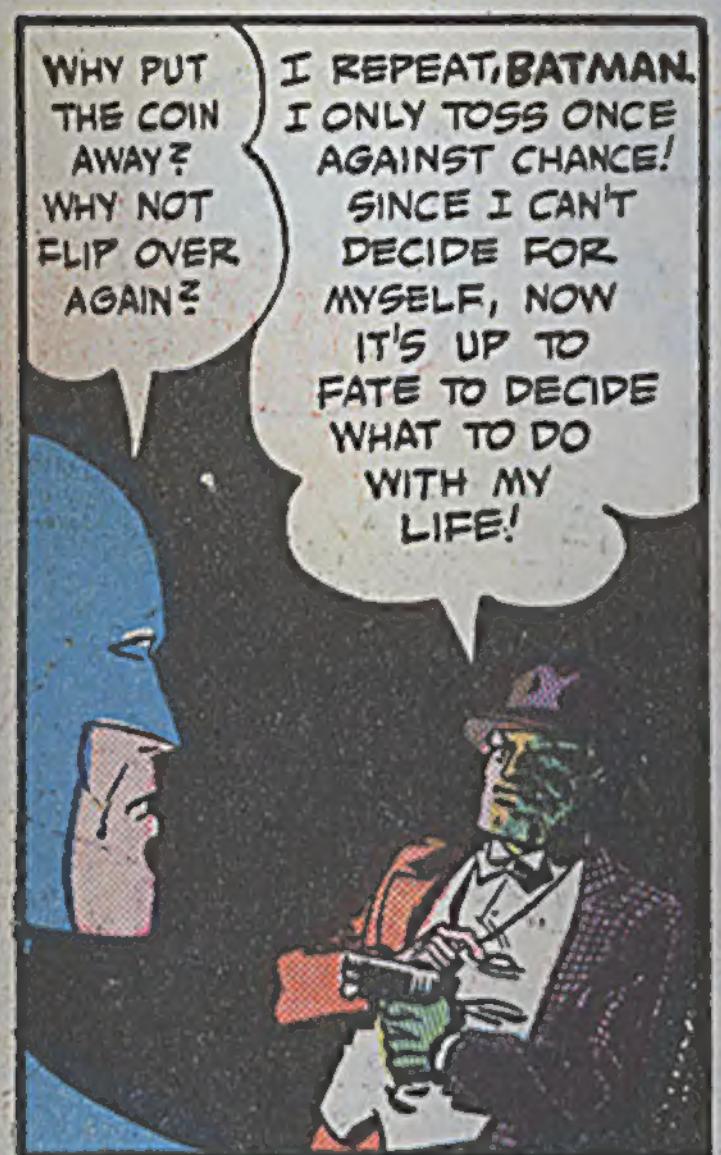


TWO-FACE SCOOPS UP THE COIN... AND DROPS IT INTO THE BREAST POCKET OF HIS VEST...



WHY PUT THE COIN AWAY? WHY NOT FLIP OVER AGAIN?

I REPEAT, BATMAN. I ONLY TOSS ONCE AGAINST CHANCE! SINCE I CAN'T DECIDE FOR MYSELF, NOW IT'S UP TO FATE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE!

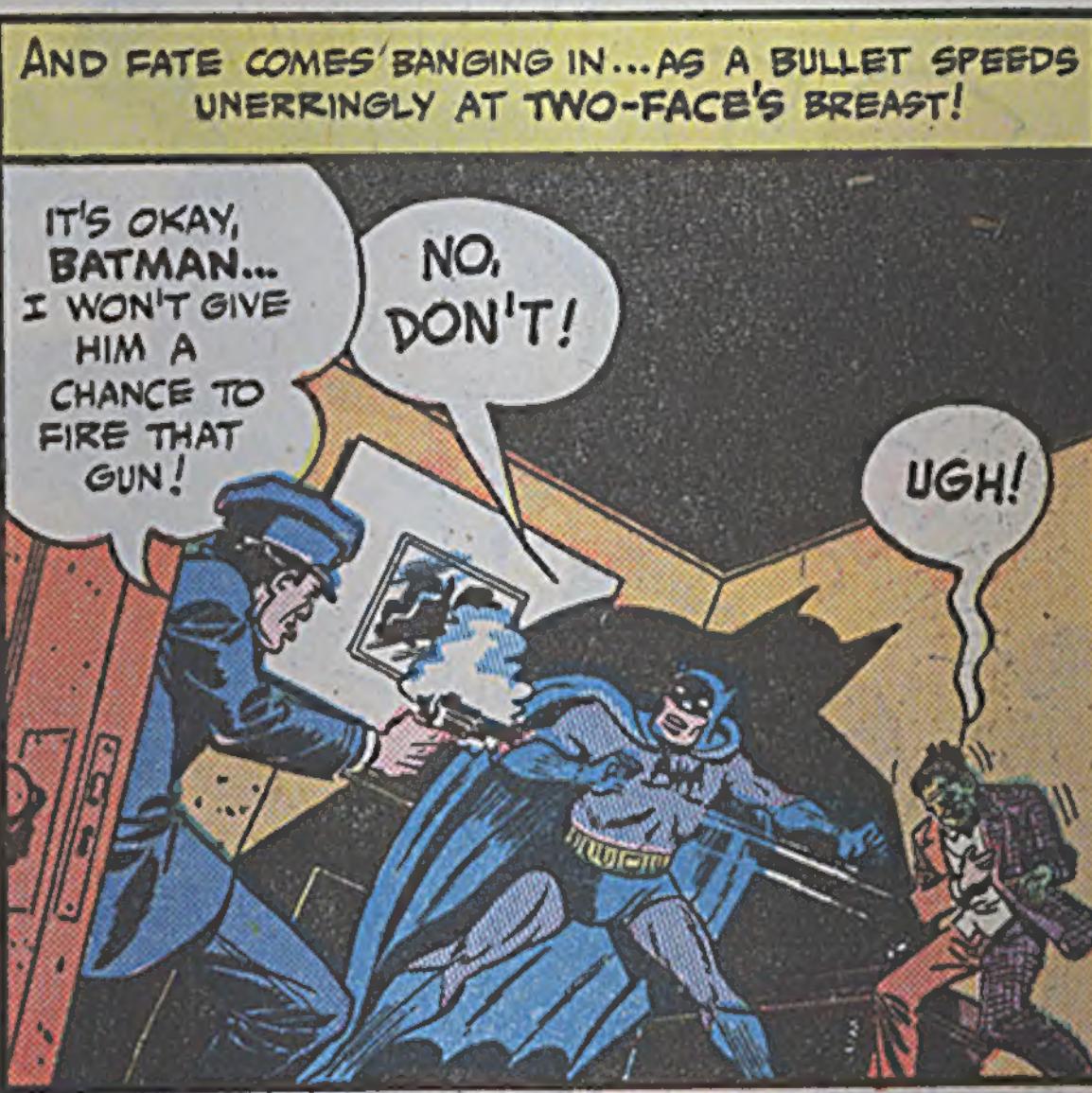


AND FATE COMES BANGING IN... AS A BULLET SPEEDS UNERRINGLY AT TWO-FACE'S BREAST!

IT'S OKAY, BATMAN... I WON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO FIRE THAT GUN!

NO, DON'T!

UGH!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! I MIGHT HAVE REFORMED HIM YET!

SORRY, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN DANGER! I GUESS I ACTED TOO FAST TO THINK!



MAYBE YOU DON'T, BUT WHEN I ACT... I THINK... FAST!



A HEADLONG CRASH CARRIES TWO-FACE AWAY FROM THE GROGGY PURSUERS...

HA! GOT AWAY! THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED MY LIFE WAS THE COIN... BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE BULLET HIT! MY BREAST POCKET!



THE BULLET... IT HIT THE SCARRED SIDE! FATE'S GIVEN ME MY ANSWER! THE SCARRED SIDE SAVED MY LIFE... FOR A LIFE OF CRIME!



THIS IS THE PATH DESTINY'S CHOSEN FOR ME... GOOD-BYE FOREVER TO HARVEY KENT, D.A.... IT'S TWO-FACE, CRIME KING, FROM NOW ON!



ONE WEEK LATER...TWO-FACE ADDRESSES HIS NEW CRIME COMBINE.

MEN, LOOK AT THIS TWO-HEADED COIN! NOTE HOW MUCH LIKE ME IT IS WITH ITS TWO FACES...ONE FACE, CLEAN, HANDSOME, GOOD...

...AND THE OTHER SIDE, SCARRED, EVIL! ON THE FACES OF THIS COIN DEPEND OUR JOBS...AS DIFFERENT AS NIGHT AND DAY, THEY ARE EVIL OR GOOD!

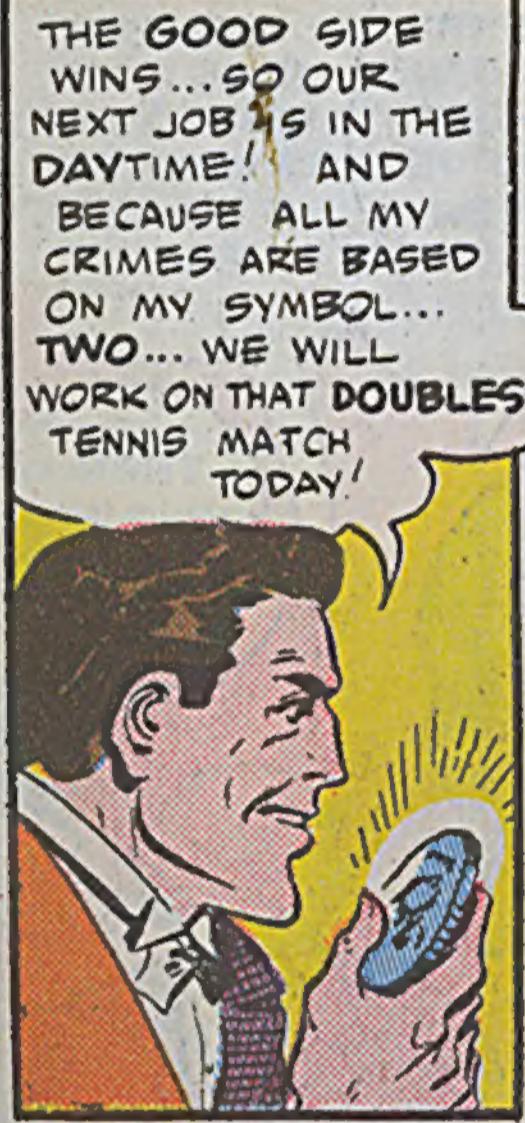
A SUDDEN FLIP...

...AND THE SPINNING COIN DROPS FACE UP!



THE GOOD SIDE WINS...SO OUR NEXT JOB IS IN THE DAYTIME! AND BECAUSE ALL MY CRIMES ARE BASED ON MY SYMBOL... TWO... WE WILL WORK ON THAT DOUBLES TENNIS MATCH TODAY!

LATER, UNDER THE AFTERNOON SUN...CRIME STALKS THE TENNIS COURTS...



...AND LATER THAT SAME DAY... A CHARITY HOME RECEIVES A DONATION...

WHY...LOOK AT ALL THE MONEY SOME-ONE DONATED!

YES...AND IT WAS CONTRIBUTED BY TWO-FACE!



ELSEWHERE...

I'M SORRY YOU BOYS DIDN'T MAKE ANY MONEY ON THIS TENNIS JOB...BUT THE GOOD SIDE OF THE COIN WON!

YEAH! BUT I HOPE THE BAD SIDE WINS SOON!



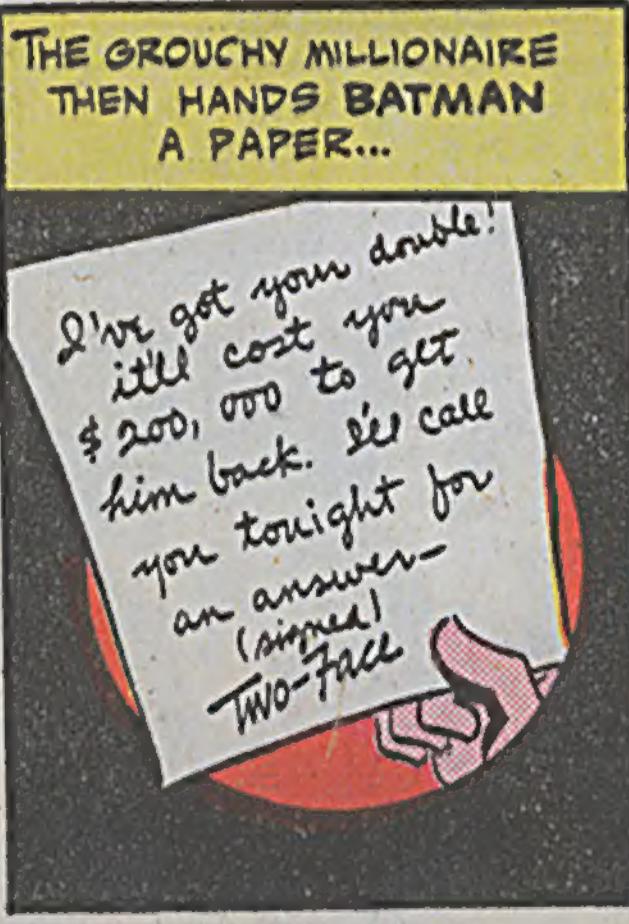
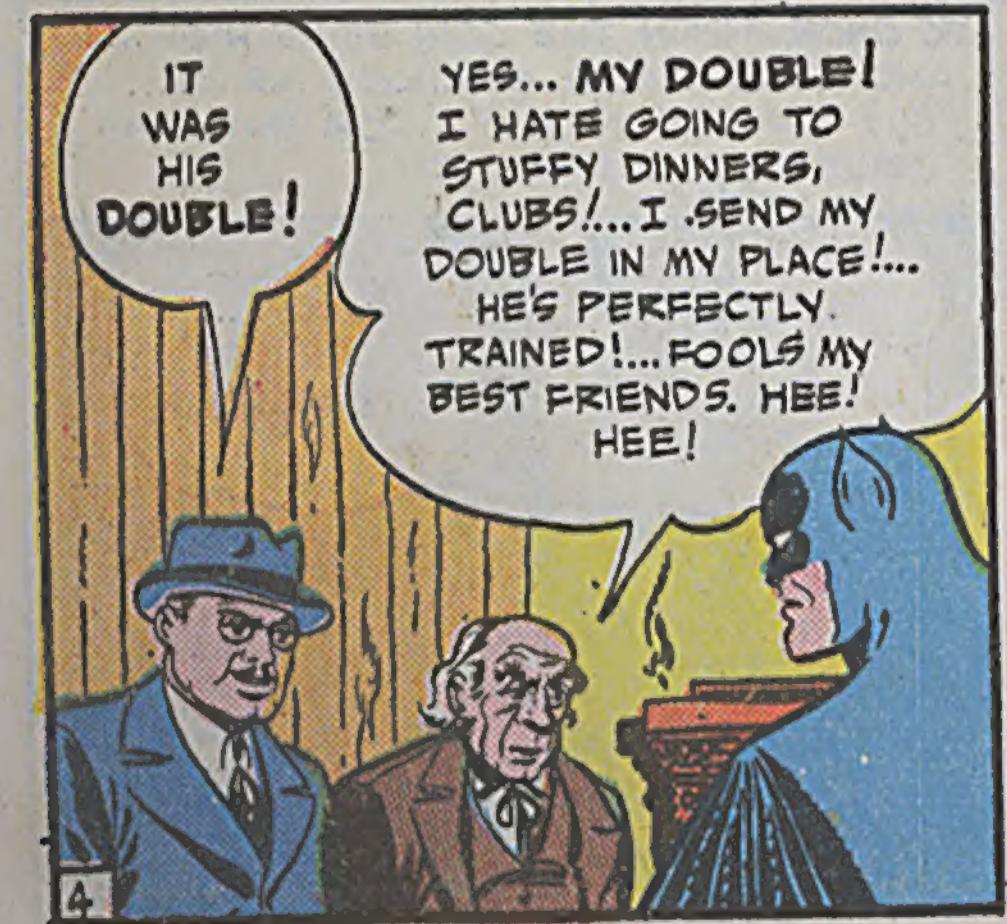
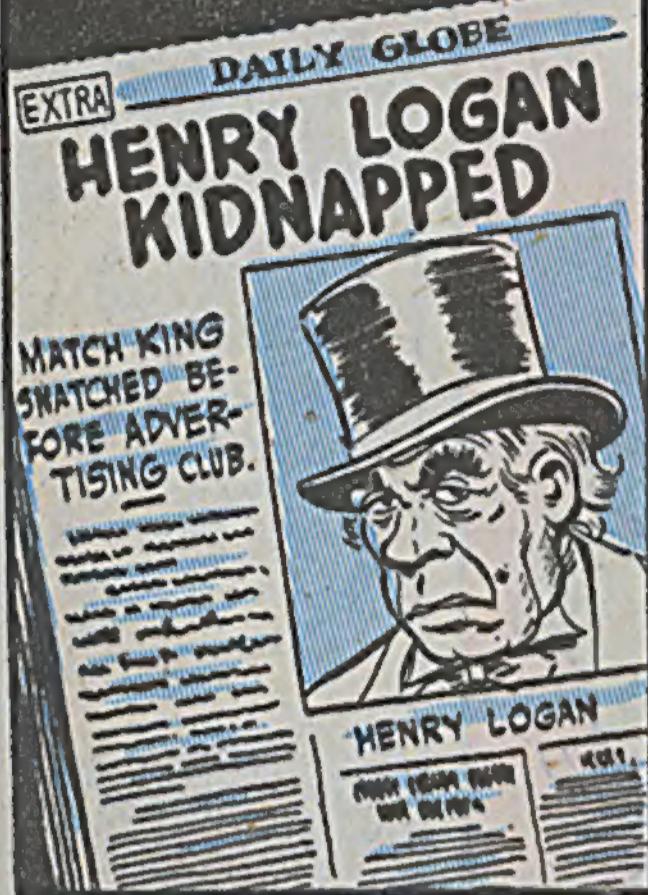
SO ONCE AGAIN THE COIN SPINS HIGH... AND TWO-FACE STRIKES AGAIN... THIS TIME AT NIGHT...FOR EVIL HAS TRIUMPHED OVER GOOD!

HURRY IT UP BEFORE THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH COPS!

C'MON, GRANDPA... YOU'RE GOIN' PLACES!



HEADLINE NEWS HITS THE FRONT PAGES!



I'M TAKING A CHANCE TELLING YOU AND GORDON! BUT I WANT MY DOUBLE... I'VE GOT TO BE FREE TO CONTINUE MY HOBBY! GET HIM BACK FOR ME!

YOU SELFISH OLD FOSSIL! YOU'RE ONLY THINKING OF YOURSELF, NOT OF THAT POOR MAN! ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU DO AS I SAY! LISTEN...

TIME DRAGS ON IN THE ECCENTRIC MATCH-KING'S HOBBY HOUSE...

WHY, YOU INGRATE, IT WOULD ONLY TAKE ONE FIST TO MAKE YOU MORE POLITE!

CAREFUL, YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! YOU ALMOST PUSHED OVER MY EIFFEL TOWER! IT TOOK 25,000 MATCHSTICKS TO MAKE THAT!

THEN, AT LONG LAST... THE PHONE CALL FROM TWO-FACE.

ALL RIGHT... I'LL PAY... BUT ONLY WHEN I MYSELF SEE THAT MY DOUBLE IS UNHARMED!

FINE! I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY BOYS CALL FOR YOU AND THE DOUGH... BUT NO TRICKS!

WORKIN' THIS JOB ON YOUR FORMULA IS OKAY! TWO LOGANS... AND WE GET TWO HUNDRED GRAND!

HA! HA! YOU'RE LEARNING FAST! OKAY, JOE... GO PICK UP LOGAN! MEET US AT THE BARN!

SOME TIME AFTER... LOGAN AND A COMPANION ARE BROUGHT BEFORE AN OLD RAM-SHACKLE BARN...

INSIDE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUSH ME, YOU RUFFIAN!

DID THEY HURT YOU?

THAT'S THE DOUBLE GUY'S WIFE! SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIM!

WIFE! HE'S A BACHELOR! IT'S A TRICK!

ABRUPTLY... FROM UNDER THE DISGUISES OF "LOGAN" AND THE "WIFE" EXPLODE TWO POWER-MUSCLED FRAMES... BATMAN AND ROBIN!

YOU TWO!

T-THE BATMAN!

WHY NOT? ONE DOUBLE FOR LOGAN IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!

C'MON, ROBIN...  
LET'S TAKE  
THE STARCH  
OUT OF  
THEM!

I'M  
KNOCKING  
THE AIR  
OUT OF  
THEM!

TWO-FACE,  
I'M GOING  
TO END  
YOUR CRIME  
CAREER RIGHT  
NOW!

AND  
I'M GONNA  
END  
YOURS,  
BATMAN!

Suddenly...  
A PITCHFORK  
HISSES AT THE  
COWARDLY KILLER,  
PINS HIS  
SLEEVE TO THE  
WALL!...

WHAT SORT OF  
ADVENTURE WOULD  
THIS BE IF BATMAN  
OR ROBIN DIDN'T  
SWING ON A ROPE  
AT LEAST  
ONCE?

THEN...  
CATASTROPHE!  
AN AVALANCHE  
OF HAY SPILLS  
OVER ROBIN...

CUT THE PUNNING! GET  
GOING WHILE THE GOING'S  
GOOD! WE'LL SPLIT UP AS  
PLANNED ORIGINALLY IN  
CASE POLICE ARE ABOUT!

HAW!  
DON'T TELL  
ME THAT AIN'T  
HAY, BROTHER!

GLUB...  
GLUB...

A FLYING TAKE-OFF...AND  
A WING-CAPED SHAPE  
HURLES THROUGH EMPTY  
SPACE!

CROWDING INTO  
A CAR, THE  
THUGS RACE  
AWAY! WHILE  
TWO-FACE...

HOW  
APPROPRIATE  
THAT TWO-FACE  
SHOULD MAKE  
HIS GETAWAY ON  
A TWO-WHEELED  
VEHICLE!



OH...  
YOU  
AGAIN!

IT ISN'T  
MY  
TWIN  
BROTHER!

TWO-FISTED BATMAN VS. TWO-FACE!

WHO KNOWS?  
MAYBE I CAN STILL  
KNOCK SOME SENSE  
INTO YOU!

BUT THE OVER-EAGER BATMAN DOES NOT SPY A FUGITIVE DIPPING INTO A VEST POCKET!

SOMETHING STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A SILVER COMET... AND THUDS HEAVILY AGAINST THE BATMAN'S TEMPLE!

THIS HEAVY SILVER DOLLAR OF MINE CAME IN HANDY AGAIN! I COULD KILL THE BATMAN... BUT I'M NOT A KILLER YET... BESIDES, HE WAS MY FRIEND! WELL... I'LL GET GOING BEFORE I GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION!

SOME TIME LATER... THE RECOVERED BATMAN AND ROBIN RETURN TO THE MATCH-KING'S HOBBY HOUSE...

WELL, LOGAN... I'VE COME BACK WITH YOUR DOUBLE!

UH?... OH YES... DON'T ANNOY ME NOW... CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY! GET OUT... GET OUT!

WHY, YOU COLD, SELFISH, MEAN, OLD CRAB! I'M RUNNING OUT OF ADJECTIVES. HE DIDN'T EVEN ASK HOW HIS DOUBLE FELT OR ANYTHING!

HUMPH... PEOPLE ALWAYS BOTHERING ME... WISH THEY'D LEAVE ME ALONE! HMM... NOW ANOTHER MATCH HERE...

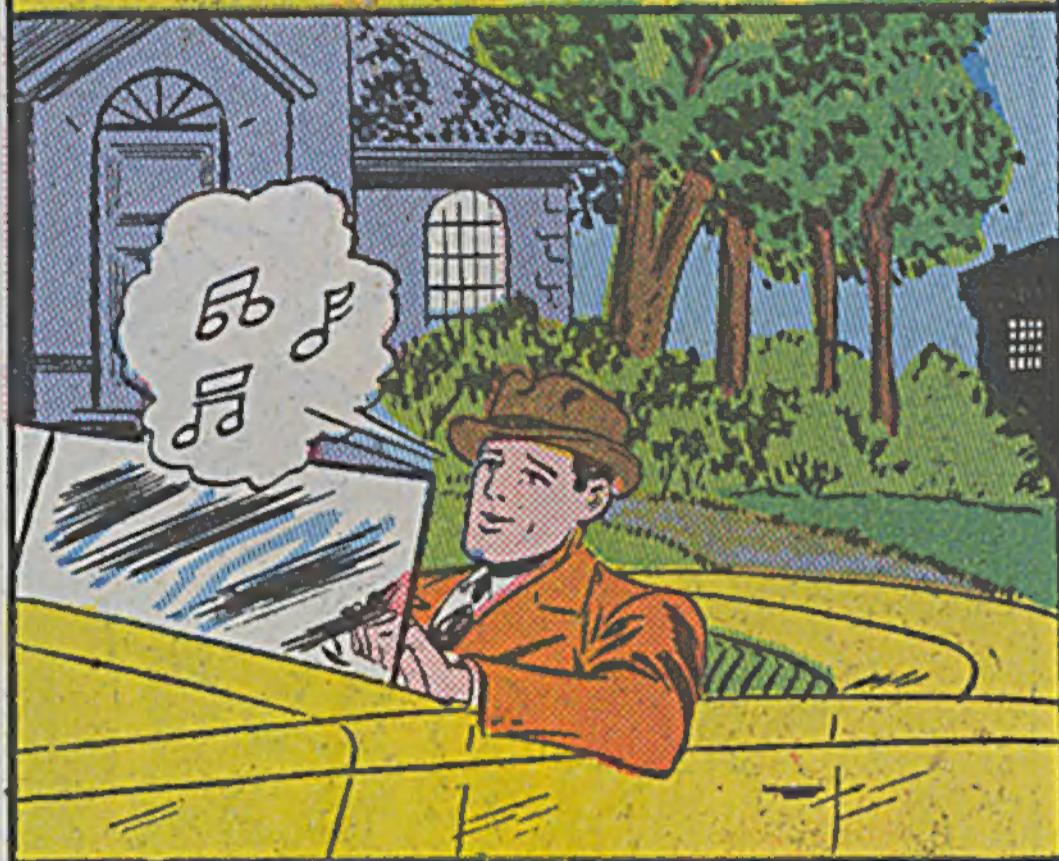
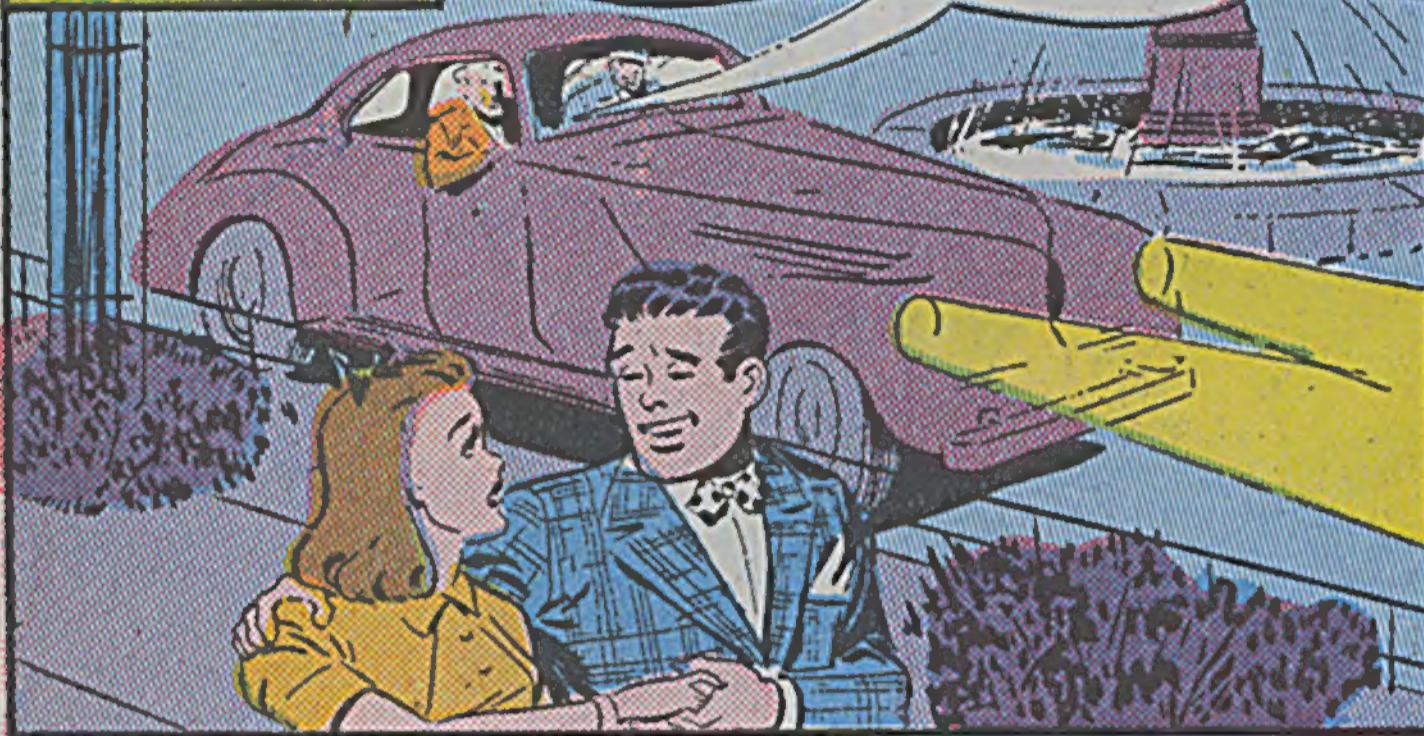
ROBIN! YOU NAUGHTY BOY! TCH-TCH - YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN LOGAN A "HOT FOOT"... EVEN THOUGH HE DID DESERVE IT!

HE LIKES TO PLAY AROUND WITH MATCHES SO MUCH... LET HIM TRYING PLAYING AROUND WITH THAT!

THE NEXT NIGHT....A SULTRY SUMMER NIGHT... FRAGRANT AND ROMANTIC UNDER A FULL MOON...

THAT MIGHT BE GILDA AND MYSELF...WERE IT NOT FOR MY SCARRED FACE! IF I HAD A HEALED FACE SHE MIGHT LOVE ME AGAIN...PLASTIC SURGERY IS HOPELESS...BUT MAYBE...HMM...

ONE NIGHT LATER...BEFORE GILDA'S HOME STOPS A HANDSOME CAR AND SEATED AT THE WHEEL A HANDSOME MAN...TWO-FACE...BUT NOW ONE FACE, CLEAN AND HANDSOME!



HARVEY! YOU'VE COME BACK! I...YOUR FACE! IT'S LIKE IT USED TO BE!

PLASTIC SURGERY! A MIRACLE! I WAS AS SURPRISED AS YOU WERE!

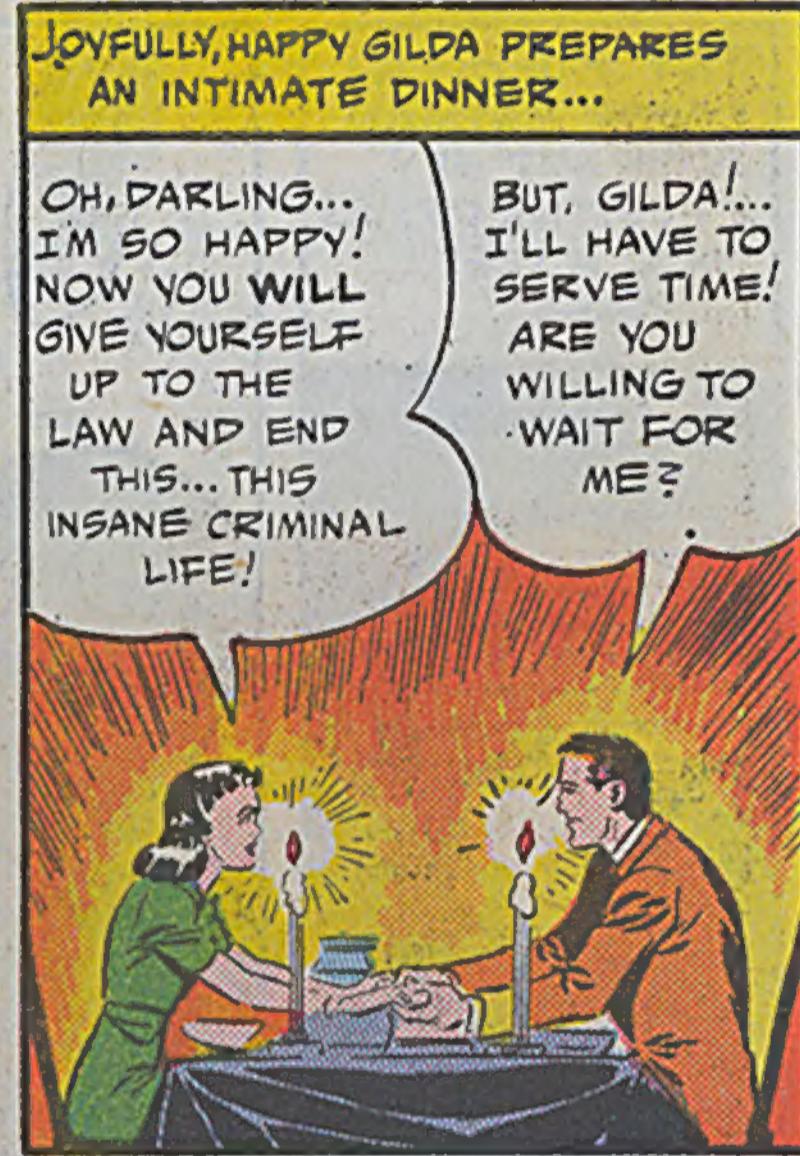
THE FLESH LOOKS SO... SO CLEAN!... I FEEL LIKE TOUCHING IT!

NO!... UH... I MEAN...WELL... THE FLESH IS STILL SENSITIVE...I...I... JUST TOOK THE BANDAGES OFF TODAY!

JOYFULLY, HAPPY GILDA PREPARES AN INTIMATE DINNER...

OH, DARLING... I'M SO HAPPY! NOW YOU WILL GIVE YOURSELF UP TO THE LAW AND END THIS...THIS INSANE CRIMINAL LIFE!

BUT, GILDA!... I'LL HAVE TO SERVE TIME! ARE YOU WILLING TO WAIT FOR ME?



FOREVER IF NECESSARY NOW THAT YOU... OH...OH!... YOUR FACE.... YOUR FACE!

GILDA! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

ONE SIDE OF YOUR FACE... IT'S MELTING!



THE CANDLE  
FLAME DID IT!  
THE HEAT  
MELTED MY  
MAKEUP...  
WAX MAKEUP!  
I WAS DESPERATE...  
I HAD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN...  
GILDA...  
GILDA...

OH...WHY  
DID YOU TRY  
DECEIT? WHY  
COULDNT YOU  
HAVE COME  
TO ME WITH  
THE TRUTH?

OH, KENT...  
KENT...EVEN  
YOUR GOOD  
SIDE IS  
CHANGING!  
I CAN SEE IT  
IN YOUR EYES!  
YOU LIKE  
BEING  
WICKED!

I...  
WHAT'S  
THAT?  
SOMEONE'S  
AT THAT  
DOOR?

HELLO,  
KENT!

BATMAN!

SO, GILDA...  
ALL THE TIME  
YOU WERE  
PRETENDING TO  
LOVE ME, YOU  
WERE PLANNING  
A TRAP...GET  
AWAY FROM ME!

NO, KENT!  
I DIDN'T  
I SWEAR  
IT!

A WINDOW-  
SHATTERING LEAP...  
AND KENT FELLS  
PLUCKY ROBIN!

HAH! IT  
TAKES MORE  
THAN YOU TO  
CATCH ME  
NAPPING!

WELL...THERE  
HE GOES!  
HE CERTAINLY  
THINKS FAST..  
AND ACTS  
TWICE AS  
FAST!

BATMAN,  
HOW  
DID YOU,  
KNOW HE  
WAS  
HERE?

I DIDN'T...  
BUT I  
KNEW HE'D  
TRY TO  
SEE YOU  
SOONER OR  
LATER,  
SO ROBIN  
AND I HAD  
BEEN  
KEEPING  
WATCH!

OH...SO  
THAT'S HOW...  
AND HE'S  
GONE AWAY,  
THINKING  
I BETRAYED  
HIM! HE'LL  
NEVER  
BELIEVE  
ME  
AGAIN!  
NEVER!

LATER THAT NIGHT... A VENGEFUL TWO-FACE  
ENTERS A QUAIN DWELLING...



SHUT UP! IT  
WAS YOUR  
WAX MAKEUP...  
IT BURNED...  
MELTED...YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
WARNED ME  
ABOUT THAT!

YOU'VE COME  
BACK? WHY?...  
I DIDN'T  
TELL THE  
POLICE!

SET THIS PLACE  
ON FIRE, BOYS!  
IT WAS FIRE  
THAT RUINED  
ME WITH MY GIRL...  
SO I'LL RUIN  
HIM WITH  
FIRE!

NO!  
NO!

YOU  
CAN'T...  
UGH!

SOME TIME AFTER...WITH HIS FAMILY...  
THE MASK-MAKER WATCHES  
SMOLDERING RUINS...

ALL I'VE  
WORKED FOR, GONE!  
WE'RE PENNLESS...  
HOMELESS...ALL  
BECAUSE OF TWO-  
FACE!

FATHER,  
SOME DAY...  
SOMEHOW...  
I'LL MAKE  
HIM PAY  
FOR THIS! I  
SWEAR IT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE  
WAYNE, THE BATMAN,  
PONDERS...

ROBIN! I'VE GOT TO STOP  
TWO-FACE! I'VE GOT TO HAVE  
A PLAN OF ACTION! I CAN'T  
USE MAKEUP AGAIN...OR  
CAN I...?

I DON'T KNOW!  
SOUNDS RISKY  
TO ME! BETTER  
THINK OF  
SOMETHING  
ELSE!

THE NEXT NIGHT AS ONE OF TWO-FACE'S THUGS  
ENTERS A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL HAUNT...

SAY, AL, I  
WANT YOU TO  
MEET "GETAWAY"  
GEORGE!  
HE JUST BLEW  
IN FROM CHI!

"GETAWAY" GEORGE?... SAY...  
YOU'RE THE GUY WHO  
MADE A REP BY MAKIN'  
FAST GETAWAYS FROM JOBS!  
GLAD TO MEETCHA!

SOON THE TWO BECOME  
GOOD FRIENDS...

SO YOU  
WORK FOR  
TWO-FACE,  
EH? HE'S  
BIG-TIME!  
I'D LIKE TO  
WORK FOR A  
BIG SHOT  
LIKE HIM!

WELL, MAYBE  
I CAN FIX  
IT! WE  
COULD USE  
A GOOD  
DRIVER!

Later... AT TWO-FACE'S HIDEOUT...

"GETAWAY" .. I  
COULD USE YOU.  
BUT I'M CAUTIOUS  
ABOUT NEW MEN!  
WHO KNOWS? YOU  
MIGHT BE THE  
BATMAN IN  
MAKEUP!

BOSS, I KNOW  
YOU'RE LEERY 'CAUSE  
THE BATMAN FOOLED  
US WITH MAKEUP  
BEFORE... BUT THIS  
GUY IS  
OKAY!

LISTEN,  
TWO-FACE,  
I DON'T  
WANTA WORK  
FOR YOU  
IF YOU  
FEEL THAT  
WAY ABOUT  
ME!

HMM! YOU  
HAVE A WELL-  
KNOWN REP...  
AND I NEED  
A GOOD DRIVER!  
YOU'RE HIRED!

THE NEXT  
MORNING...  
A COIN  
TWIRLS  
HIGH...

... AND  
DROPS  
INTO AN  
OPEN PALM!



AW! THE GOOD SIDE WINS! THAT MEANS WE PULL OUR JOB IN THE DAYTIME...AND DON'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF IT!

AH, YES, WE WILL...A BIG LAUGH! WE'RE GOING TO ROB THE PROCEEDS OF THAT DOUBLE-HEADER BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN THE FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS!

HAW! WE ROB THE COPS AT THEIR OWN BASEBALL GAME! HAW! HAW!

WE LEAVE RIGHT NOW! "GETAWAY," YOU PARK THE CAR OUTSIDE AND WAIT FOR US! WE'LL MIX WITH THE SPECTATORS!

IT'S "BATTER UP" AT THE BASEBALL STADIUM...WHERE THE FANS WATCH THE FIREMEN VS. POLICEMEN!

C'MON, YOU BATMAN!

STRIKE 'IM OUT, BATMAN!

BATMAN PITCHING? AND ROBIN CATCHING? RIGHT!...FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

STRIKE ONE!

ATTA BOY, PAL!  
YOU'RE RIGHT  
IN THE GROOVE!

IT IS A HARD-FOUGHT, TIE-SCORE GAME THAT LASTS FOR FOURTEEN INNINGS UNTIL THE BATMAN IS AT BAT!

IT'S A HOMER!

THE POLICE WIN!

INTERMISSION... AND THE FIRE DEPARTMENT PUTS ON A THRILLING EXHIBITION OF THEIR FIRE-FIGHTING SKILL!

LATER...THE MAYOR MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE PLEASED TO REPORT THAT THIS BOX CONTAINS OVER \$50,000 IN PAID ADMISSIONS WHICH WILL BE TURNED OVER TO OUR BENEFIT FUND!

Suddenly... CHARGING FROM THE STADIUM SEATS... DESCEND TWO-FACE AND COMPANY!

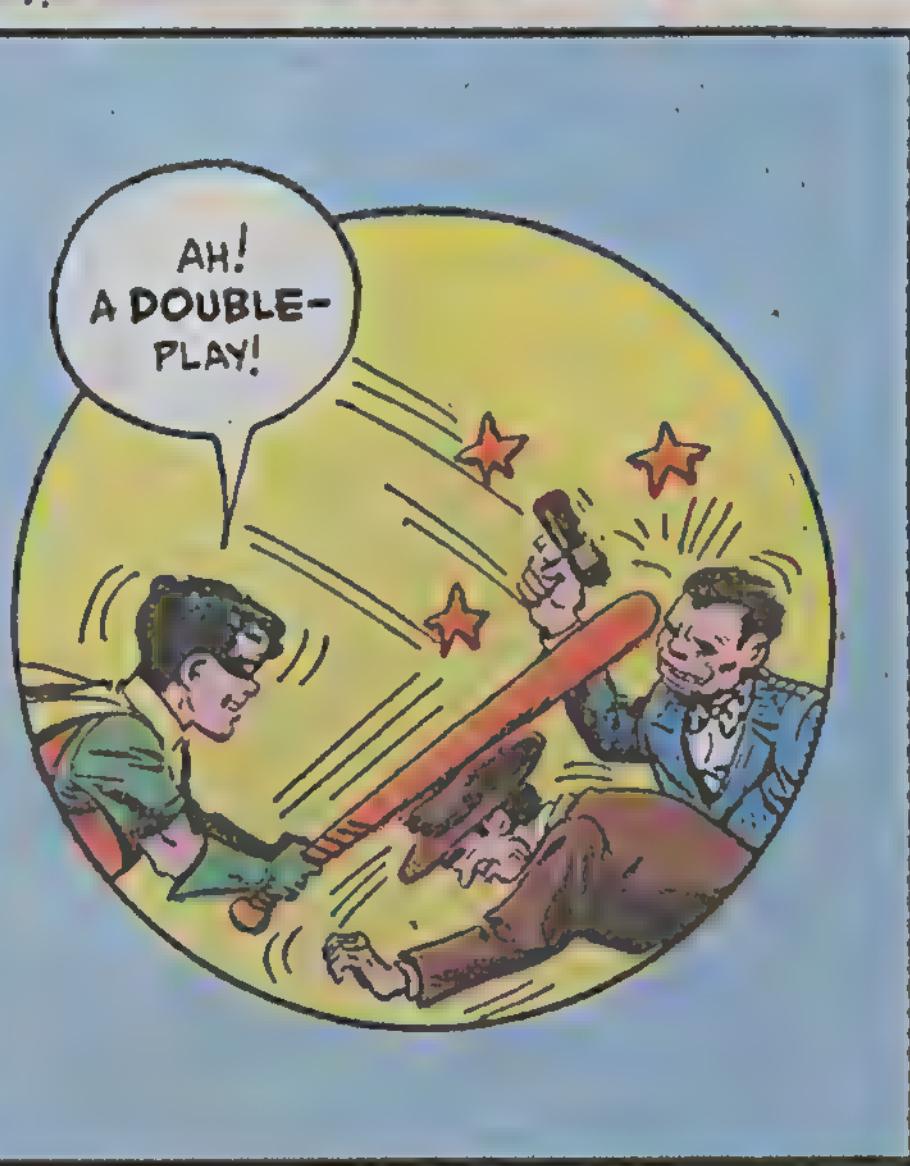
I'LL TAKE THAT, MR. MAYOR! IF ANYBODY SO MUCH AS TWITCHES, MY MEN WILL MACHINE-GUN THE AUDIENCE!



BUT SUDDENLY... A TON OF WATER BATTERS THE THUGS TO SEND THEM ROLLING LIKE TUMBLE-WEED!

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, TWO-FACE!

GLUG!



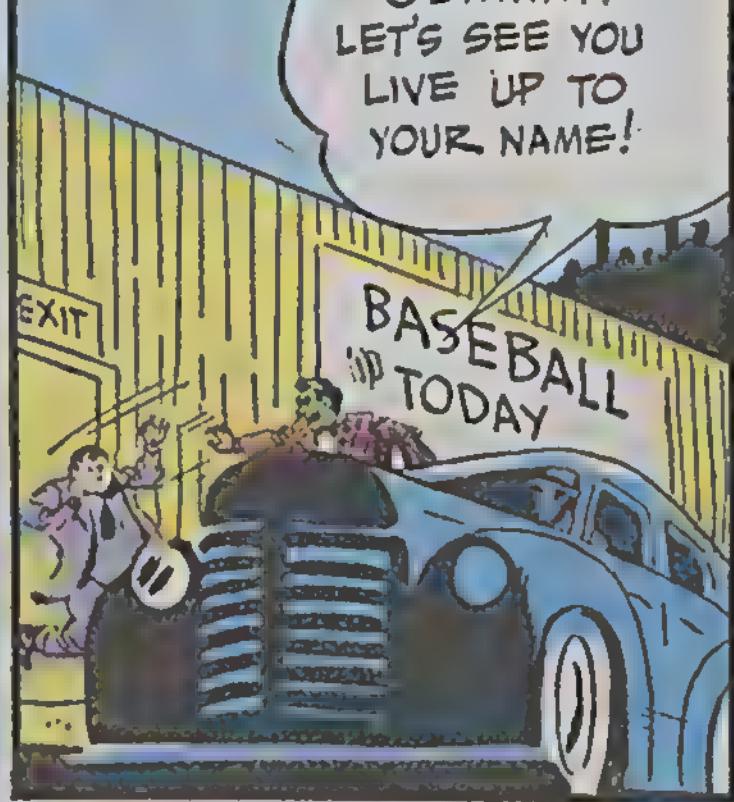
AS POLICE SURROUND TWO-FACE, THE MAD-MAN ACTS!

STOP... OR I'LL BLOW THE MAYOR'S HEAD OFF! I'M A DESPERATE MAN AND I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

DON'T, MEN! HE MEANS IT!



USING THE MAYOR AS A SHIELD, TWO-FACE GAINS THE EXIT...



SOME TIME AFTER... AT TWO-FACE'S HIDEOUT...

A TRAP! ROBIN AND THE POLICE WERE EXPECTING US... BUT HOW? UNLESS... SOMEONE SQUEALED! BUT ALL THE BOYS WERE CAPTURED EXCEPT YOU!...



SLOWLY, A GLIMMER OF DOUBT FORMS IN TWO-FACE'S MIND.

ALL EXCEPT YOU! AND WHERE WAS BATMAN ALL THE TIME IN THAT STADIUM FIGHT? MAYBE I WAS RIGHT... MAYBE YOU'RE THE BATMAN AFTER ALL!

PUTTY! A FALSE NOSE! YOU ARE WEARING MAKEUP! DON'T MOVE, BATMAN... I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT YOUR REAL FACE LOOKS LIKE!

MAKEUP AND WIG PEEL OFF... AND A FACE UNCOVERED... THE FACE OF...

THE MASK-MAKER'S SON! THEN, YOU'RE NOT THE BATMAN, AFTER ALL!

OBVIOUSLY I'M NOT!

BUT... I AM!

THIS TIME YOU DON'T GET AWAY, KENT!

A THOROUGHLY SUBDUED TWO-FACE LISTENS IN SURPRISE...

I WANTED TO GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR RUINING MY FATHER, SO I MADE UP AS "GETAWAY" TO GET INTO YOUR MOB AND GET INSIDE INFORMATION!

AT THE BALL GAME, HE MANAGED TO SLIP AWAY AND TOLD ME YOUR PLANS! I TIPPED OFF ROBIN!

BUT TO CHECKMATE YOU, I HID IN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR! SO HERE I AM... AND YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!

HA! WHAT IRONY! I BASED ALL MY CRIMES ON THE NUMBER TWO AND END UP FINALLY BEING DOUBLE-CROSSED BY ONE OF MY OWN MOB!

AND SO, AT LONG LAST, TWO-FACE GOES TO JAIL...

TWO-FACE... YOUR DOUBLE-LIFE IS OVER! FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL LEAD ONLY ONE EXISTENCE... AS HARVEY KENT, PRISONER!

THAT'S ONLY YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY, BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS TWO SIDES TO A STORY. I'LL ESCAPE, BATMAN... AND I'LL BET YOU ON THAT, DOUBLE OR NOTHING!

# SILLY WILLY

HENRY  
BOLTAOFF

DON'T BOTHER WRAPPING  
IT - I THINK I'LL WEAR  
IT HOME!

HERE IS THE COSTUME YOU  
ORDERED FOR THE BALL!

COSTUMES  
FOR  
HIRE

WHY SHOULD I GET  
MY CLOTHES ALL  
WET!

## EXTRA! BATMAN AND ROBIN SPLIT UP!

WHAT CAUSED THIS GREATEST OF CRIME-BUSTING TEAMS TO BREAK UP?

WHY DID THE FRIENDSHIP OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DISSOLVE IN BITTERNESS?

HOW CAN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?

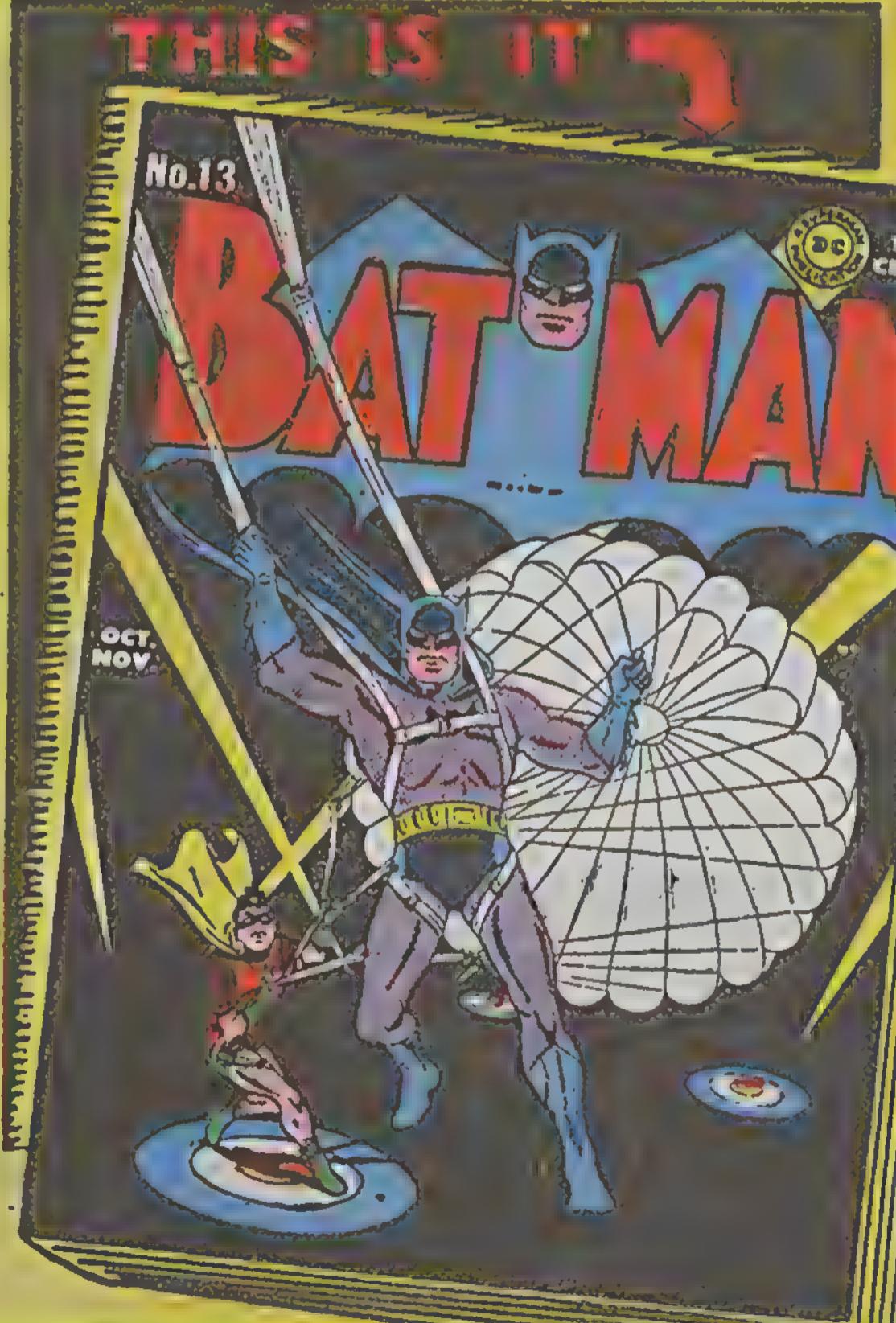
WILL THEY GET TOGETHER AGAIN---OR IS THEIR PARTING FINAL?

YOU'LL FIND THE STARTLING ANSWERS TO ALL THESE THRILLING QUESTIONS IN  
"THE BATMAN PLAYS A LONE HAND"

...WHICH IS JUST

ONE  
OF THE  
FOUR

TERRIFIC BATMAN STORIES  
IN  
BATMAN No. 13  
ON SALE AUG. 12<sup>TH</sup>



# THE BOY COMMANDOS

with RIP CARTER

## ORDER OF THE DAY

ALL COMMANDO FLYING UNITS WILL REPORT FOR RESCUE DUTY... THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE MISSING IN ACTION SINCE OUR CONVOY WAS ATTACKED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC... THEY MAY STILL BE ALIVE ON ONE OF THE MANY SMALL UN-CIVILIZED ISLANDS...

*Captain Rip Carter*

THE REMOTE TROPICAL PARADISE WAS AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD... BUT THAT WAS BEFORE OSUKI CAME... "WHO IS OSUKI?" YOU ASK... WHY, OSUKI IS THE SHIPWRECKED JAP, OF COURSE... "HE LOOKS HARMLESS", YOU CONTINUE... "SURELY HE CANNOT DISRUPT THE PEACEFUL ISLAND'S TRADITIONS OF CENTURIES"! THAT'S JUST WHAT THE CHIEF OF THE ISLANDERS THOUGHT... BUT OSUKI IS NOT JUST A JAP... HE IS A SYMBOL... A SYMBOL OF AXIS TERRORISM AND AGGRESSION!

TURN THE PAGES, THEN, AND READ OF THE BOY COMMANDOS IN THIS THRILLING CHAPTER FROM THEIR PERSONAL EXPERIENCES...

**"THE TREACHERY OF OSUKI!"**

by JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY

THE SURVIVORS CLING TO THE DRIFTING WRECKAGE...

AS COOL BREEZES BLOW GENTLY ACROSS THE MOONLIT WATERS OF THE BLUE PACIFIC.....**OH!** YOU RECOGNIZE THESE OPENING LINES!!

**WHY NOT?** YOU'VE SEEN THEM A THOUSAND TIMES....THE OLD FORMULA...WHICH A WEARY AUTHOR FALLS BACK UPON WHEN HE RUNS OUT OF PLOTS...WE REALIZE THAT, TOO, DEAR READER! BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?---YOU SEE.. THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED...

OUR OPENING SCENE IS LAID SOMEWHERE IN THE BROAD, WATERY EXPANSE THAT IS THE PACIFIC.... WHERE FOUR TATTERED LITTLE FIGURES CLING TO THE FLOATING WRECKAGE OF A HUGE SEAPLANE!

WHAT A MESS!  
OUR FIRST MISSION TO AUSTRALIA--AND WE END UP A WRECK AFTER SHOOTING DOWN THOSE JAP PLANES!

THE LAST I SAW OF RIP, HE WAS YELLIN' FOR US TO BAIL OUT...I HOPE HE IS SAFE SOMEWHERE!

IT IS GOOD WE FOUND THE WRECKED PLANE! IT IS BOUYANT ENOUGH TO HOLD US UNTIL WE ARE RESCUED.

BUT TIME, ON THIS GREAT VASTNESS OF HUGE WAVES CAN BE NOTHING BUT UNLIMITED HORIZONS...DEEP, EMPTY DARKNESS...A MERCILESS, SCORCHING SUN...GNAWING HUNGER AND DREADFULL THIRST! ALL THESE TORTURES ARE THE LOT OF THE WRETCHED CREW OF THE ONCE PROUD SKY-GIANT!...AND ON THE THIRD DAY OF DRIFTING...

LOOK! ON THE HORIZON! A SHIP OR SOMETHING! WE'RE SAVED!

H'IT'S COMIN' CLOSER! IT'S NOT A SHIP... IT-IT'S...

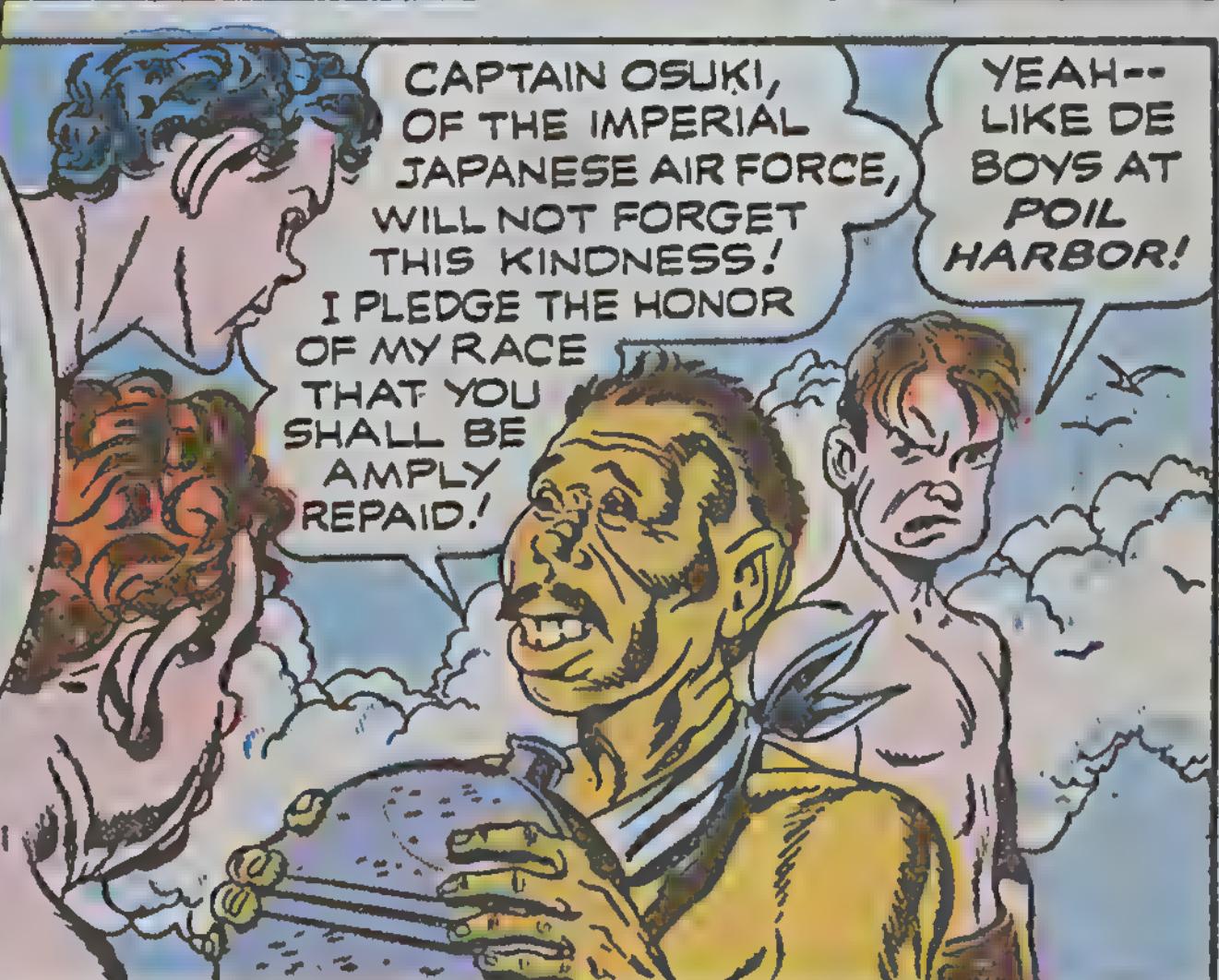
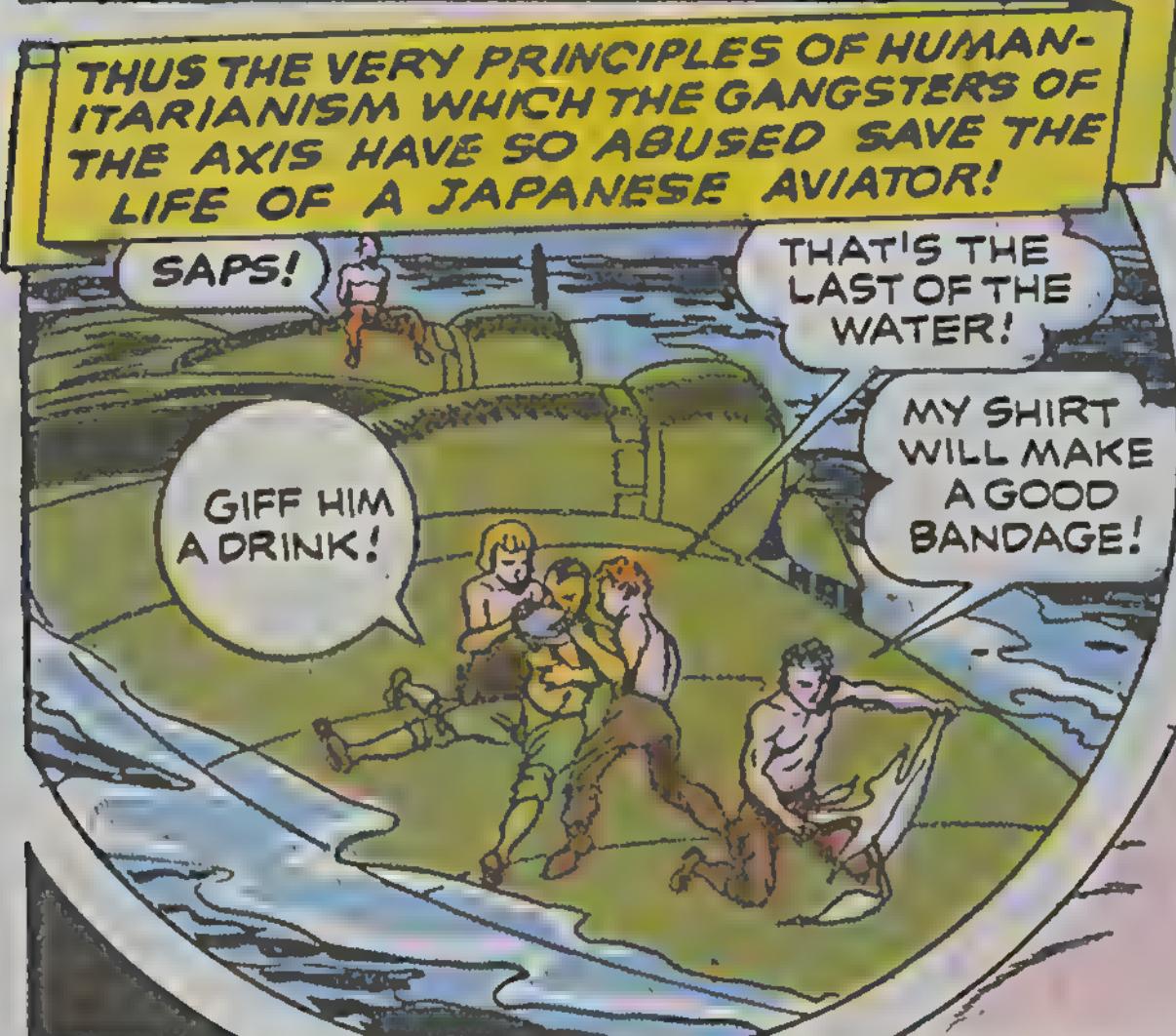
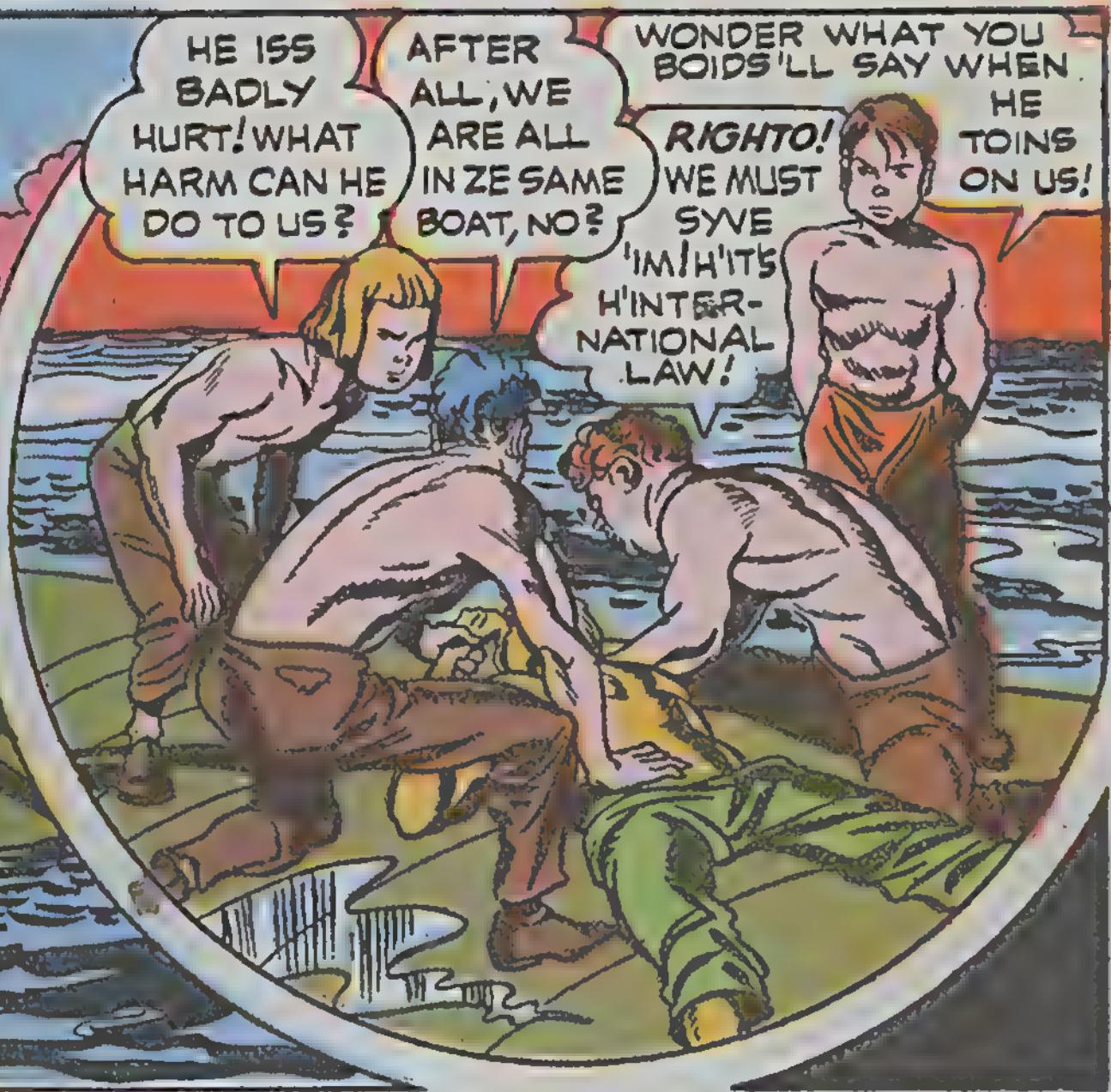
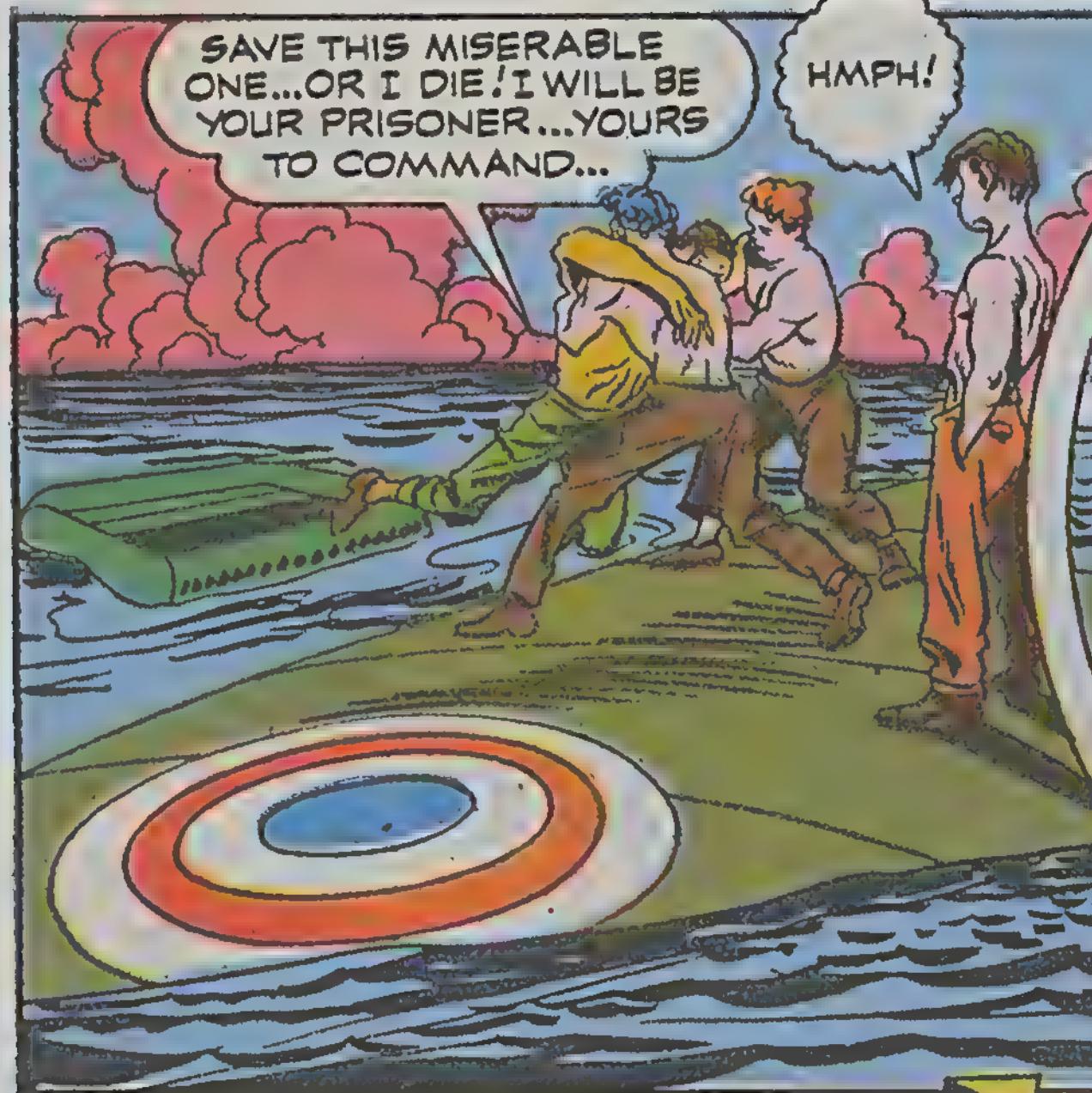
IT'S NO SHIP..  
IT'S A RAFT!  
ANOTHER VICTIM OF DER BATTLE!

WELL...CAN YA BEAT DAT!  
A JAP! AND IN DE SAME FIX AS WE ARE!

'IS RAWFT H'IS PUNCTURED!  
H'IT'S GOIN' TA SINK H'ANY MINUTE!  
SHALL WE PULL 'IM H'ABOARD?

I'M FER LETTIN' DE YELLA SKUNK DROWN!  
HE'LL ONLY STAB US IN DE BACK IF WE SAVE 'IM!!

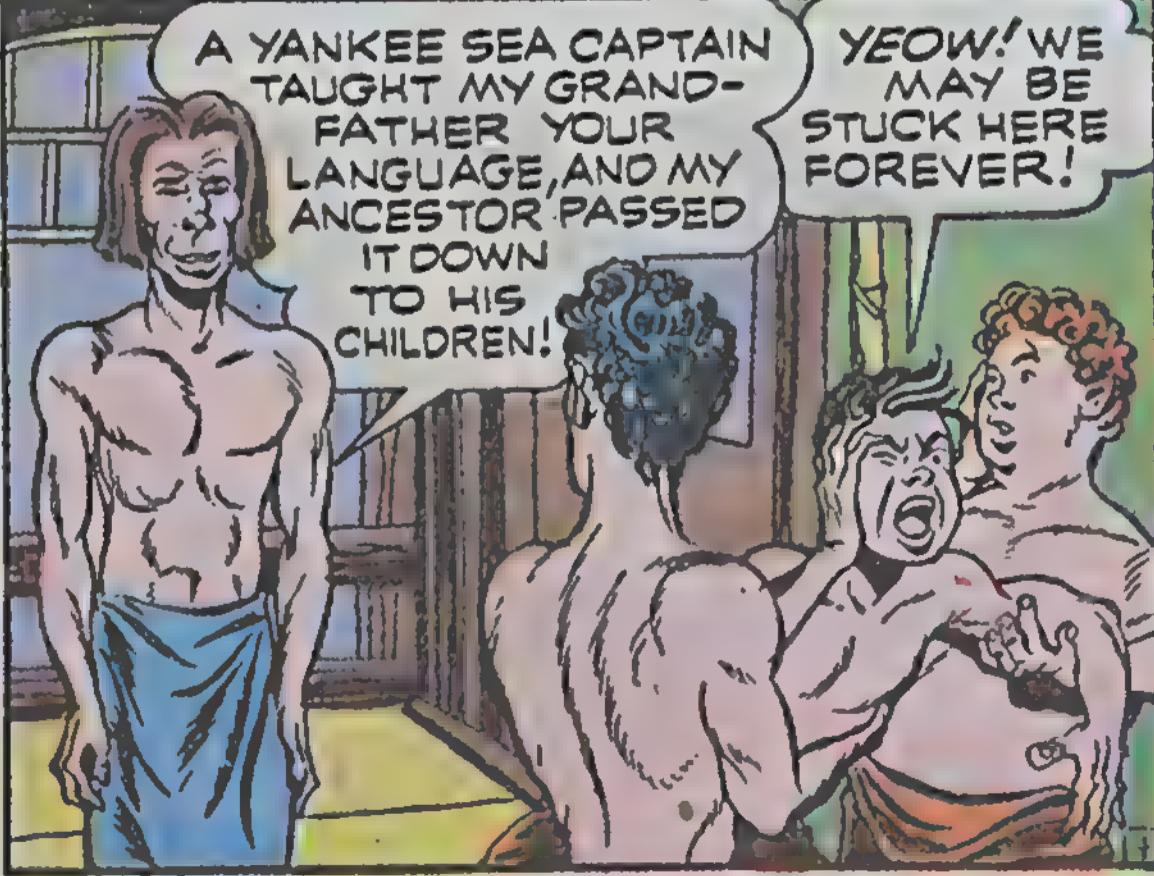
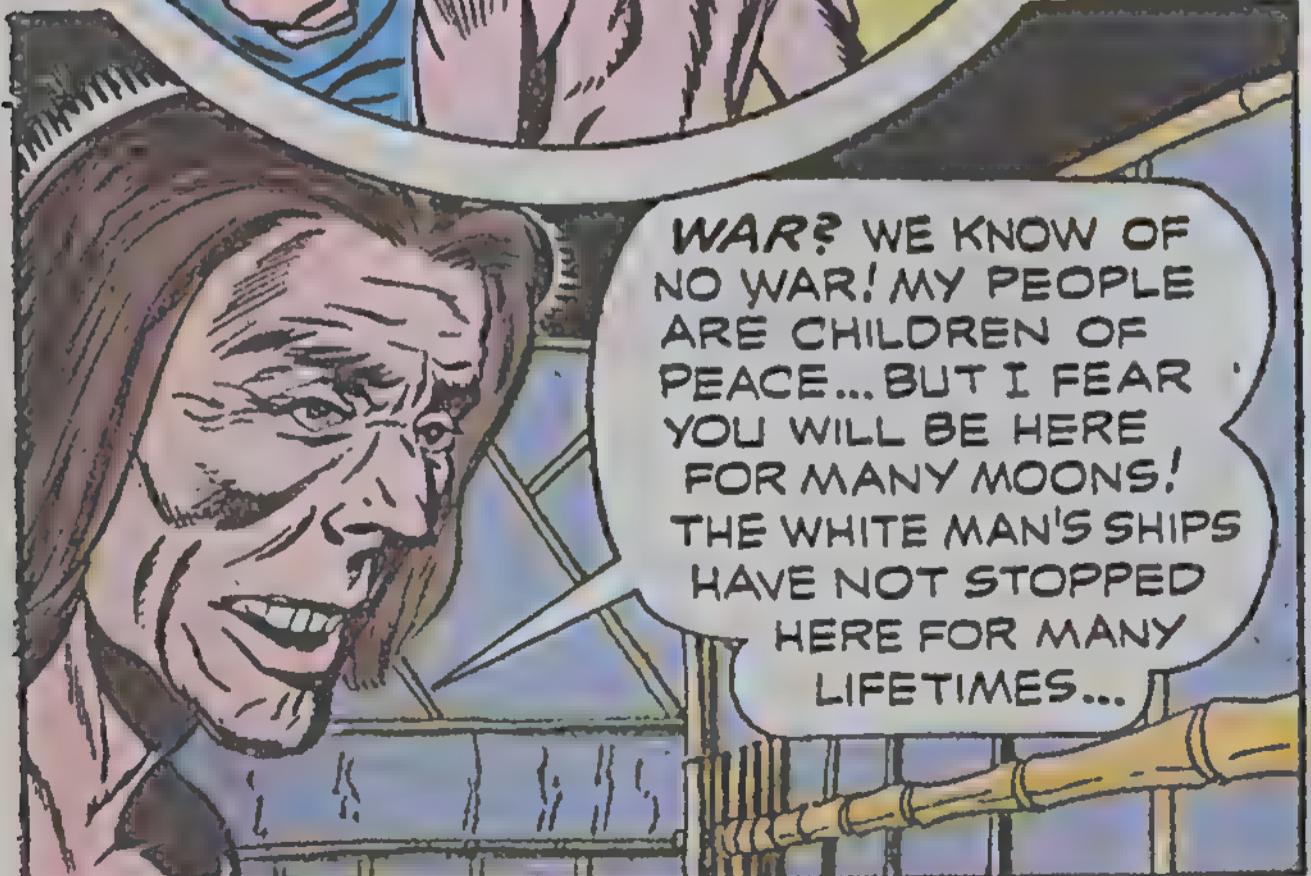
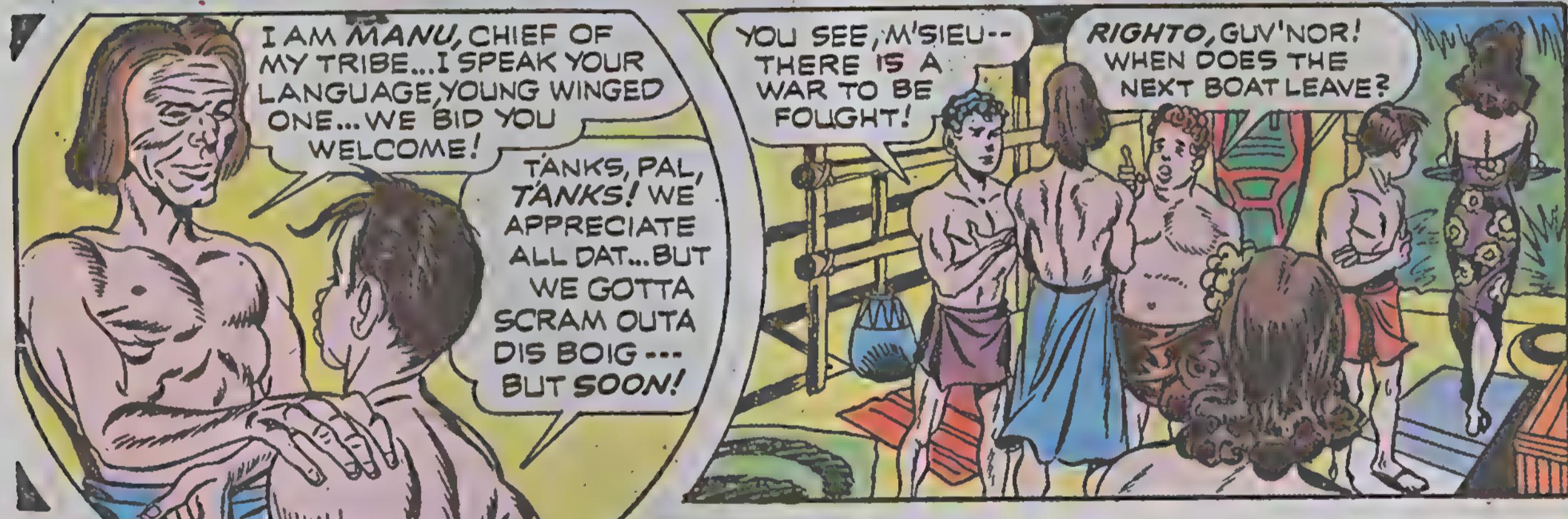
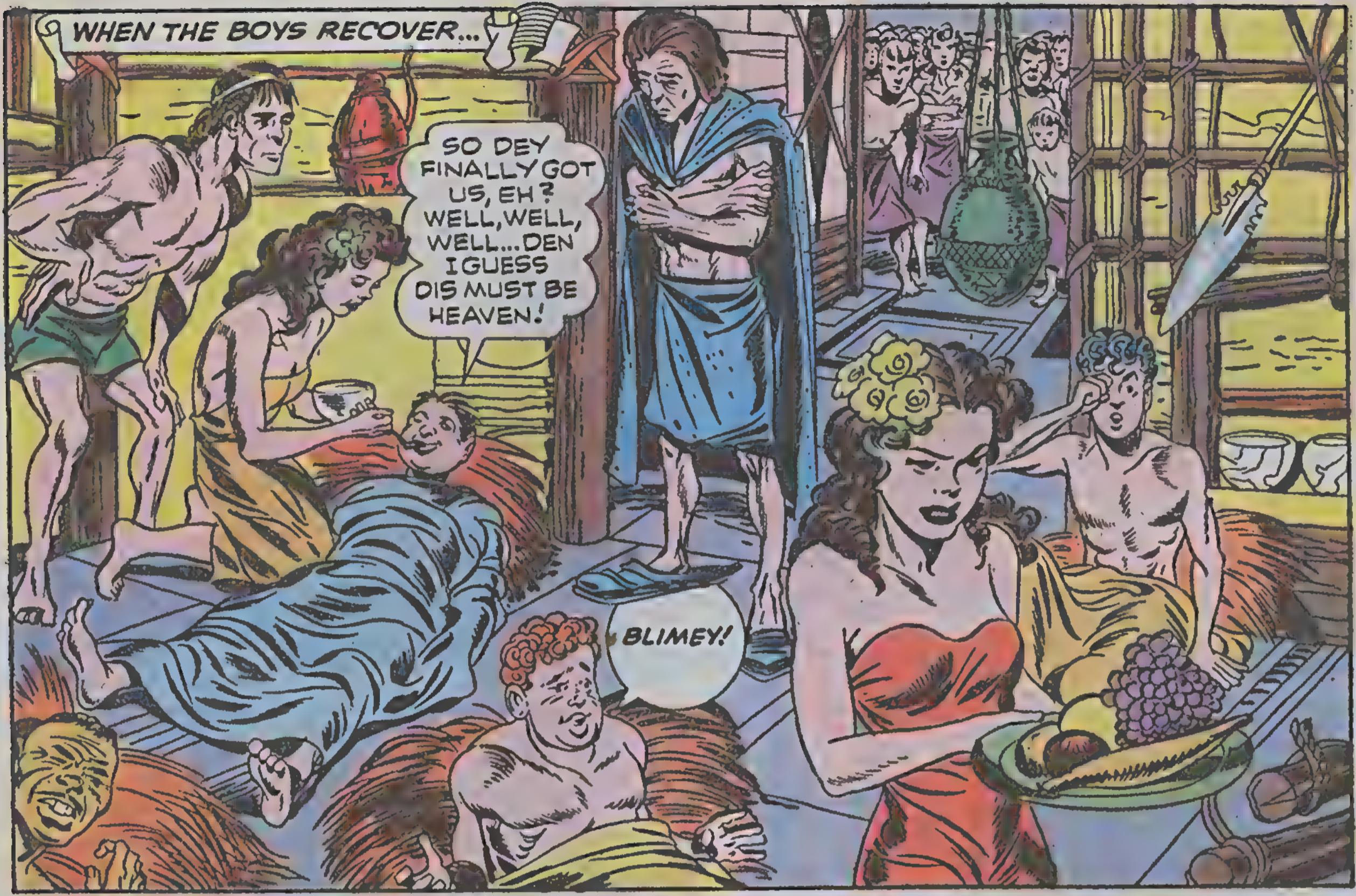
BUT WE ARE CIVILIZED! WE CANNOT LET HIM DOWN!



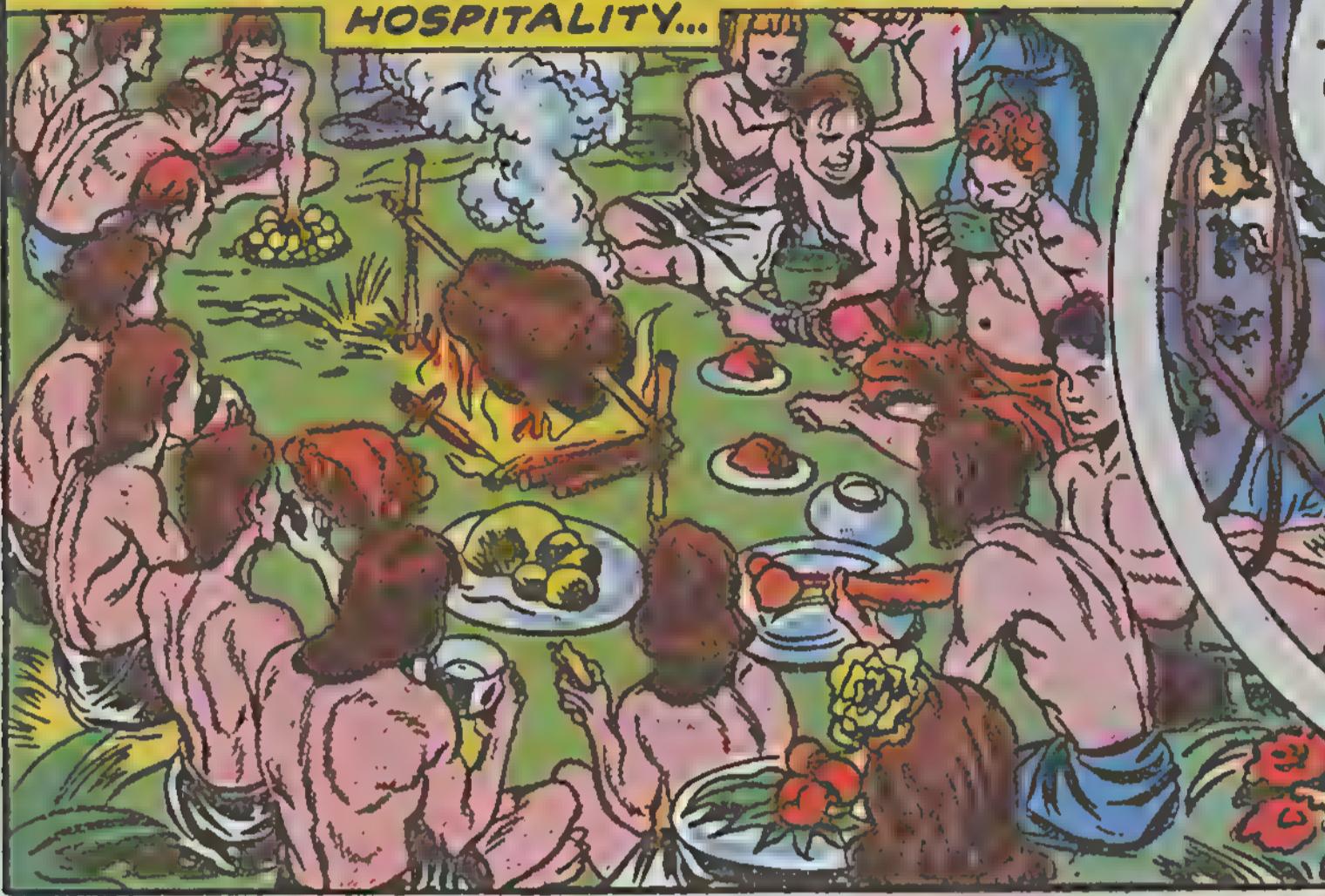
...AND SO, A STRANGE CREW ON A STRANGE CRAFT DRIFTS ONWARD...UNTIL A DAY OR TWO LATER... ON ONE OF THE MANY SMALL ISLANDS THAT DOT THE PACIFIC, WATCHFUL EYES OBSERVE THE FLOATING CASTAWAYS!

MINUTES LATER, TENDER HANDS LIFT THE WRECKED PLANE'S OCCUPANTS TO WELCOME SOIL!





IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE BOY COMMANDOS RESIGN THEMSELVES TO THEIR FATE... MIXING WITH THE NATIVES... GRATEFULLY ACCEPTING THEIR HOSPITALITY...



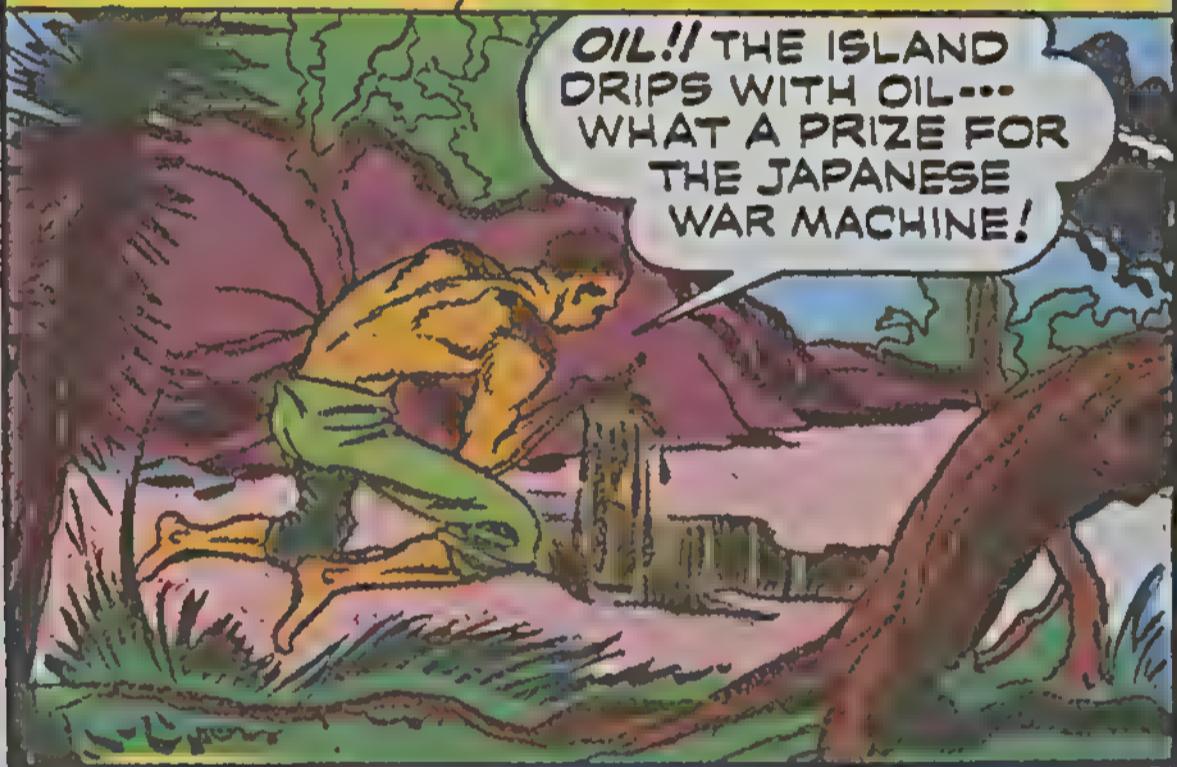
BUT CAPTAIN OSUKI HOLDS ONLY CONTEMPT FOR HIS KIND HOSTS...

THOSE TRUSTING, SAVAGE FOOLS! THE NEW ASIATIC ORDER WILL SOON PUT A STOP TO THEIR WASTEFUL WAY OF LIFE!

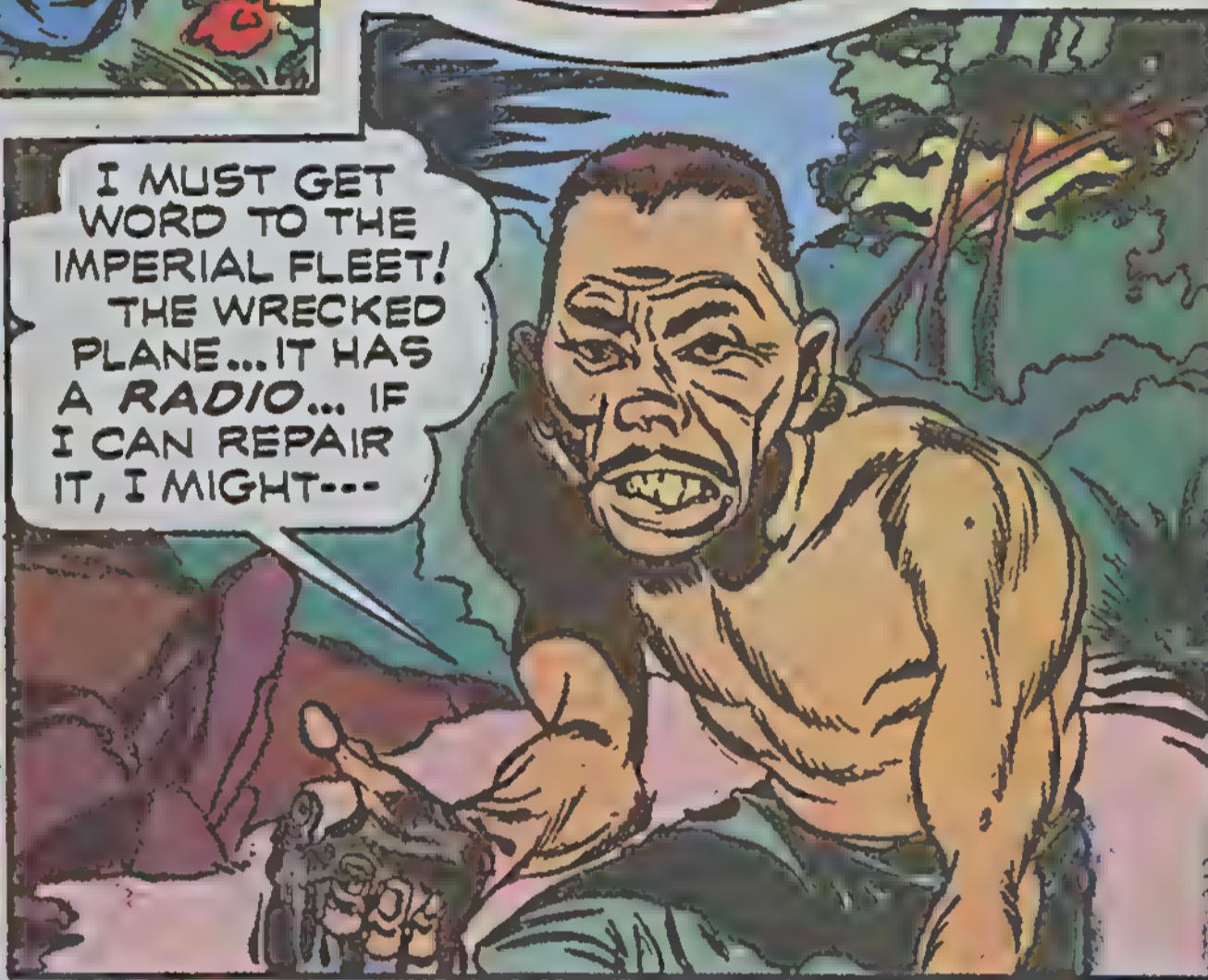


SUDDENLY OSUKI HALTS... HE GAZES AT A DARK BLOTH IN THE EARTH... AND STOOPS TO EXAMINE IT...

OIL!! THE ISLAND DRIPS WITH OIL... WHAT A PRIZE FOR THE JAPANESE WAR MACHINE!

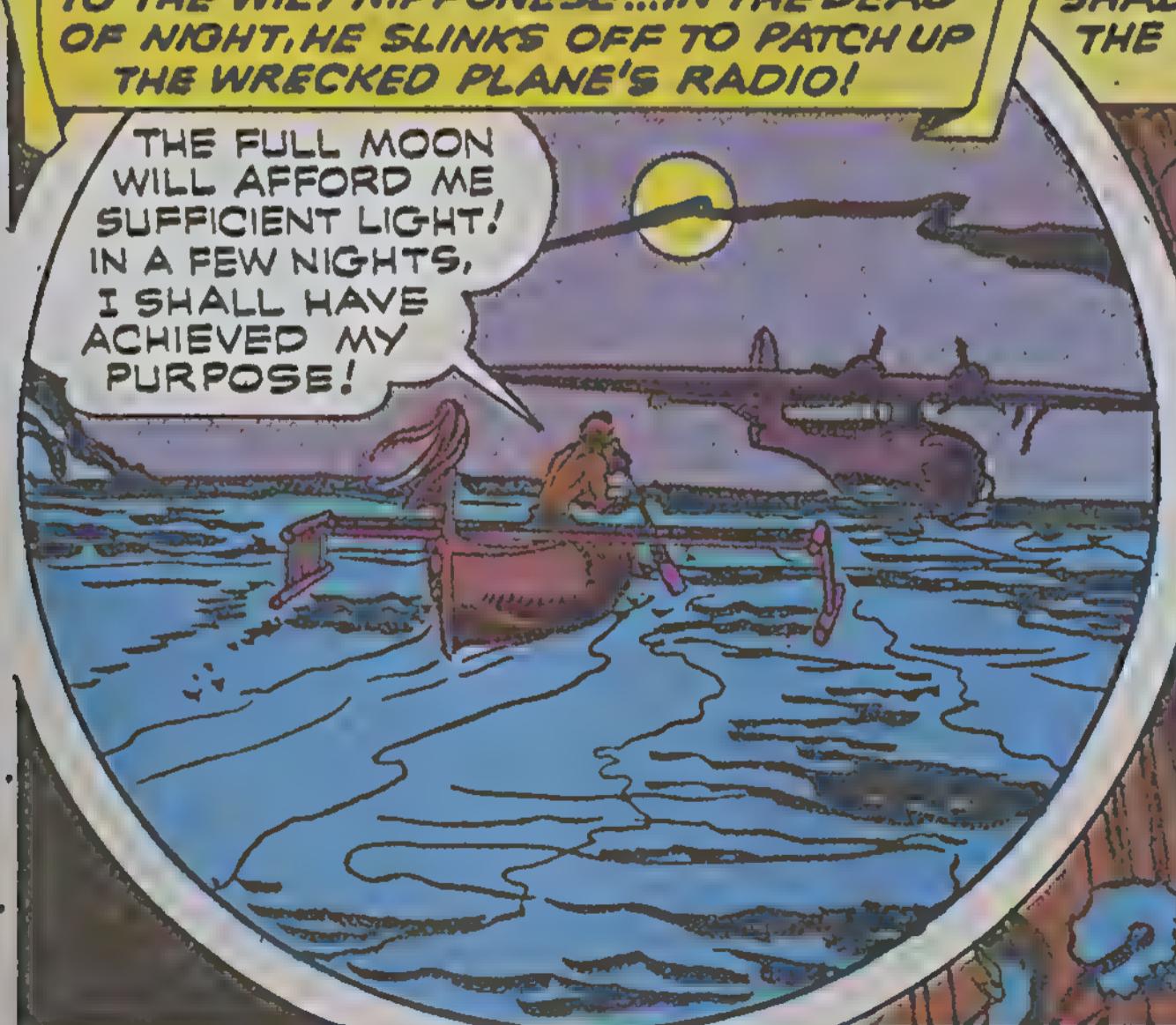


I MUST GET WORD TO THE IMPERIAL FLEET! THE WRECKED PLANE... IT HAS A RADIO... IF I CAN REPAIR IT, I MIGHT...



HIS DISCOVERY ACTS AS AN INCENTIVE TO THE WILY NIPPONESE... IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, HE SLINKS OFF TO PATCH UP THE WRECKED PLANE'S RADIO!

THE FULL MOON WILL AFFORD ME SUFFICIENT LIGHT! IN A FEW NIGHTS, I SHALL HAVE ACHIEVED MY PURPOSE!

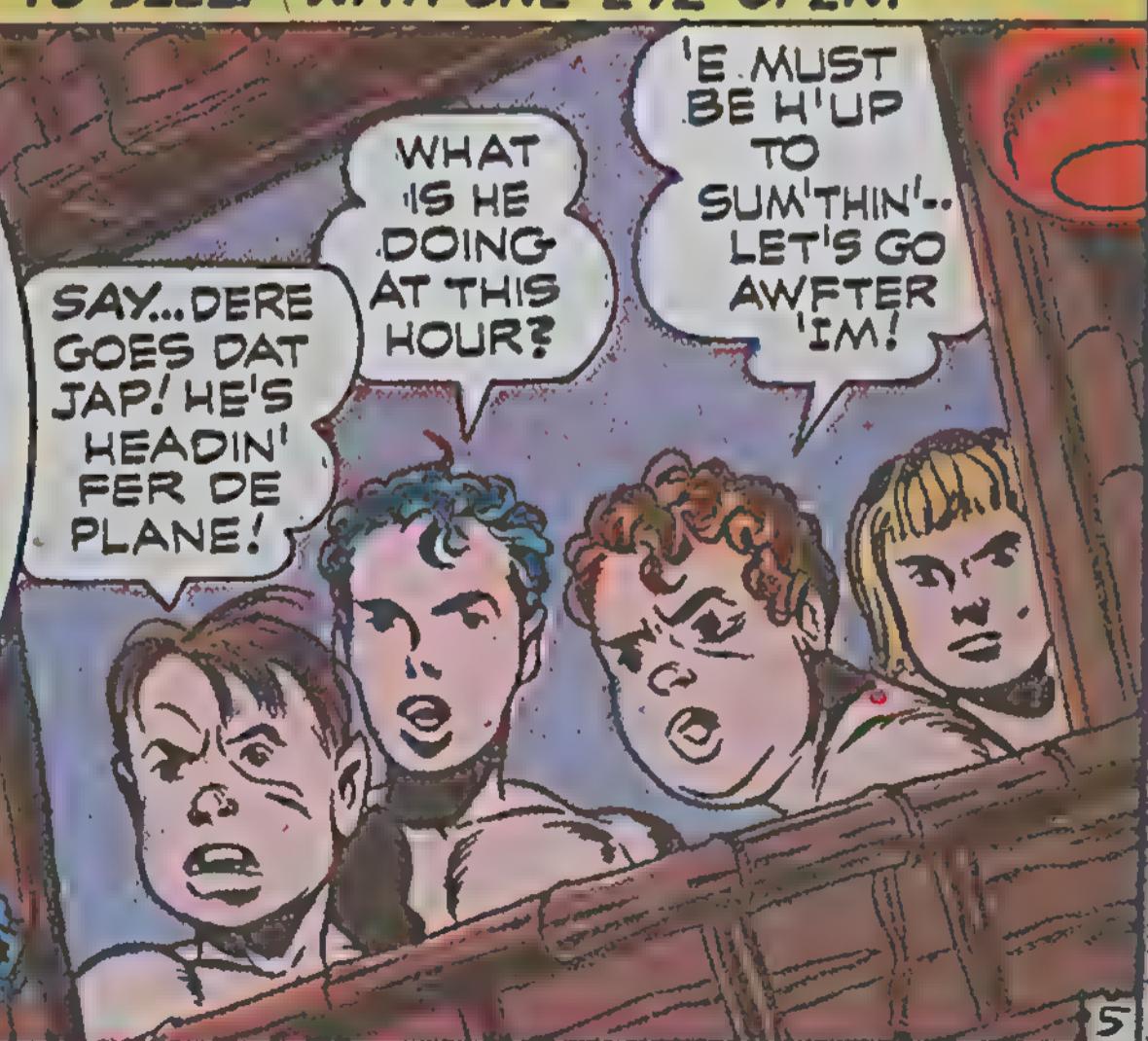


BUT THE FULL MOON ALSO CASTS SHADOWS... SHADOWS WHICH DO NOT GO UNNOTICED BY THE BOY COMMANDOS... WHO ARE TRAINED TO SLEEP WITH ONE EYE OPEN!

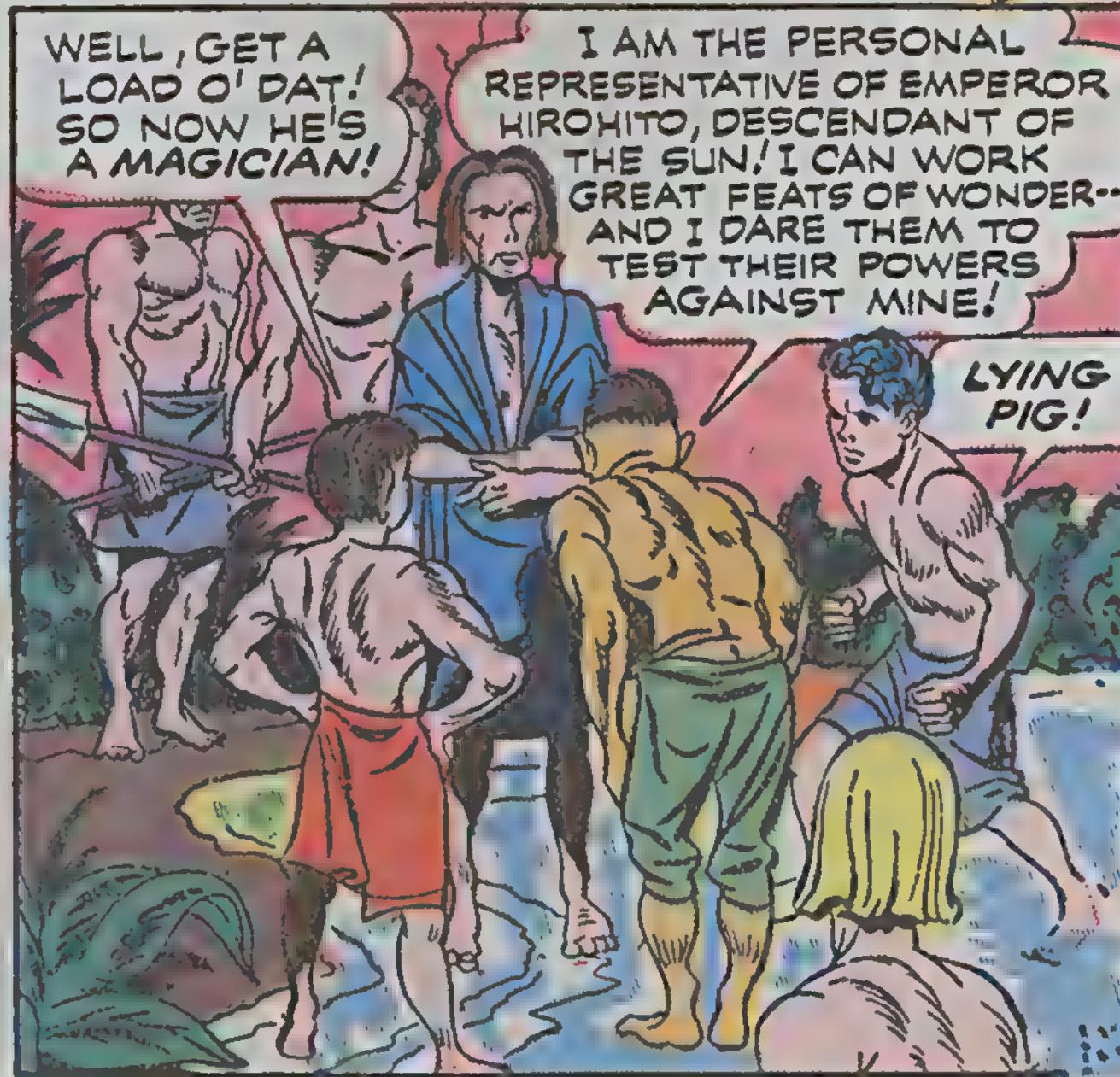
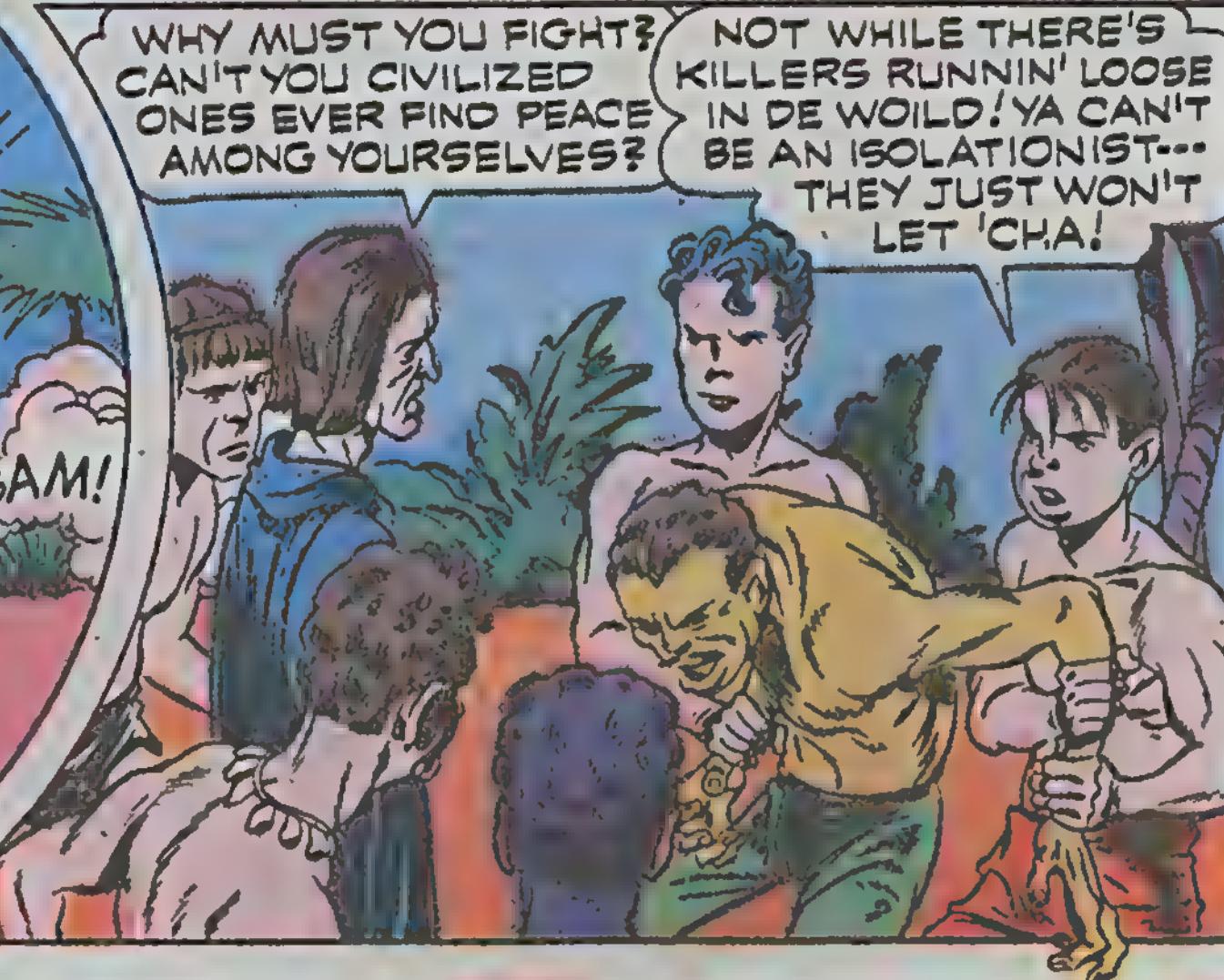
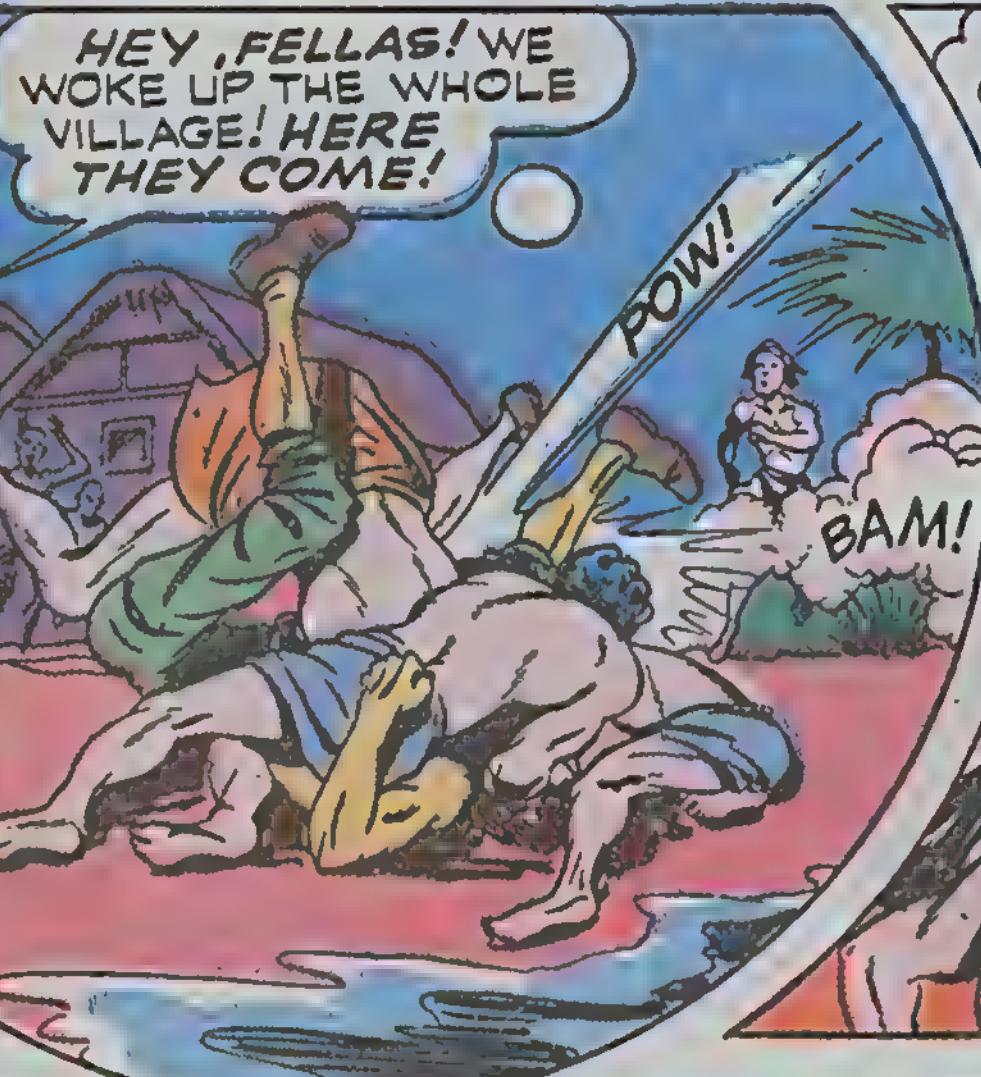
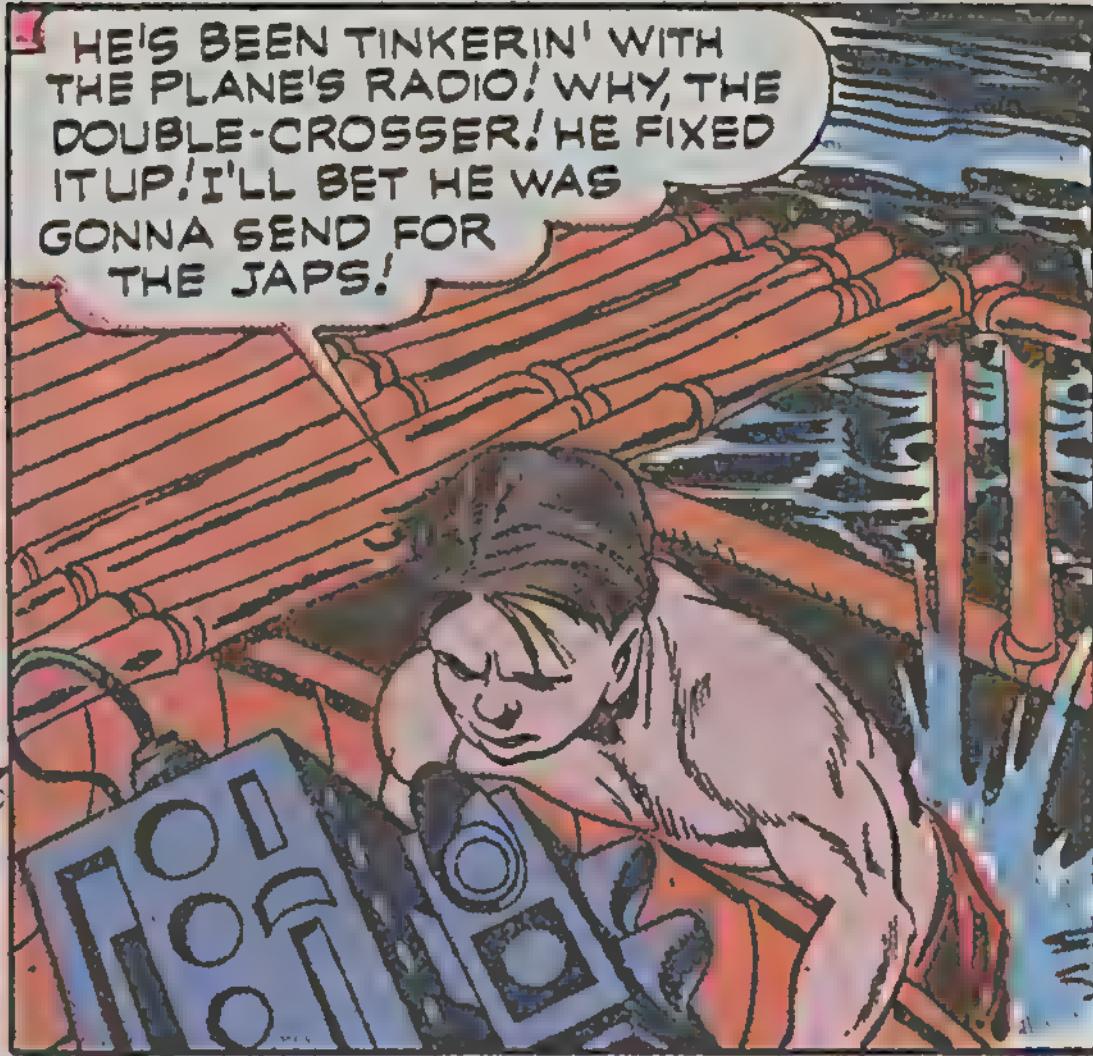
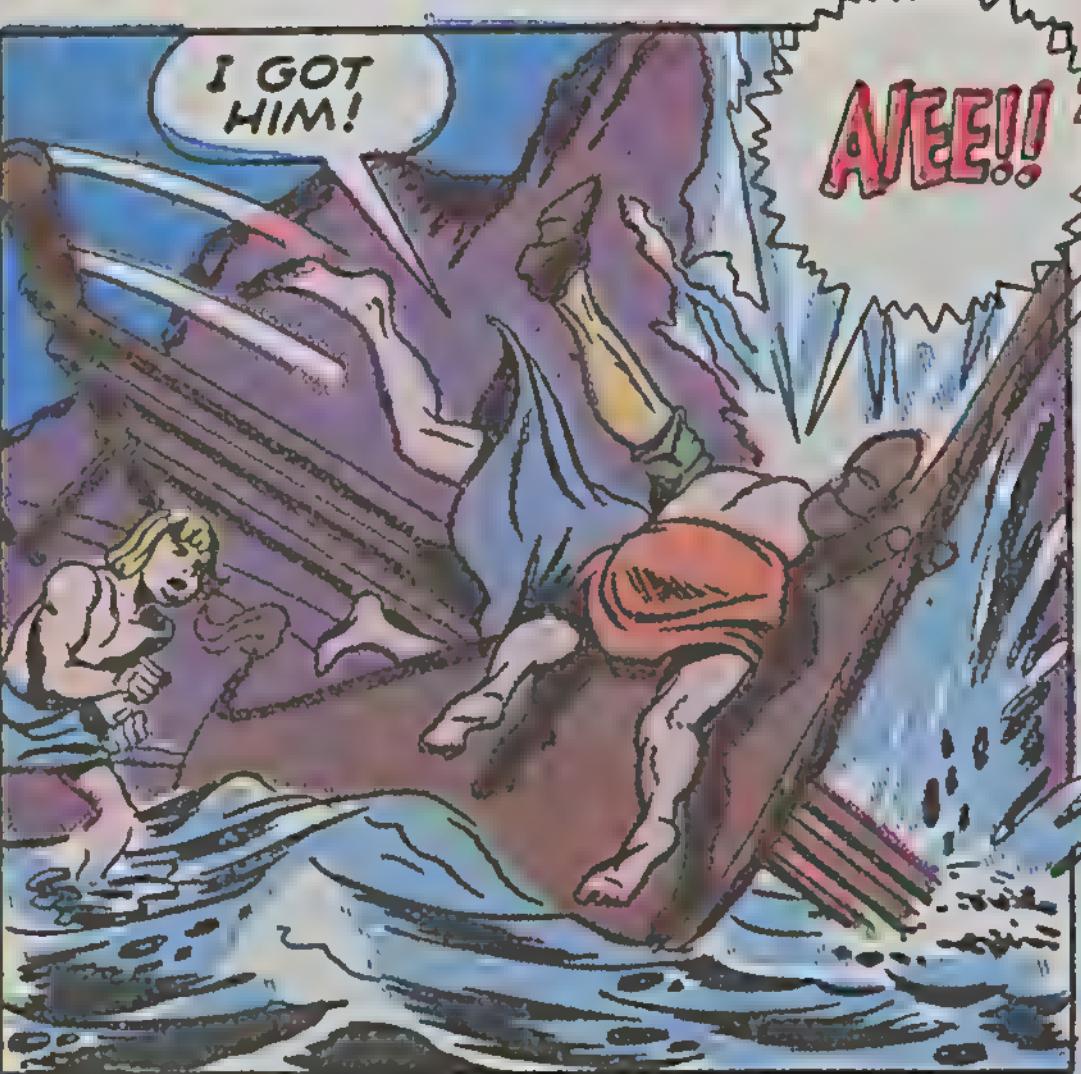
SAY... DERE GOES DAT JAP! HE'S HEADIN' FER DE PLANE!

WHAT IS HE DOING AT THIS HOUR?

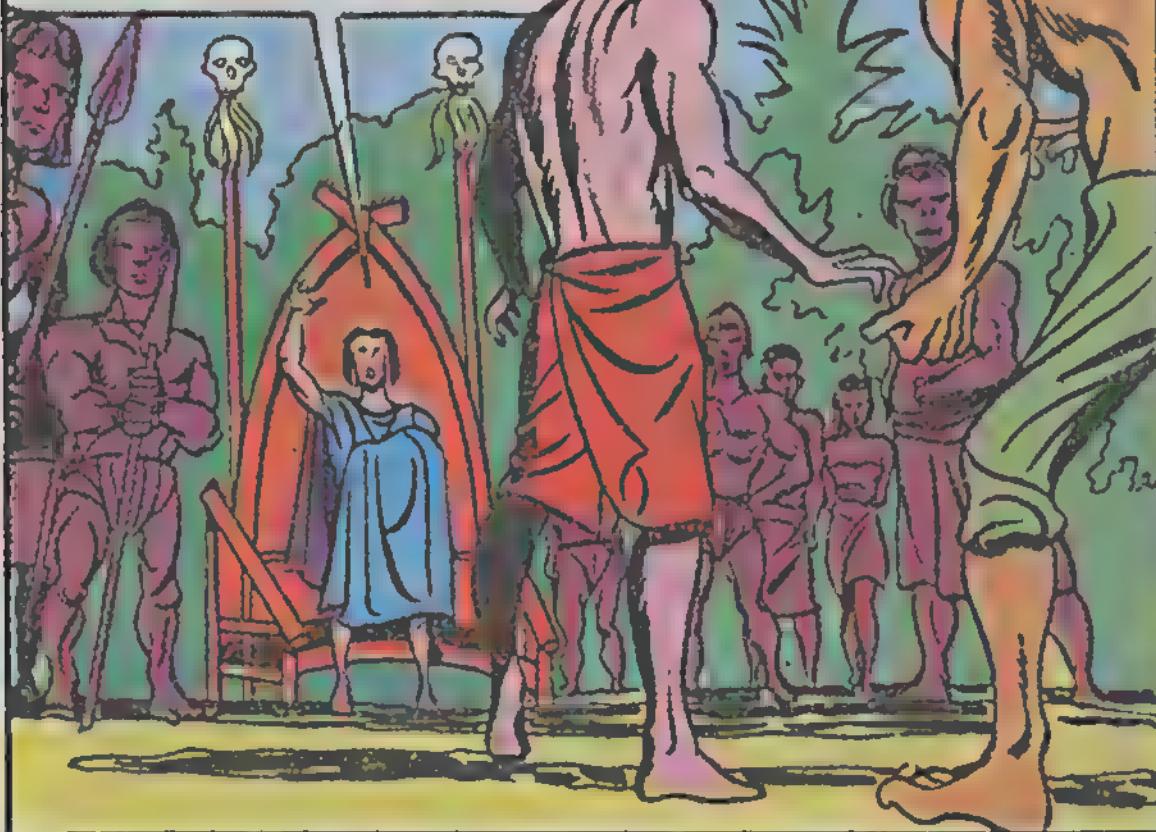
'E MUST BE H'UP TO SUM'THIN'.. LET'S GO AWFTER 'IM!



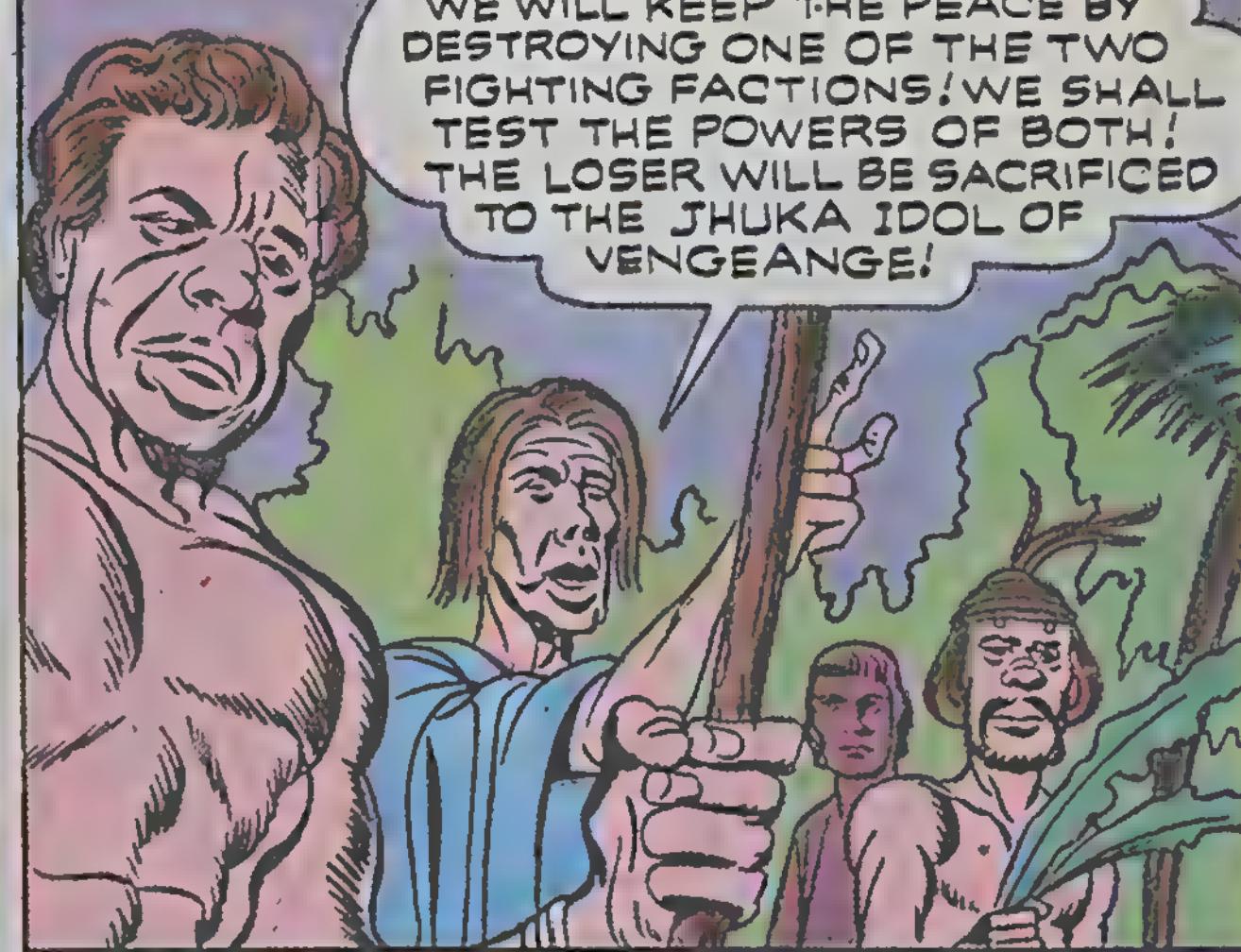
THE NEXT MOMENT, THE PEACEFUL SILENCE OF THE LONELY ISLAND IS SHATTERED AS FOUR HARDENED YOUNGSTERS POUNCE UPON A SHRIEKING JAPANESE WARRIOR!



THERE MUST BE  
PEACE ON PALOA ISLAND  
I WILL PUT A STOP TO  
THIS QUARREL AT ONCE!



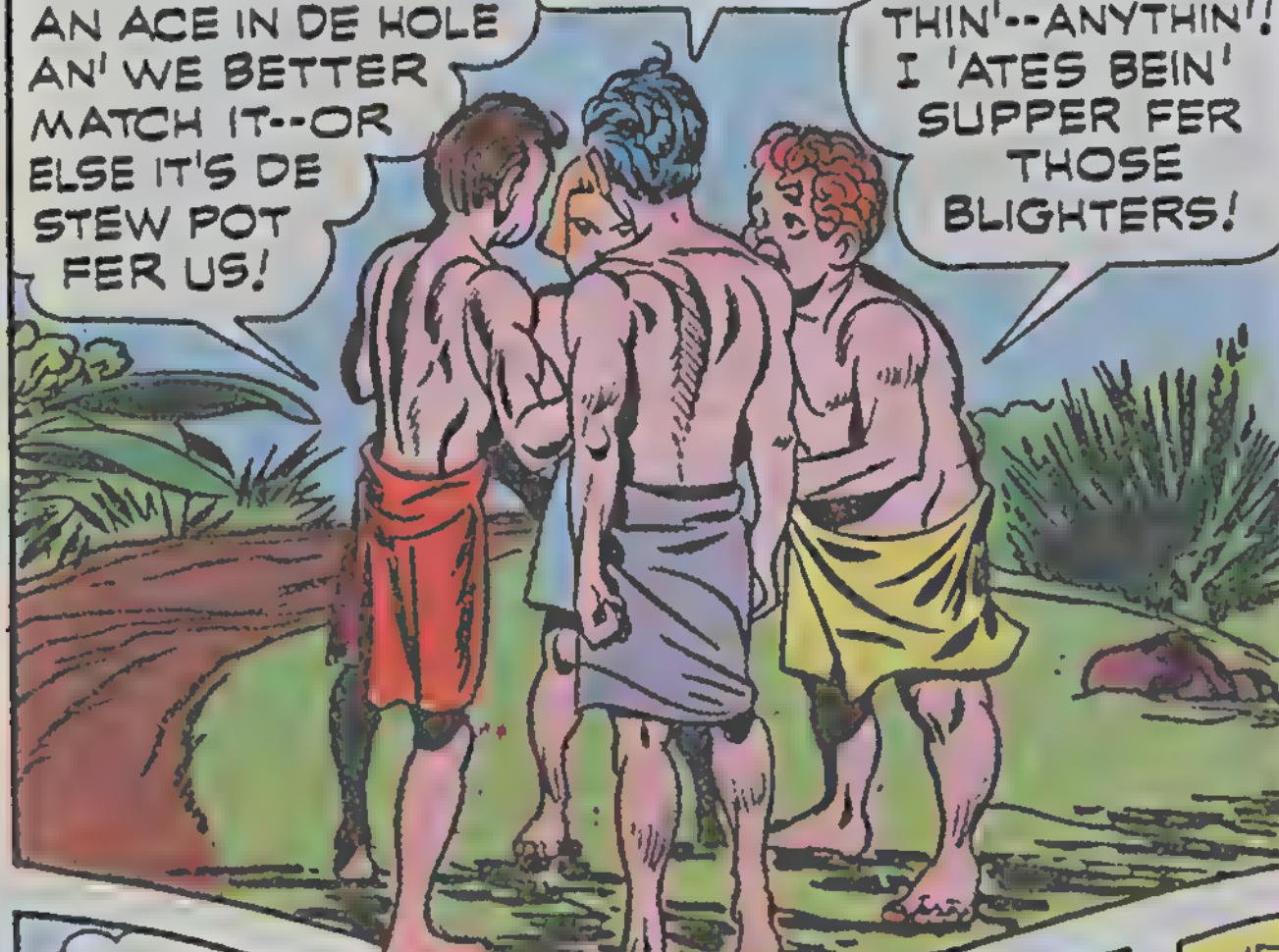
WE WILL KEEP THE PEACE BY  
DESTROYING ONE OF THE TWO  
FIGHTING Factions! WE SHALL  
TEST THE POWERS OF BOTH!  
THE LOSER WILL BE SACRIFICED  
TO THE JHUKA IDOL OF  
VENGEANGE!



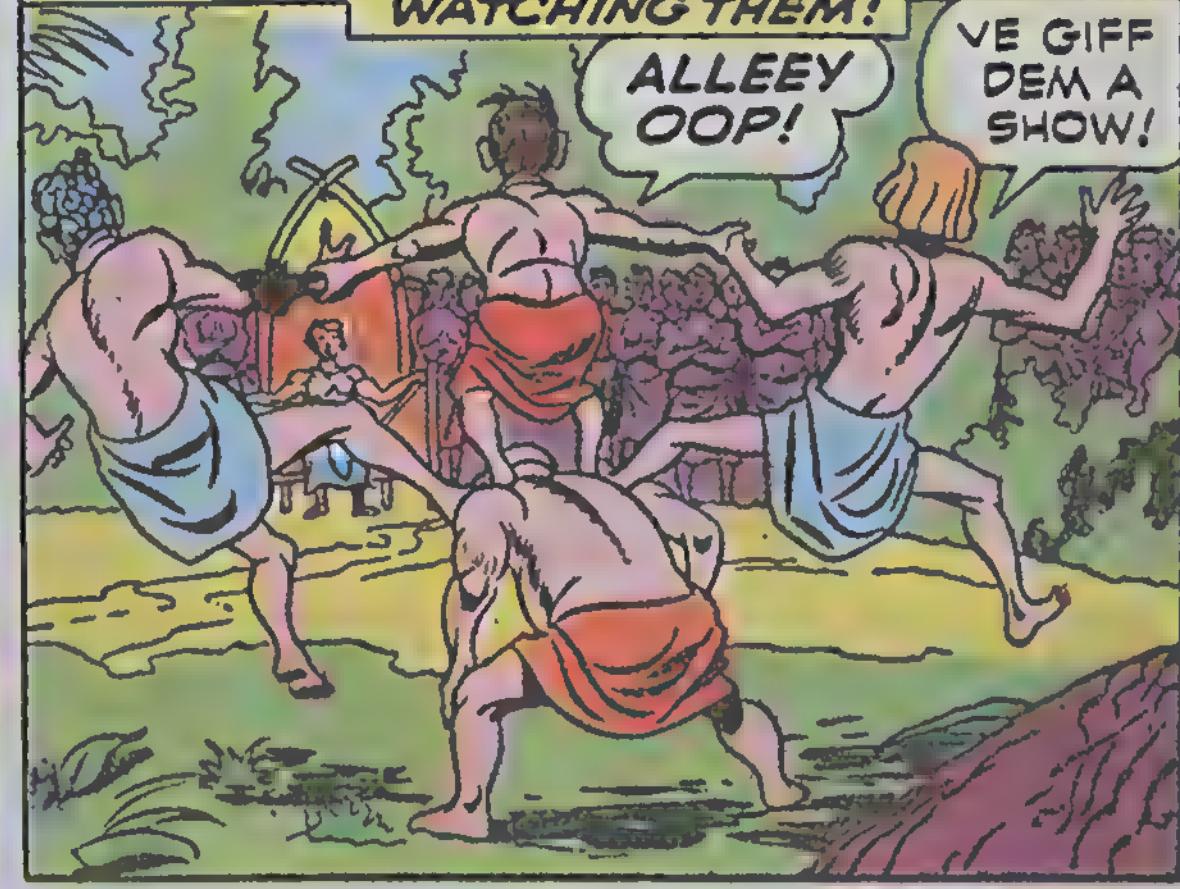
DAT DOITY JAP'S  
GONE AN' DONE IT!  
HE MUST BE HIDIN'  
AN ACE IN DE HOLE  
AN' WE BETTER  
MATCH IT--OR  
ELSE IT'S DE  
STEW POT  
FER US!

BUT WE CAN'T  
WORK ANY  
MIRACLES!

BLAWST  
'IS 'IDE!  
LET'S DO SOME-  
THIN'--ANYTHIN'!  
I 'ATES BEIN'  
SUPPER FER  
THOSE  
BLIGHTERS!

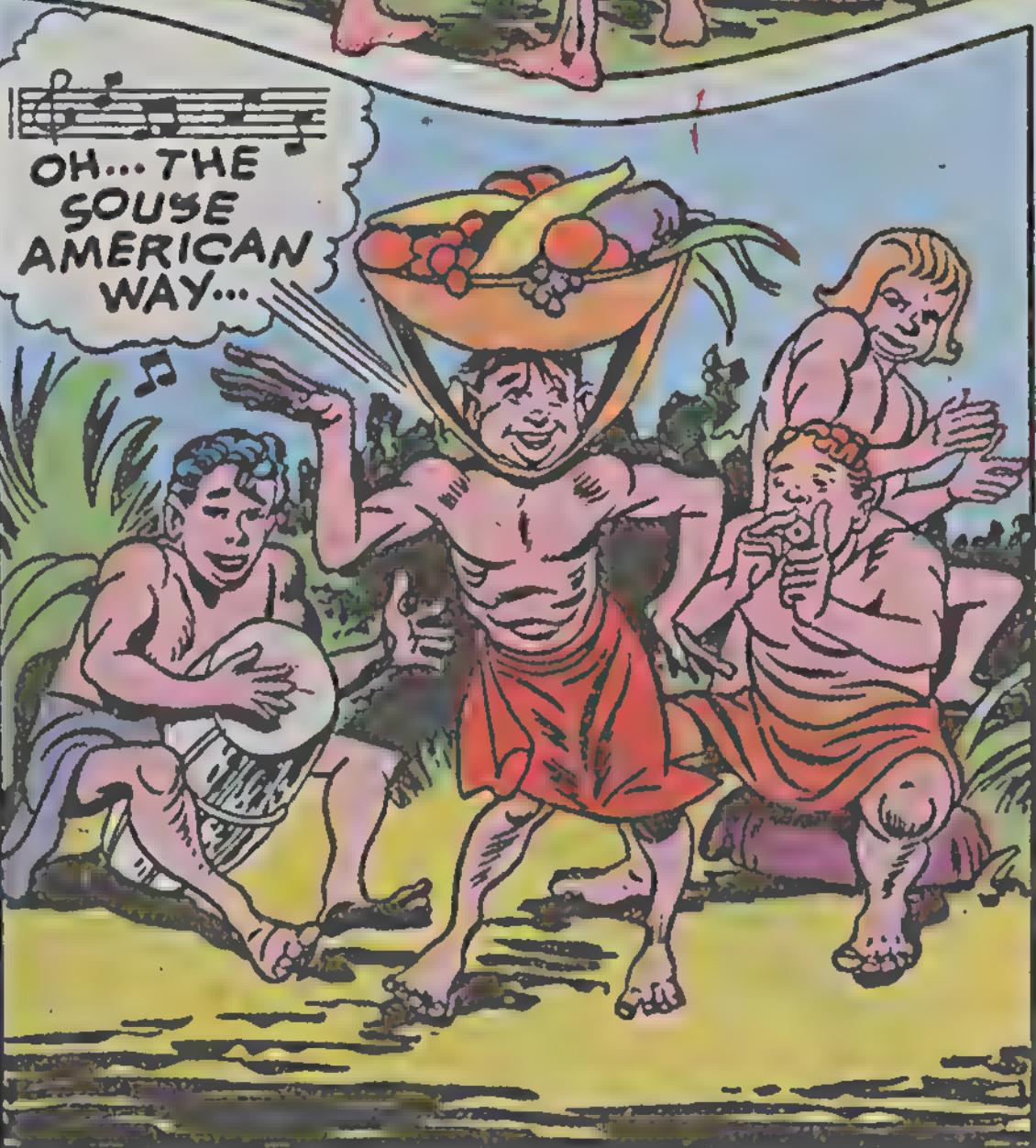


AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, THE BOY COMMANDOS  
BEGIN THE CONTEST... THEIR FATE HIDDEN  
IN THE UNSMILING SAVAGE FACES  
WATCHING THEM!

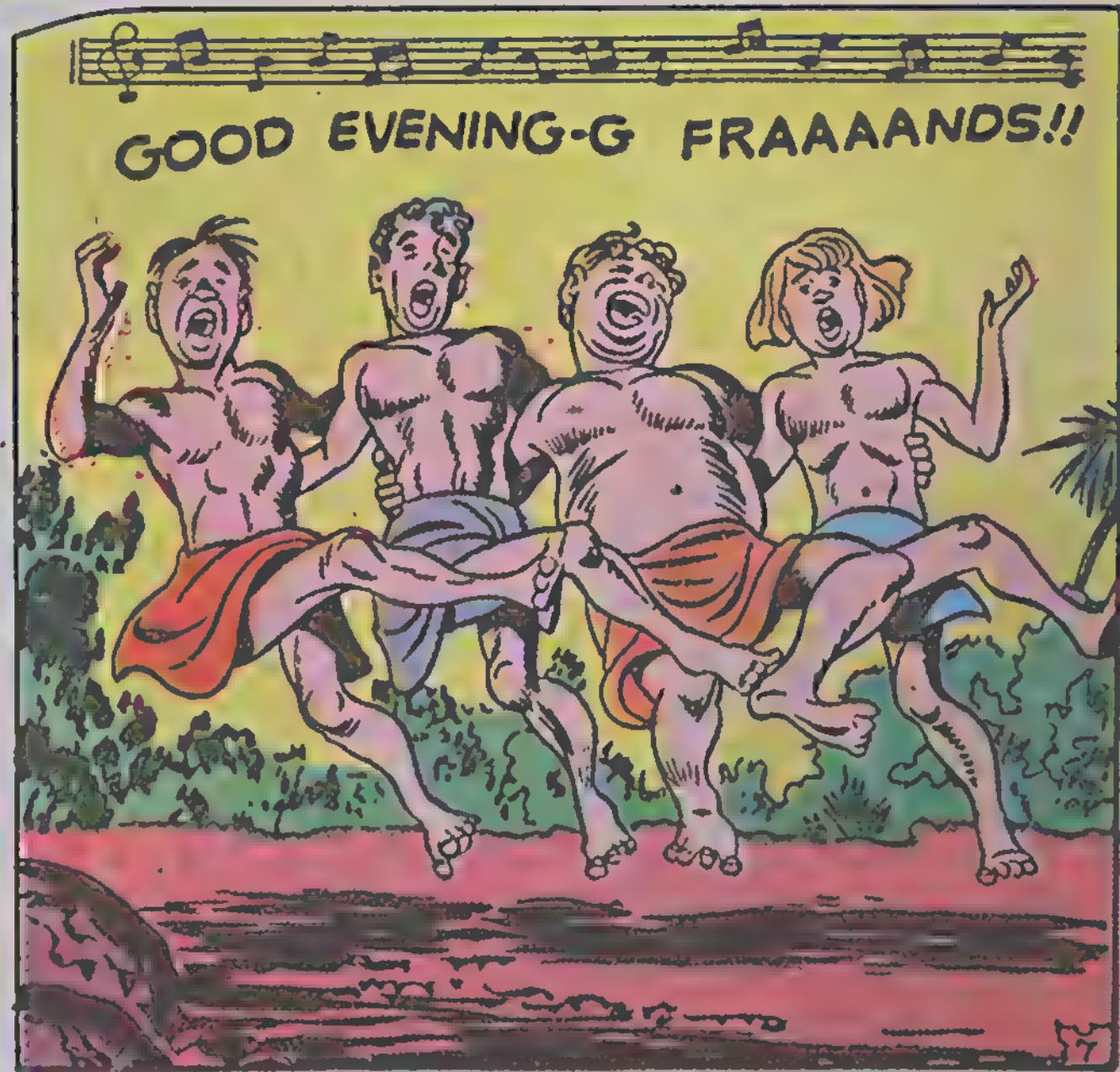


ALLEEEY  
OOP!

VE GIFF  
DEM A  
SHOW!



OH... THE  
SOUSE  
AMERICAN  
WAY...



GOOD EVENING-G FRAAAANDS!!

OKAY... YA YELLA-  
LIVERED ZOMBIE!  
TOP DAT!

FEAR NOT, MY SHARP-  
TONGUED YOUNG  
FRIEND! OSUKI WILL  
GIVE THEM WHAT THEY  
REALLY EXPECT!

LISTEN, O  
MIGHTY CHIEF...  
HEAR THE VOICES  
THAT OSUKI  
SUMMONS FROM  
THE FAR ENDS OF  
THE EARTH!

THE RYEDIO!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
NEAR H'IT!

DE RAT IS.  
GONNA  
CALL DE  
JAPS!  
STOP  
HIM!  
STOP  
HIM!!

BEFORE THE BOYS  
CAN REACH  
OSUKI, THEY ARE  
SNOWED UNDER  
BY AN AVALANCHE  
OF WARRIOR!

I TELL YA--YA  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
'CHER DOIN'!

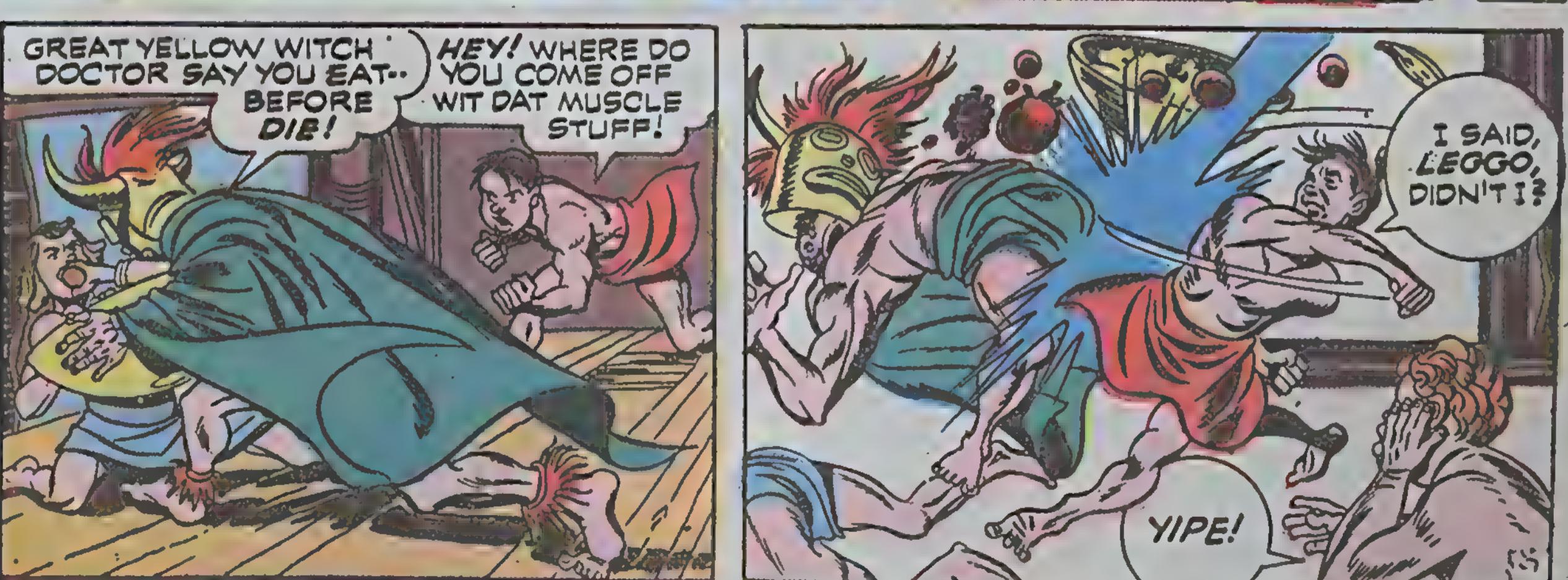
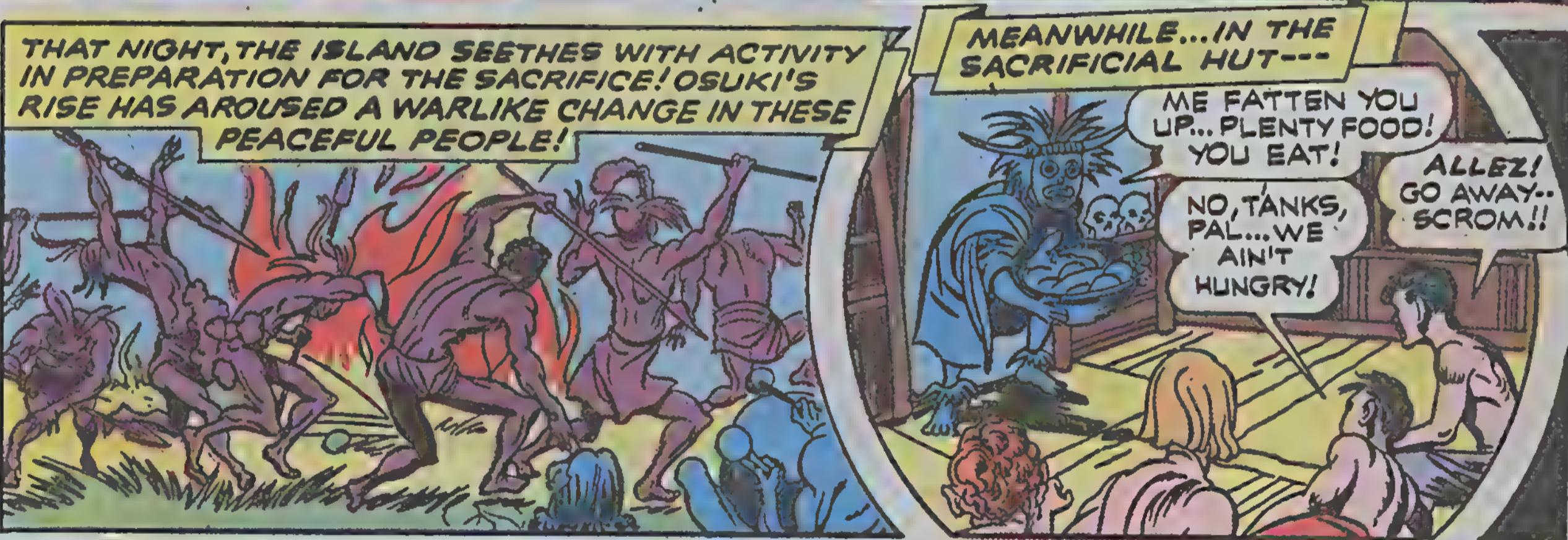
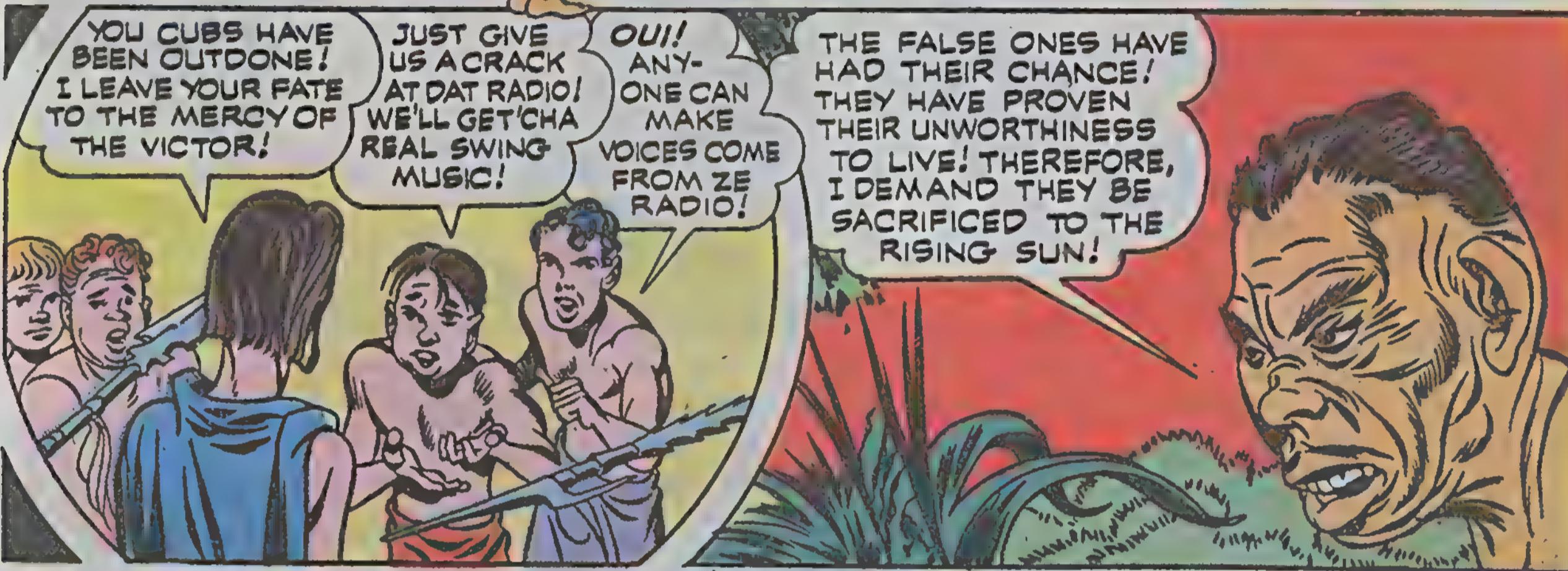
THE YOUNG COMMANDOS LOOK ON HELP-  
LESSLY AS THEY ARE FORCED TO WATCH  
OSUKI CONTACT THE JAPANESE NAVY!

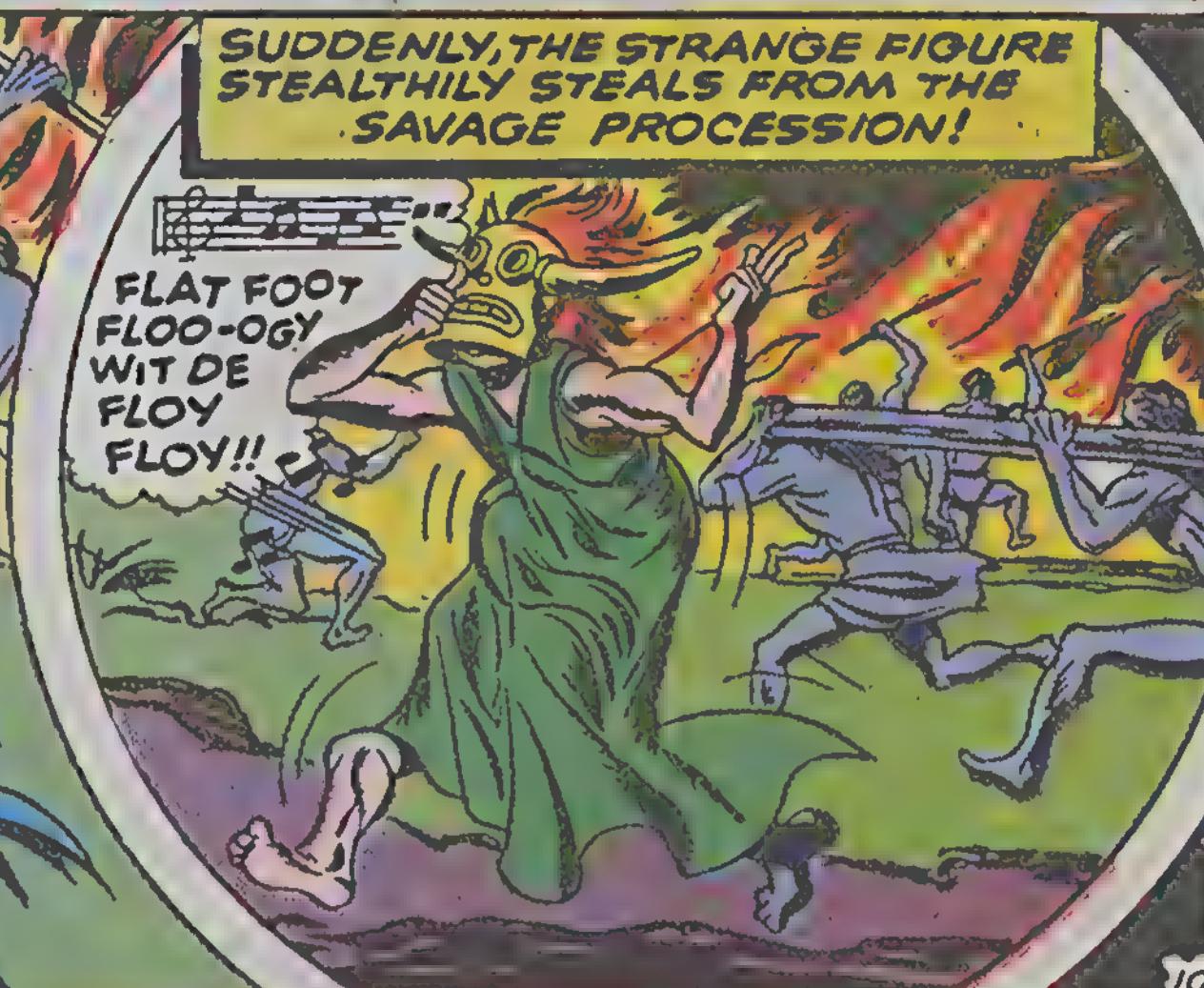
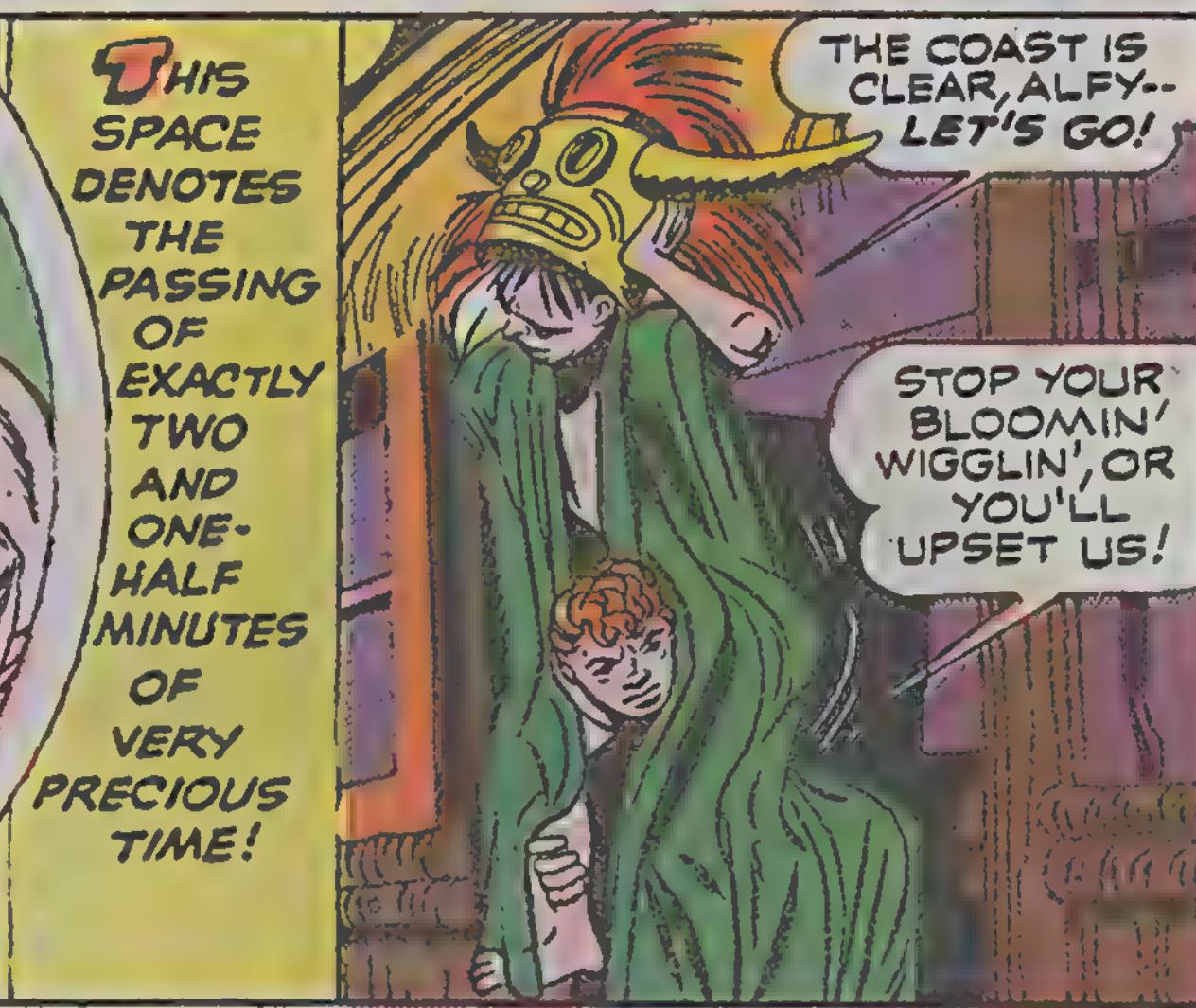
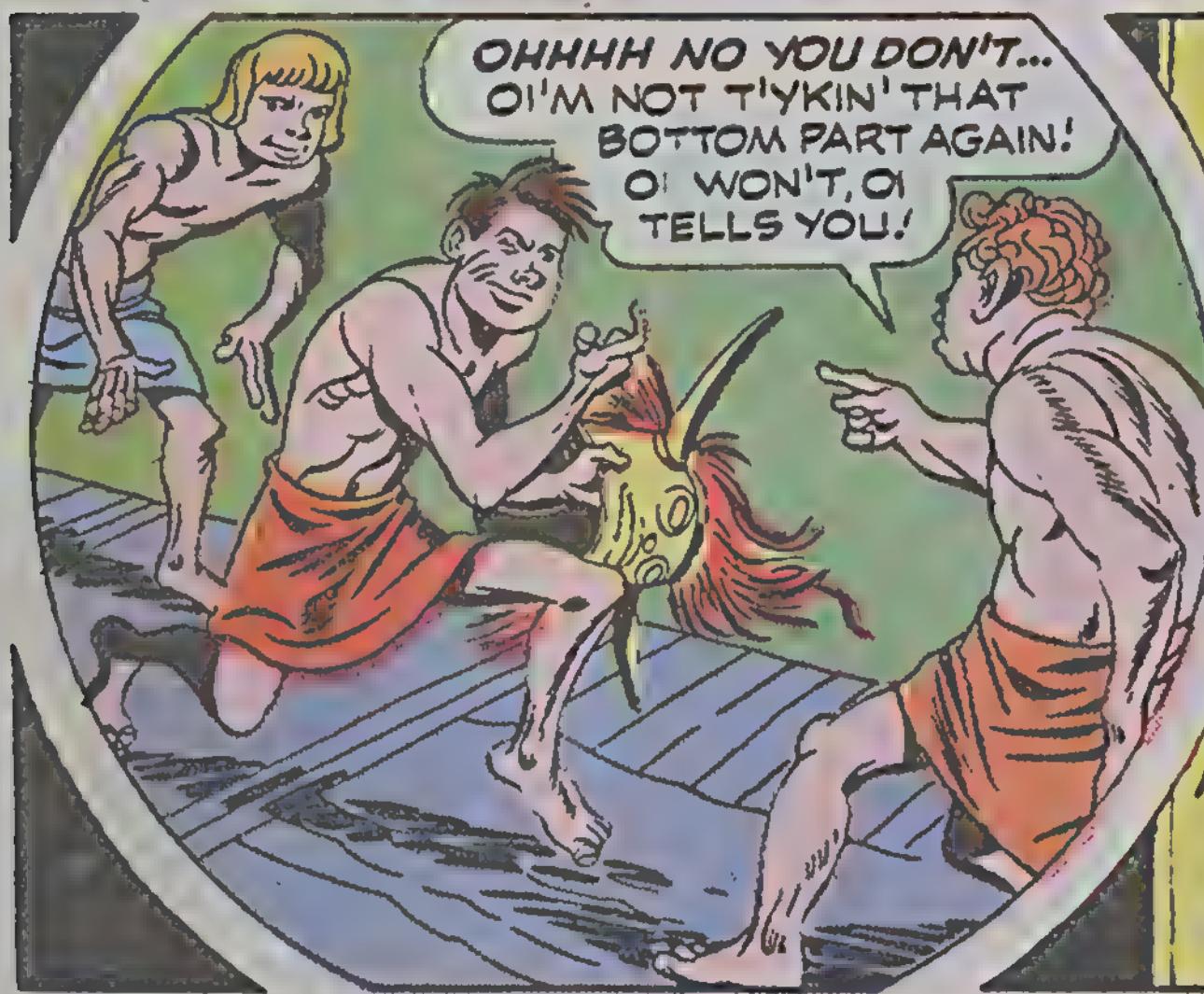
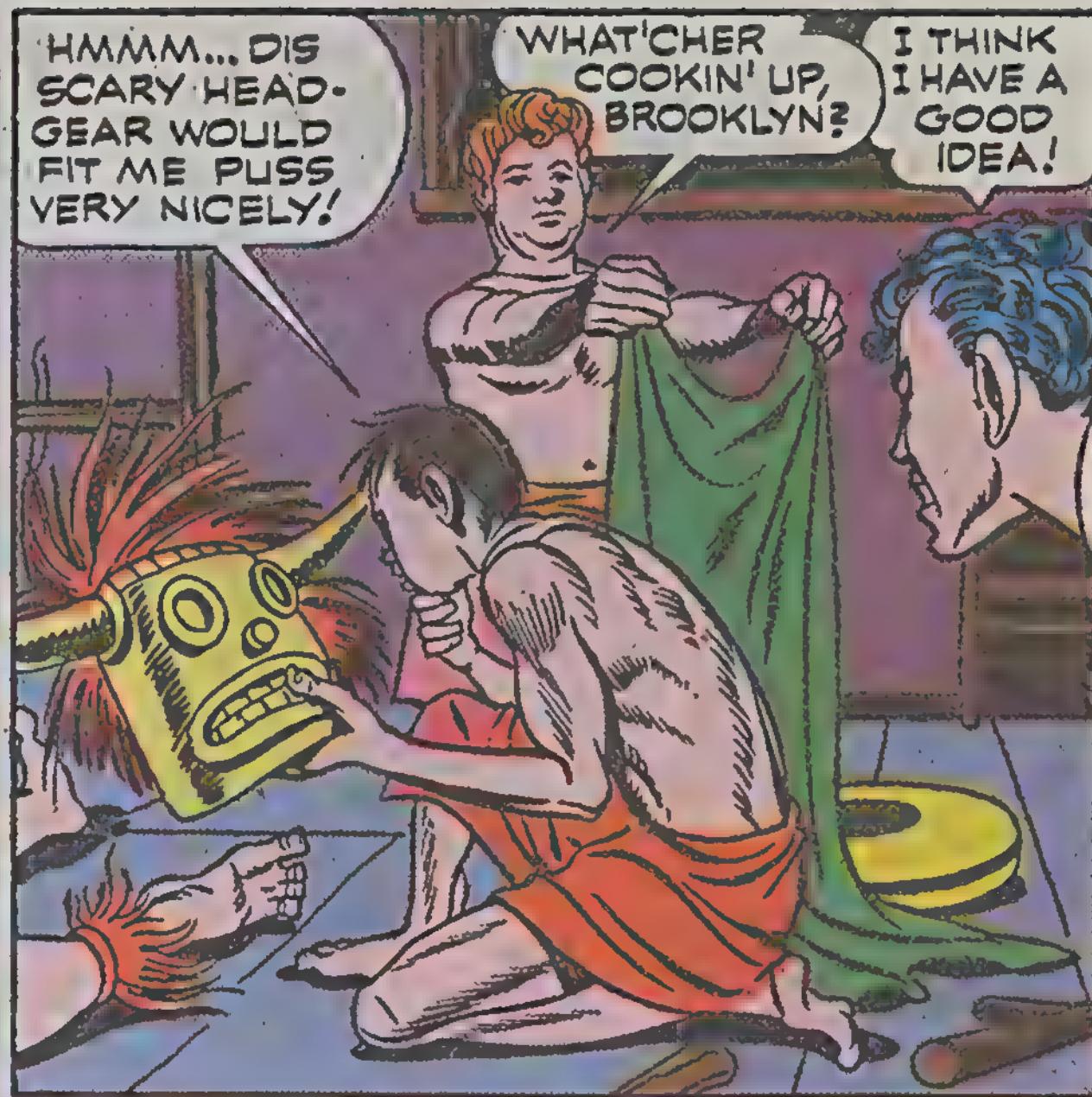
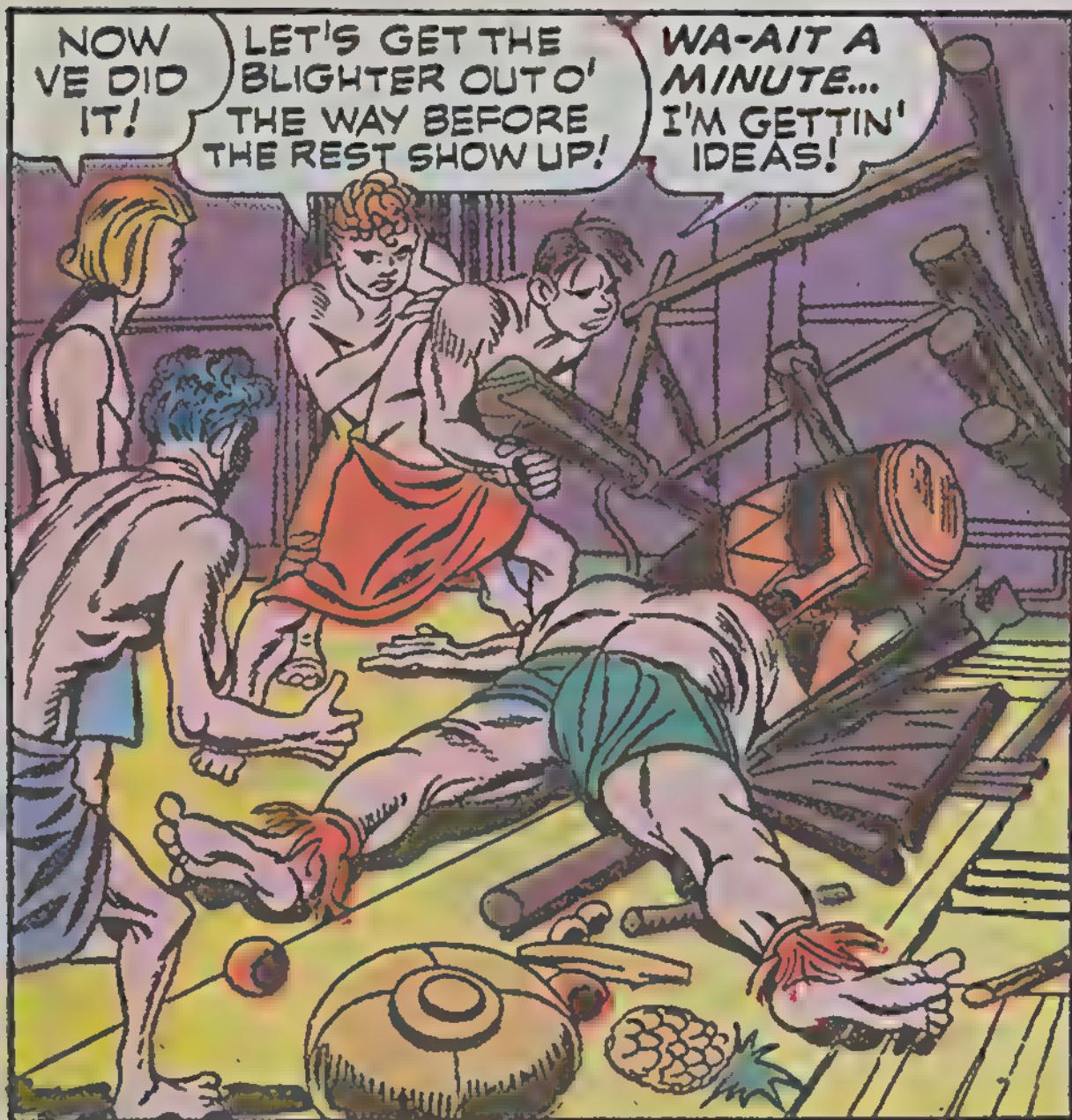
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.  
(THERE IS OIL IN GREAT  
ABUNDANCE... SUGGEST  
YOU SEND MEN AND  
EQUIPMENT AT ONCE!)

WE SHALL  
FOLLOW YOUR SUGGESTIONS...  
GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN  
OSUKI! BANZAI!!!

AI... IT  
IS A TRUE  
MIRACLE!

A VOICE  
FROM THE  
AIR!





SECONDS LATER, ALFY AND BROOKLYN ARE AT THE RADIO, SENDING A DESPERATE PLEA FOR HELP...WOULD FATE SMILE ON THEIR EFFORTS?



BUT ALMOST ALWAYS, FATE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE RIGHTEOUS!

NEED HELP AT ONCE OR WE'RE DONE FOR...



FOR IT'S RIP CARTER, HIMSELF, WHO RECEIVES BROOKLYN'S MESSAGE...AND THE FURY IN RIP'S EYES CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...ACTION!!!

BROOKLYN! THIS IS YOUR UNCLE RIP!! TELL THE KIDS TO HANG ON... THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!



BUT TIME AND THE GRIM REAPER WAIT FOR NO MAN! FOR ON THE HORIZON OF PALOA APPEAR UNITS OF THE JAP FLEET-- AND WITH THE LANDING OF THE NIPPONSE MARINES, DOOM AND DESTRUCTION IS WREAKED ON THE ONCE PEACEFUL TRIBE!



GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN OSUKI! AS SOON AS WE TEACH THESE SWINE THE BLESSINGS OF OUR NEW ORDER, WE SHALL PROCEED TO TAP THE ISLAND OF ITS OIL!

YES, EXCELLENCY! WE NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF ANY INTERFERENCE!



BUT OSUKI IS WRONG... FOR WITH THE COMING OF NIGHT... SILENT, LEAPING SHADOWS DISEMBARK FROM FLOATING ARMORED VESSELS!



THEN BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE! THE SURPRISED JAP UNITS ARE WIPE OUT IN THE MOST DEVASTATING AND SAVAGE RAID EVER CARRIED OUT BY THE COMMANDOS!

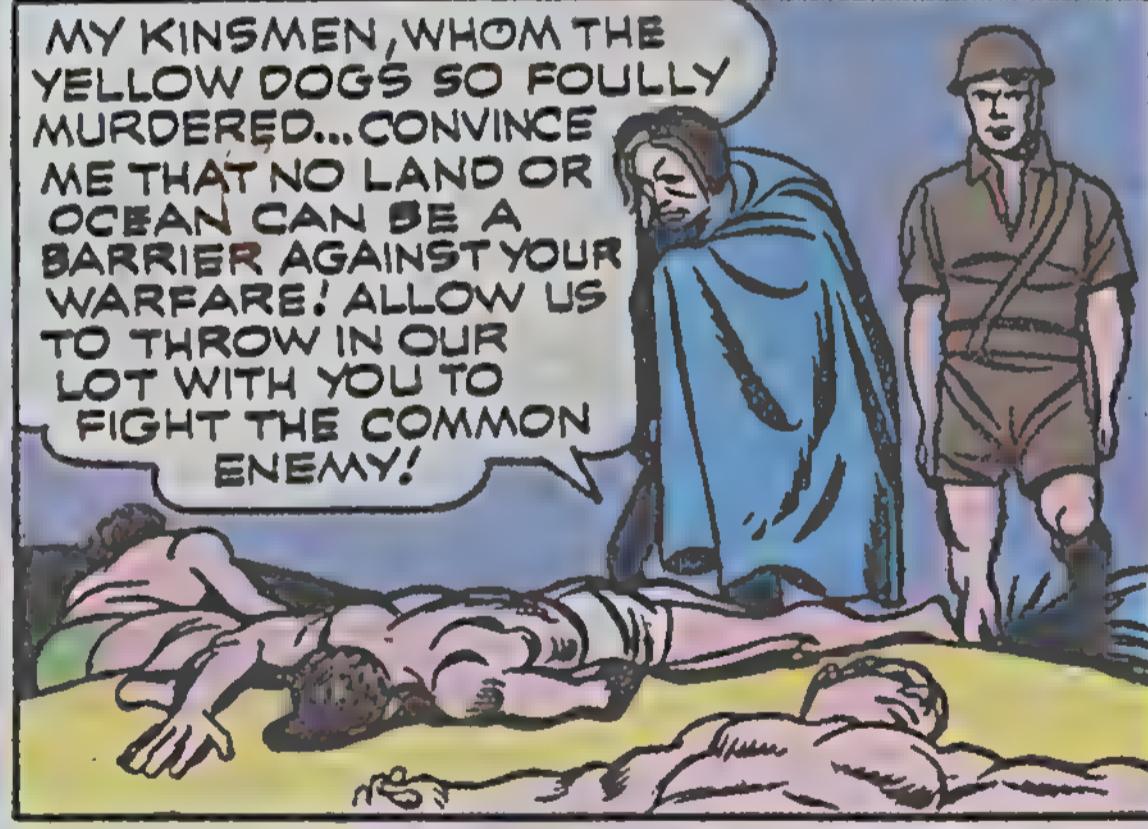


AFTER THE BLOODY BATTLE, A SADDER BUT WISER CHIEF SPEAKS TO THE LEADER OF THE ALLIED VICTORS!



MY PEOPLE ARE GRATEFUL! YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM OUR REAL ENEMIES!

MY KINSMEN, WHOM THE YELLOW DOGS SO FOULLY MURDERED... CONVINCE ME THAT NO LAND OR OCEAN CAN BE A BARRIER AGAINST YOUR WARFARE! ALLOW US TO THROW IN OUR LOT WITH YOU TO FIGHT THE COMMON ENEMY!



I'LL BET THE CHIEF ALSO LEARNED THAT A GOOD JAP IS A DEAD JAP!



The COMMANDOS ARE COMING... WITH A THOUSAND THRILLS... WATCH FOR...

THE BOY COMMANDOS  
IN EACH ISSUE OF  
'DETECTIVE Comics'  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

# ENERGY TO GET THERE!



Tell Moms to try this New Recipe... Deliciously different cookies are easy-to-make with Baby Ruth

1/2 cup butter, or other shortening  
3/4 cup white sugar  
1 egg  
1 1/3 cups flour  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
2 Curtiss Sc Baby Ruth Bars, cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 75 cookies.

Fun to make ★ Fun to eat

SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP!

**Rich in Dextrose**  
the sugar your body uses directly for  
**ENERGY**

## THE "JEEP" DEPENDS ON ENERGY!

These small-armored cars pack a mighty wallop of energy created from the fuel they burn—energy that has given the "Jeep" a reputation for "getting there!"

## YOUR ENERGY DEPENDS ON FOOD YOU EAT!

"Jeepers", your body needs energy too—to "get there"—energy from fuel that the human motor utilizes—food!

## BABY RUTH IS RICH IN FOOD-ENERGY!

A Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is rich in Dextrose, and other nourishing ingredients. It helps give you a quick "pick-up"! So enjoy Baby Ruth's delectable goodness... its tempting flavor. Treat yourself to a delicious, inexpensive Baby Ruth every day!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Jimmy:  
"Baby Ruth  
Candy Bars  
taste swell!"



FOR VICTORY  
BUY  
WAR SAVINGS  
BONDS AND  
STAMPS

# SCOOPY

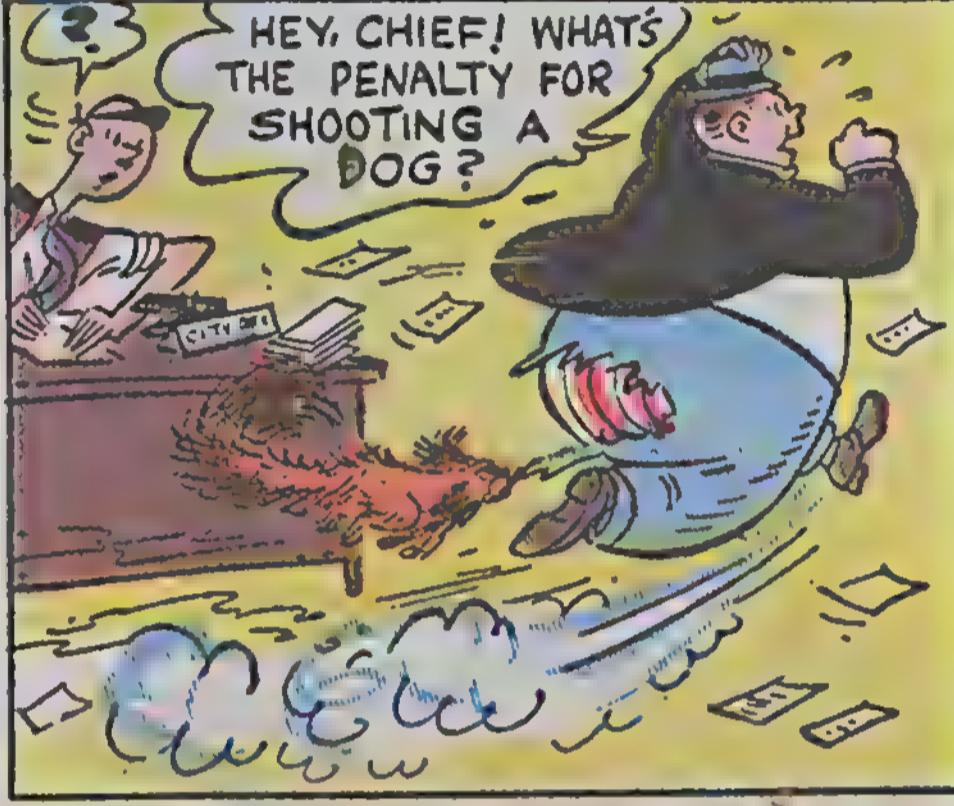
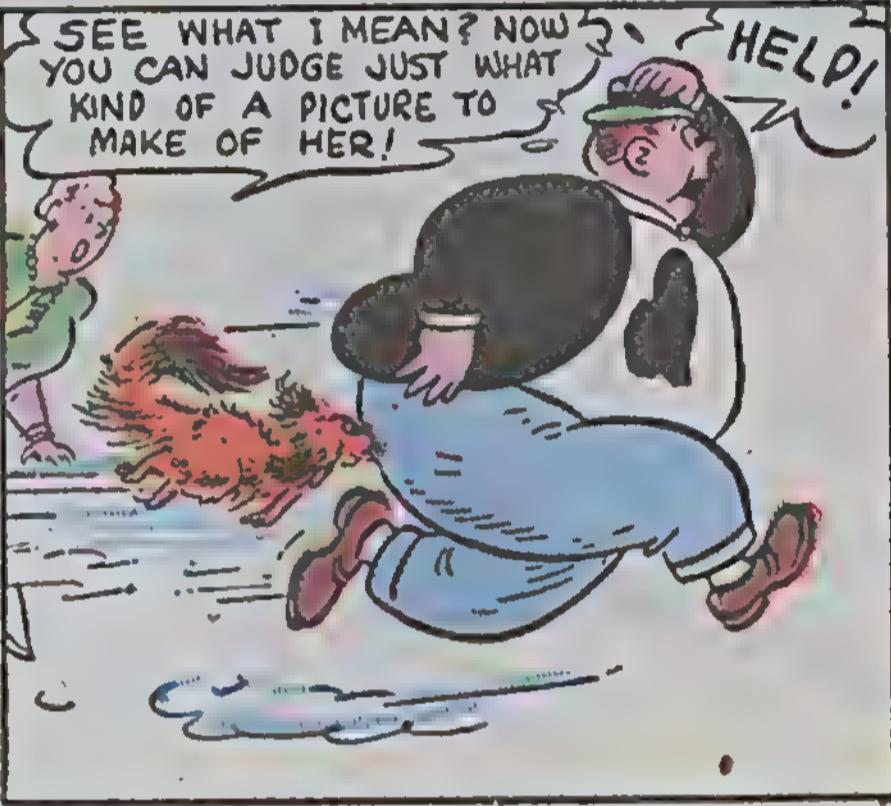
by Sherman

MRS. GOLDROCKS WAS JUST ROBBED AND SHE WANTS A PHOTOGRAPHER - HURRY!

TIMES GAZETTE

SHOES

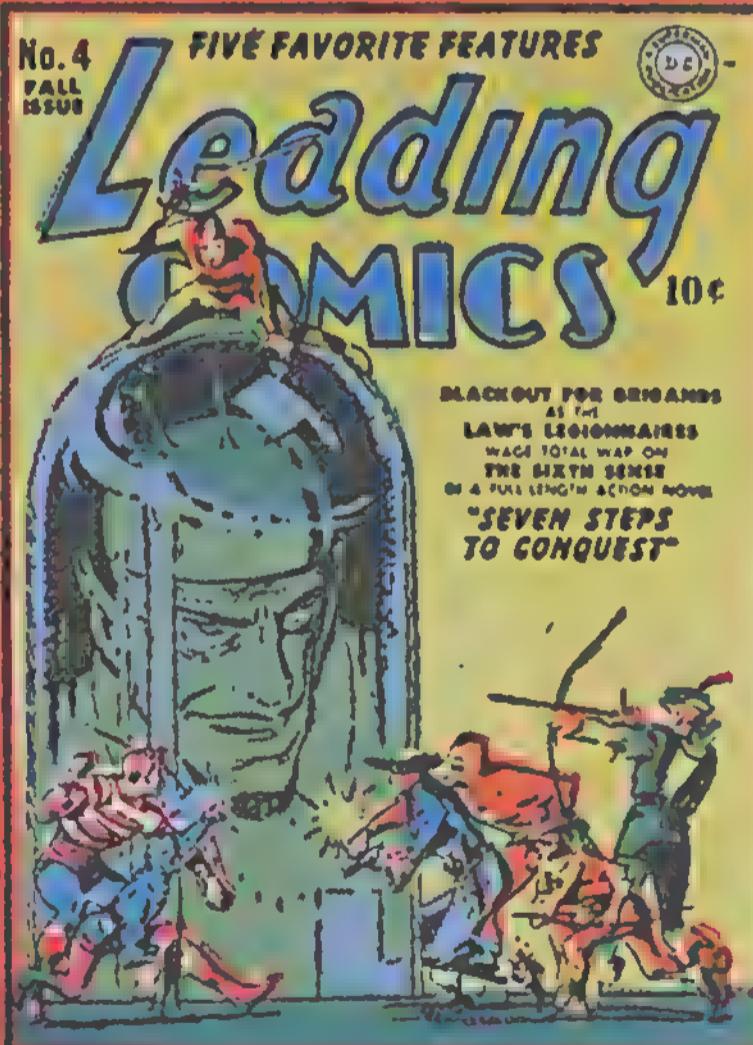
SHE WAS ROBBED AND CALLS FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER - I DON'T GET IT!



## How Do They Think 'Em Up?!

IT'S AMAZING HOW THOSE WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN THE DC OFFICE CAN DO IT! THIS TIME THEY'VE GOT A VILLAIN WHO BATTLES YOUR FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES WITH THE FIVE SENSES OF SIGHT, HEARING, SMELL, TOUCH, AND TASTE! IT'S THE MOST INTERESTING STORY IDEA IN A LONG TIME!

AND WHAT A STORY! IT'S A COMPLETE, NOVEL-LENGTH YARN PACKED WITH ACTION AND SUSPENSE! DON'T MISS IT!



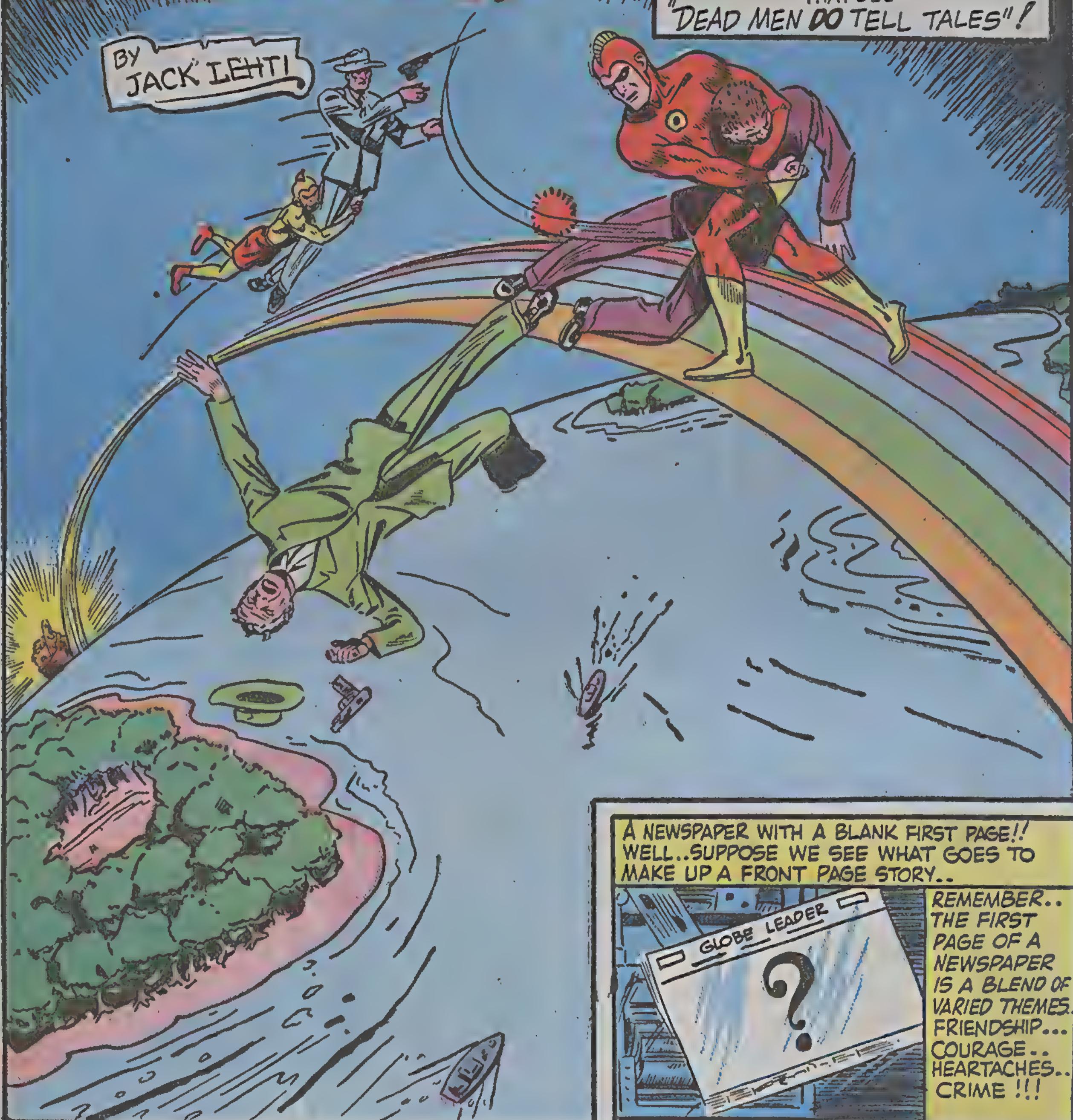
ON SALE EVERYWHERE  
SEPT. 11<sup>TH</sup>  
WATCH FOR IT!!

THE

# CRIMSON AVENGER

BY  
JACK LEHTI

WHY DID RUTHLESS RACKETEERS COMBINE TO WAGE WAR UPON AN ORPHANED NEWSBOY AND AN ALMOST PENNILESS OLD MAN? WHY DID THE CRAFTY CUTTHROATS TRAIL THE ODDLY ASSORTED DUO..TRAP THEM..AND BRUTALLY TRY TO STILL THEIR HEARTS FOREVER? TO FIND THE ANSWER, LEE TRAVIS SHEDS HIS MILD-MANNERED PERSONALITY..CLOTHES HIMSELF IN THE BRILLIANT GARB OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND, FOLLOWING THE STRANGEST TRAIL OF HIS COLORFUL CAREER, FINDS ALMOST TOO LATE THAT---  
"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES"!



A NEWSPAPER WITH A BLANK FIRST PAGE!! WELL..SUPPOSE WE SEE WHAT GOES TO MAKE UP A FRONT PAGE STORY..



REMEMBER.. THE FIRST PAGE OF A NEWSPAPER IS A BLEND OF VARIED THEMES. FRIENDSHIP... COURAGE... HEARTACHES.. CRIME!!!

HERE IS.. COURAGE!

I ADMIRE YOU, TOMMY,  
FOR SUPPORTING YOUR-  
SELF AT YOUR EARLY AGE,  
BUT YOUR COUGH WORRIES  
ME! YOU NEED A WARMER  
CLIMATE!

THANKS, DOCTOR..  
BUT (COUGH) MY  
NEWSSTAND  
DOESN'T PAY  
THAT WELL!

AND SO.. THE AILING TOMMY CONTINUES BUSINESS AT HIS  
STAND IN FRONT OF THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING OWNED  
BY LEE TRAVIS!

GEE! WISH I  
COULD FOLLOW  
THE DOC'S  
ADVICE AND..  
OH! HERE  
COMES MR.  
TRAVIS!

HELLO,  
MISTER  
TRAVIS. (COUGH)

AND NOW.. WE SEE FRIENDSHIP!

I'LL TAKE A  
PAPER, TOMMY..  
AND PLEASE BE  
CAREFUL OF THAT  
COUGH!

GOSH! YOU'RE  
(COUGH) SURE  
SWELL PAYING  
ME A DOLLAR  
FOR ONE OF  
YOUR OWN  
NEWSPAPERS!  
(COUGH)(COUGH)

BLOCKS AWAY.. IN A DECREPIT  
TENEMENT THERE IS HEARTACHE!

LISTEN, UNCLE.. I  
KNOW YOU GOT  
FIFTY BUCKS SAVED!  
C'MON, WHERE IS IT?  
YOU CAN'T LIVE  
HERE FOR  
NOTHING!

BUT.. IT'S ALL I  
HAVE IN CASE  
ANYTHING  
SHOULD HAPPEN  
TO ME!

M-MAYBE  
I BETTER  
GO! I'LL  
SEE TOMMY..  
AND..

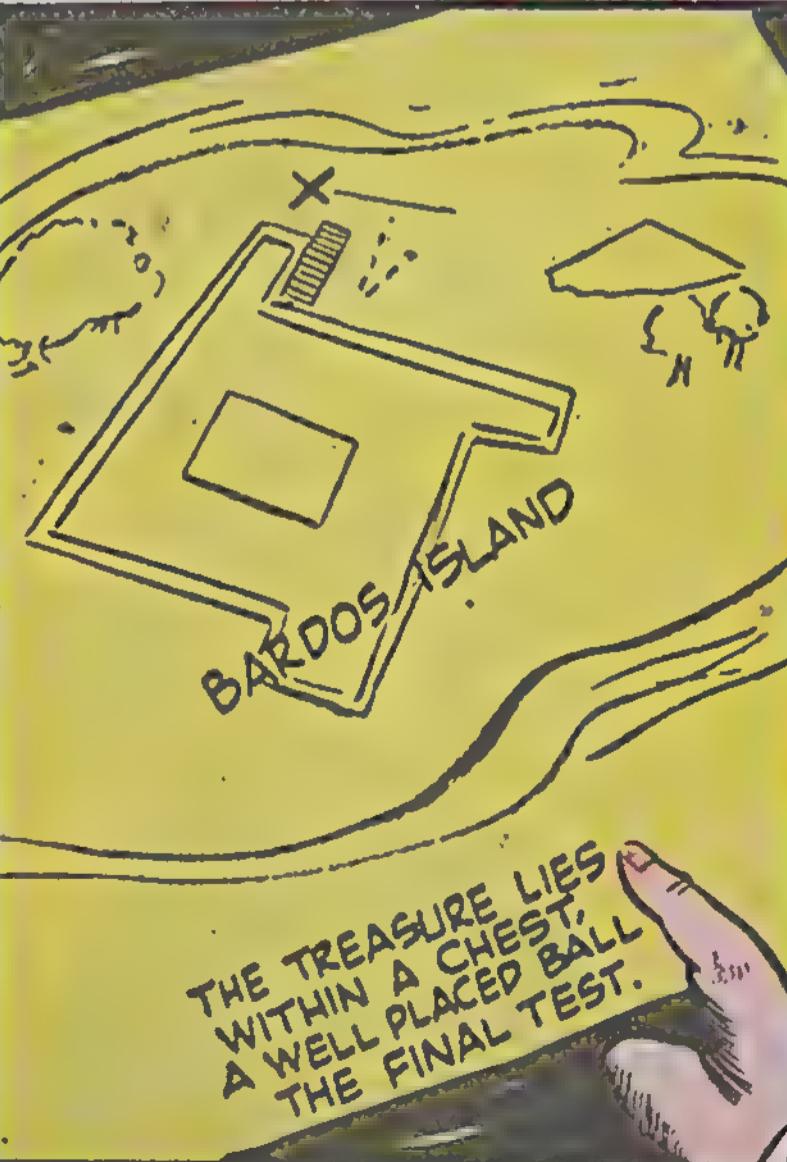
SURE! SEE TOMMY!  
YOU MAKE A SWELL  
PAIR ANYHOW...  
A KID WITH A BUM  
CHEST AND AN OLD  
TIGHTWAD!

HO  
HUM!

AND NOW.. THE DARKEST SHADOW  
OF ALL CROSSES OUR PATH.. CRIME!

DIS CURIO SHOP JOB SURE WUZ  
A FIZZLE! ANYTHING  
IN TH' SAFE WORTH  
LIFTIN'.. HUH, TRIGGER?

HMM..  
LOOKS LIKE  
A MAP!



OHH! WE END UP WIT' SOMETHIN'  
SOME GUY MUSTA' DRAWN IN A  
BUG-HOUSE! IT'S ENOUGH TO  
MAKE A GUY GO STRAIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, PAL!  
THE WORLD'S FULL OF  
SAPS! AND SOME SAP  
IS GOING TO BUY THIS  
CORNY  
MAP!

YOU'VE NOW SEEN THE ELEMENTS OF A  
FRONT PAGE STORY! NOW THE STORY ITSELF.

NIGHT..IN THE JUNKYARD WHERE TOMMY MAKES HIS HOME...

WHAT A LIFE! YOUR NIECE LOCKS YOU OUT BECAUSE YOU WON'T GIVE HER YOUR LAST FIFTY DOLLARS..AND MY BUSINESS WAS SO BAD I SOLD MY STAND FOR FORTY!

HMM..THAT MAKES NINETY!

WHO SAID... HEY! WH- WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S... ER... TRIGGER !!

SCANT MINUTES AFTER...

..AND SO..BEING AS I HAVE ONLY A MONTH TO LIVE..I'D BE GLAD TO SELL YOU THAT GENUINE TREASURE MAP FOR THE NINETY DOLLARS!

GEE! THIS IS A BREAK!

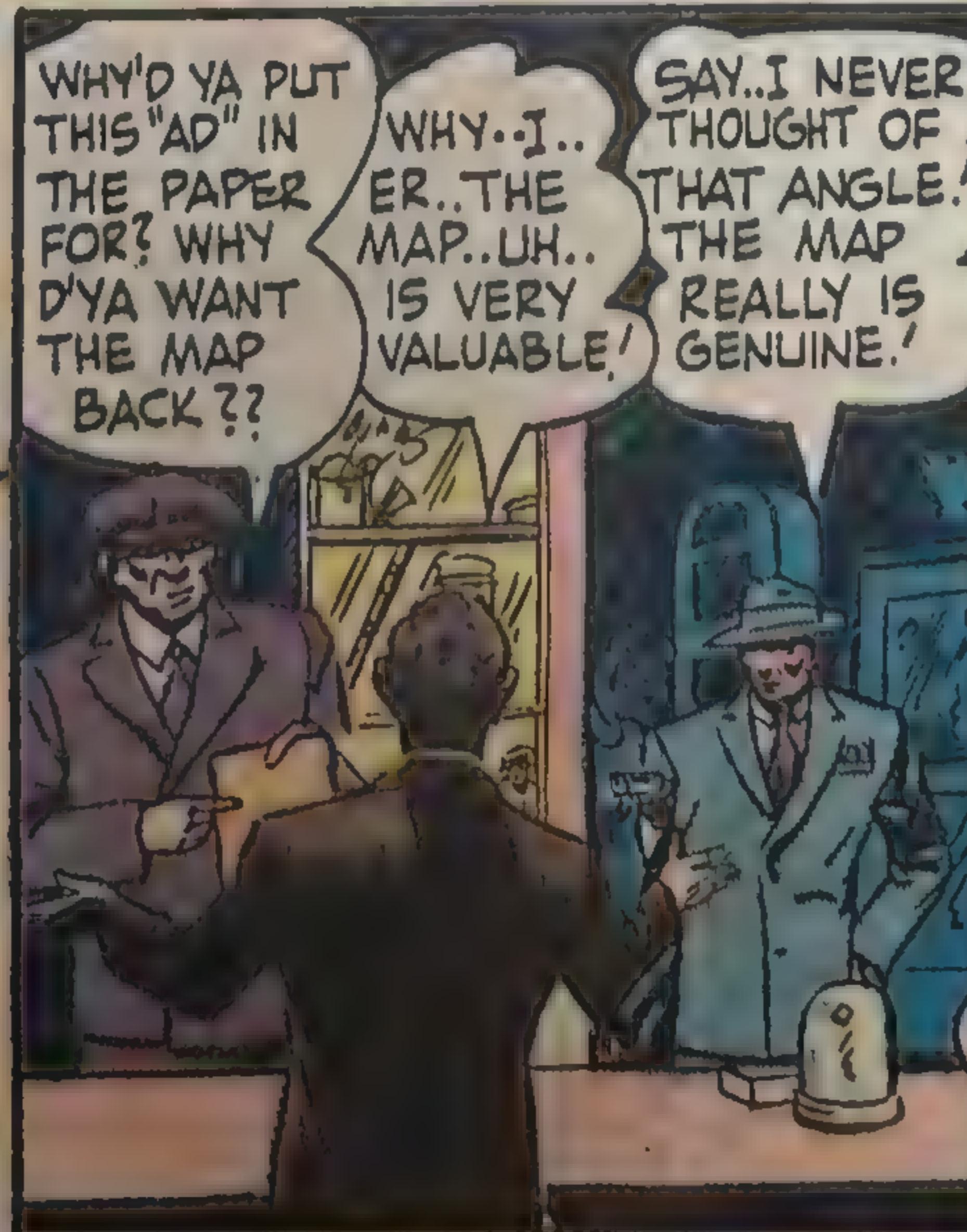
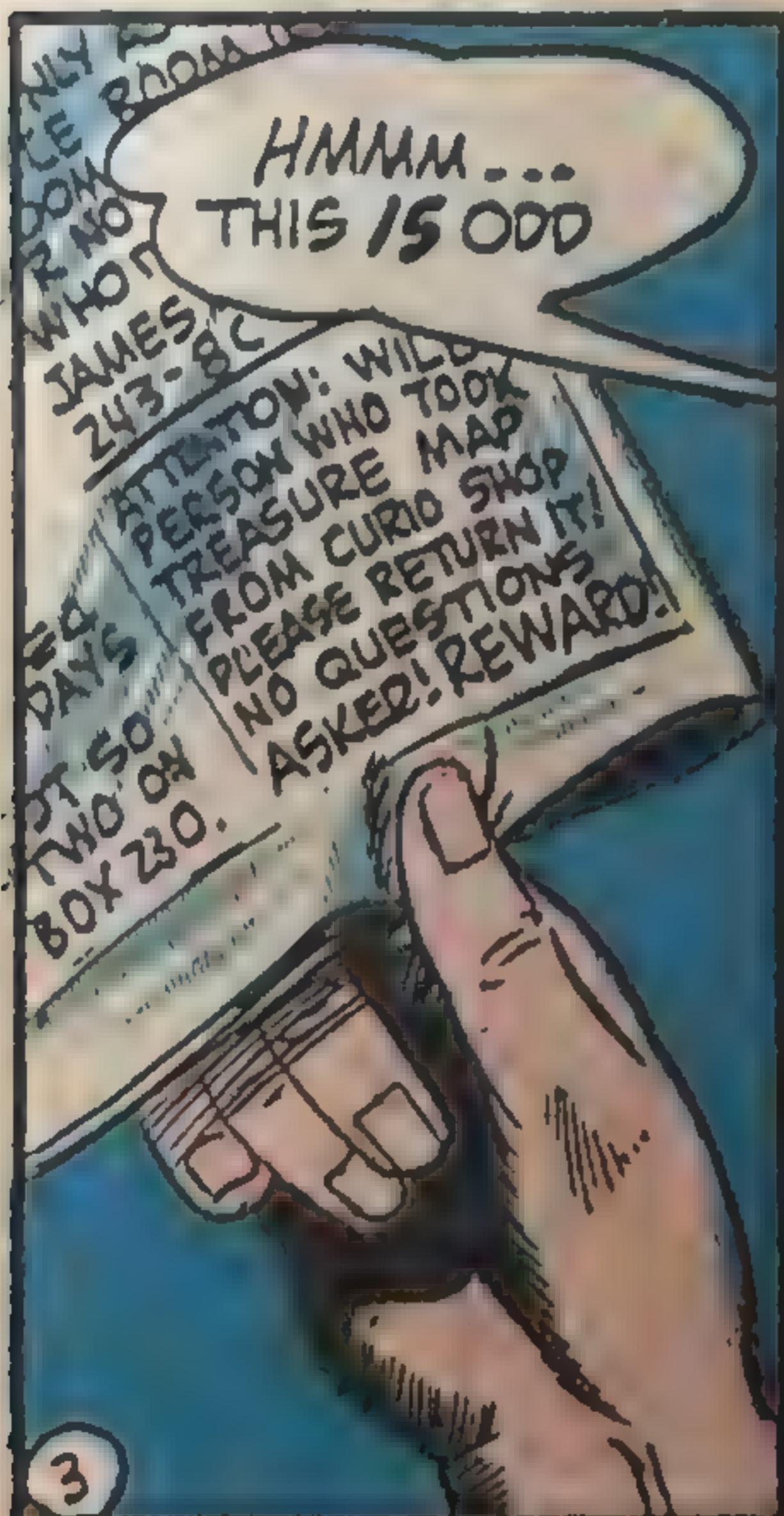
LATER..EVIL VOICES CHUCKLE GLOATINGLY.

HAW! NOT A BAD TAKE, TRIGGER!

YEAH! THEY SWALLOWED THE LINE I THREW 'EM! THE KID AND THE OLD GEEZER GAVE ME ALL THEIR DOUGH!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER...

HERE'S AN ODD ADVERTISEMENT WE RAN, MR. TRAVIS.. THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED!



AND THAT VERY INSTANT...

GOOD EVENING,  
TO... SAY! WHERE  
IS TOMMY?

YOU'RE MISTER  
TRAVIS, AIN'TCHA?  
WELL, TOMMY  
SOLD ME THIS STAND  
LAST NIGHT! HE  
BOUGHT A TREASURE  
MAP WITH THE  
DOUGH!

FIRST I READ A QUEER "AD"  
ABOUT A TREASURE  
MAP.. AND NOW I  
LEARN TOMMY'S  
SUDDENLY  
BOUGHT ONE!

YOU  
AFLAID FO'  
TOMMY..  
AND SO BE-  
COME CLIMSON  
AVENGER AGAIN. I  
SAVVY!

MINUTES LATER...

HURRY, WING.  
HONORABLE  
AVENGER! WAS CORRECT!  
WAIT FO' I HEAR TOMMY!  
ME!

DON'T-  
OUCH!

SWAYING WITH SPEED, THE CAR  
ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT  
TOWARDS TOMMY'S "HOME"!

DO I GET  
THE MAP..  
OR DO I  
BUST YER  
ARM?

W-WE  
BOUGHT  
IT.. OW!

LEAVE  
THAT  
BOY  
ALONE!  
YOU'LL GET  
THE MAP!

HE'LL GET HIS  
MAP BACK...  
CHANGED!

GOLLY! THE  
CRIMSON  
AVENGER!

MEANWHILE... WING RUNS INTO TRIGGER'S BONY FIST!

ME VELLY ANGLY  
WING--UGH!

ME ANGRY  
TRIGGER,  
HAW! HAW!

SSSPANG

WING SPRING!

AWWWRK!  
SPRING  
IS HERE!

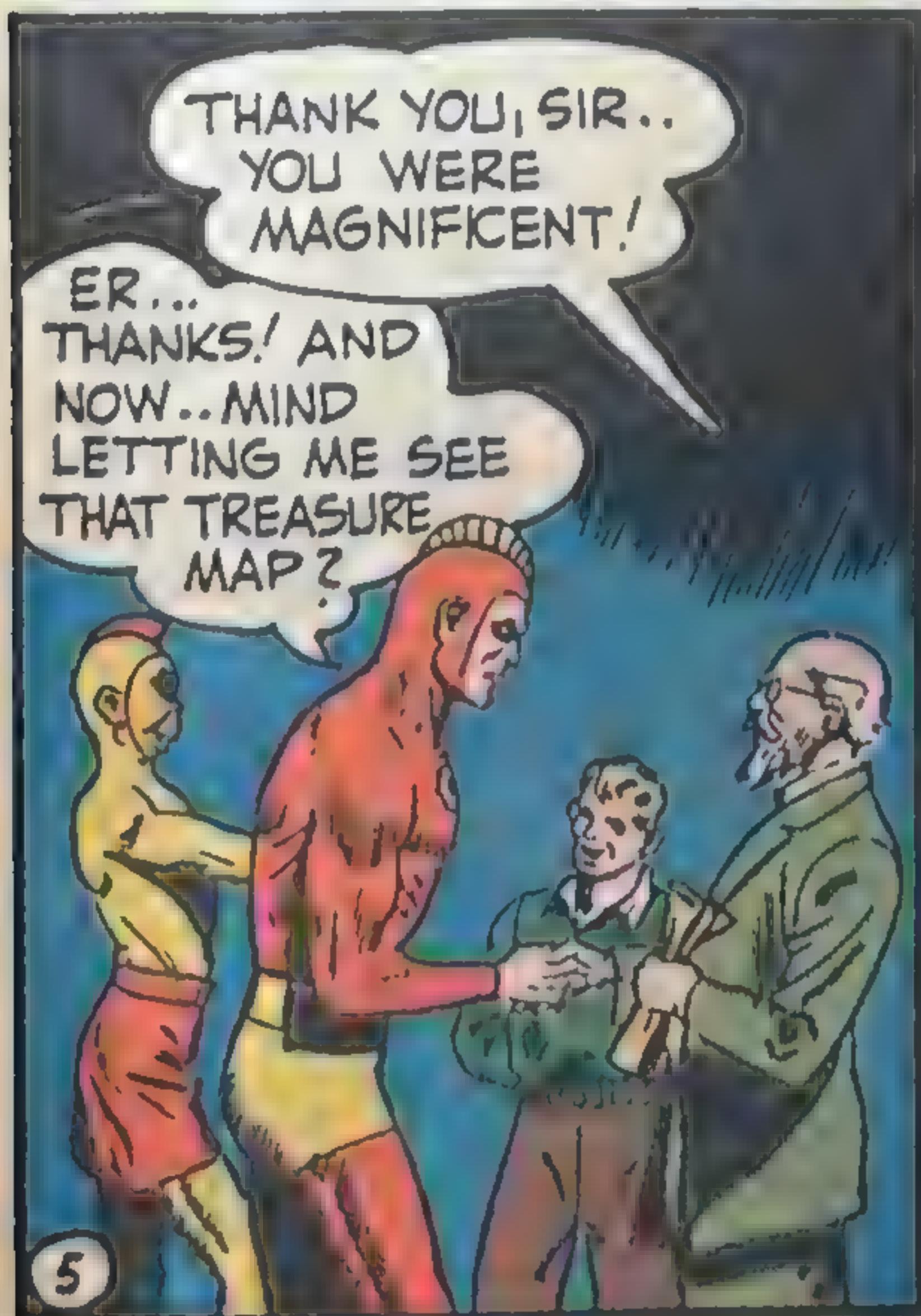
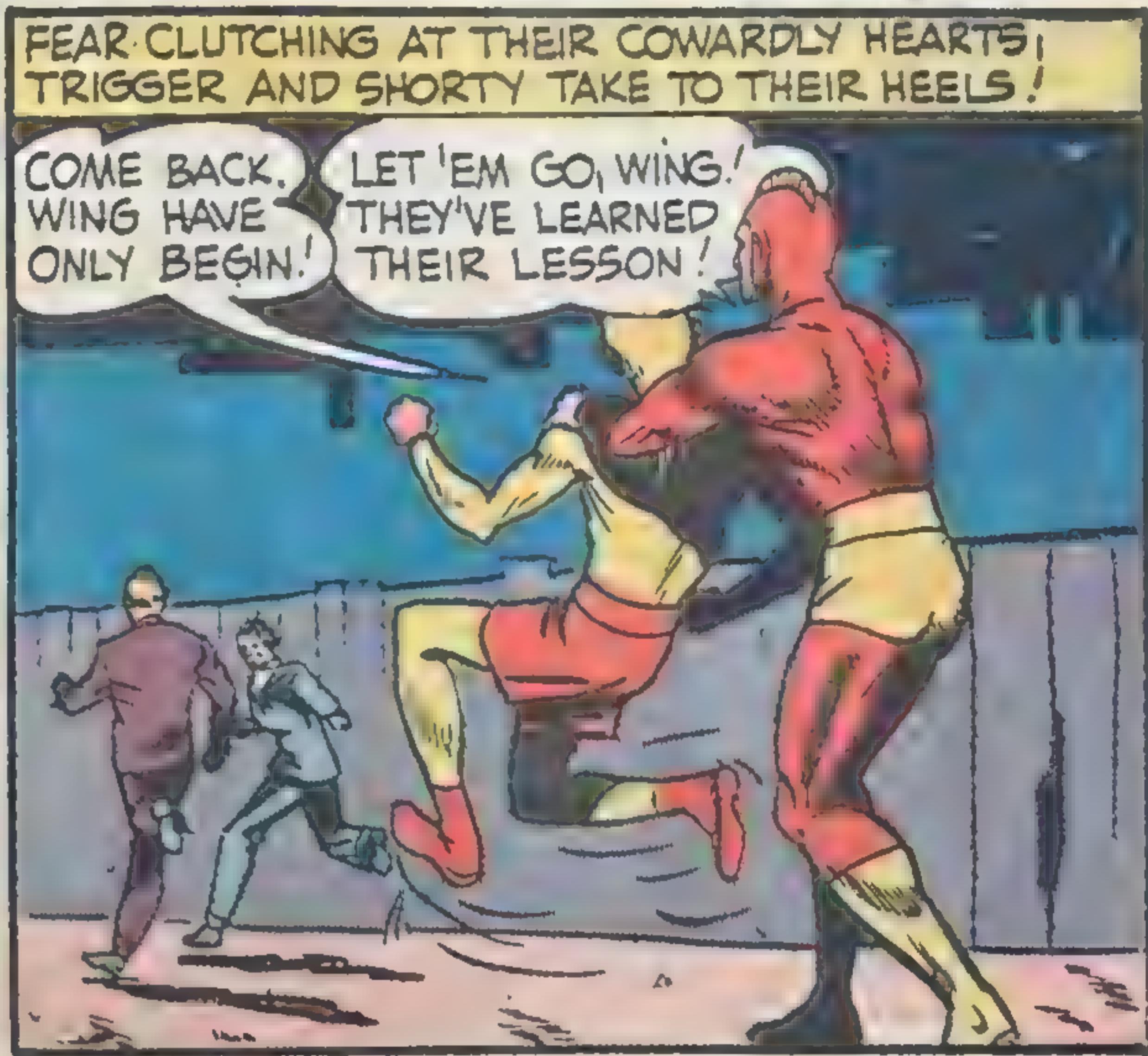
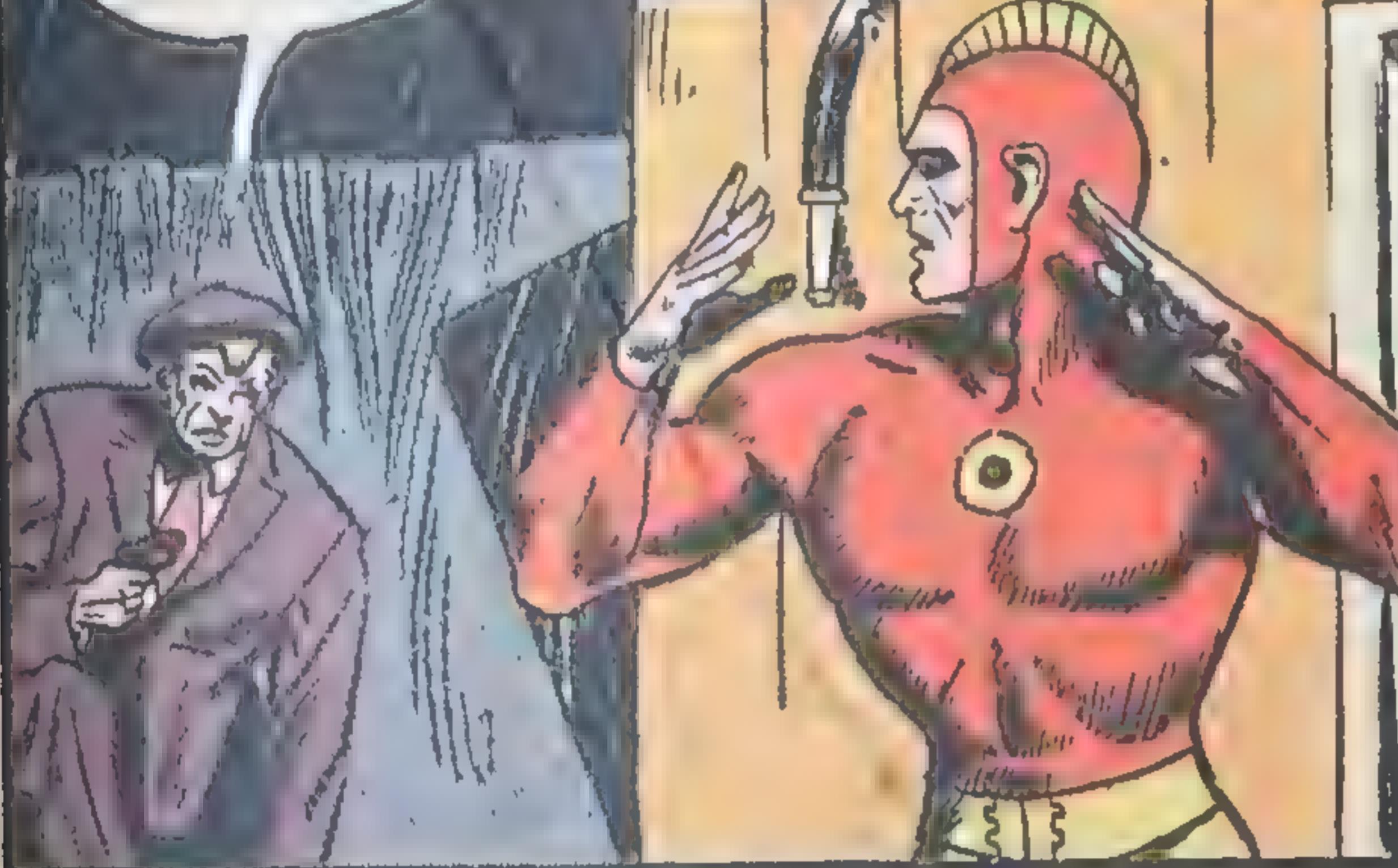
SHORTY MAY HAVE BEEN DOWND..BUT HE ISN'T OUT!

GRAB A CLOUD,  
RED RIDING  
HOOD, OR I'LL  
VENTILATE  
YA!

CARELESS OF ME..  
SHOULD'VE FRISKED  
HIM..OH.OH!

TO MAKE A BAD PUN,  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE  
MY SOCKS, TRY  
MY HOSE!

WHA..EH...  
ULP!



NINETY MINUTES LATER  
AND ONLY A STRETCH  
OF CHOPPY WATER  
SEPARATES THE  
ADVENTURERS TO  
BARDOS ISLAND...

YOUNG FELLER, DID  
YOU WAKE ME UP SO'S  
I COULD FERRY YE  
TO B-BARDOS  
ISLAND?

RIGHT!

WELL..DON'T SAY  
I DIDN'T WARN YE!  
TH' DRAFFED  
ISLAND IS  
HAUNTED!  
NOT LONG  
AGO, I SEEN  
TWO GHOSTS  
A-FLYIN'  
THROUGH  
THE AIR!  
BR-RR!

WELL, HERE  
WE ARE! MIGHT  
AS WELL  
SLEEP IN  
THE FORT  
TILL  
MORNING!

LOOK,  
MR. AVENGER! THAT  
CANNON MUST HAVE  
SLIPPED! IT POINTS  
ALMOST STRAIGHT  
DOWN!

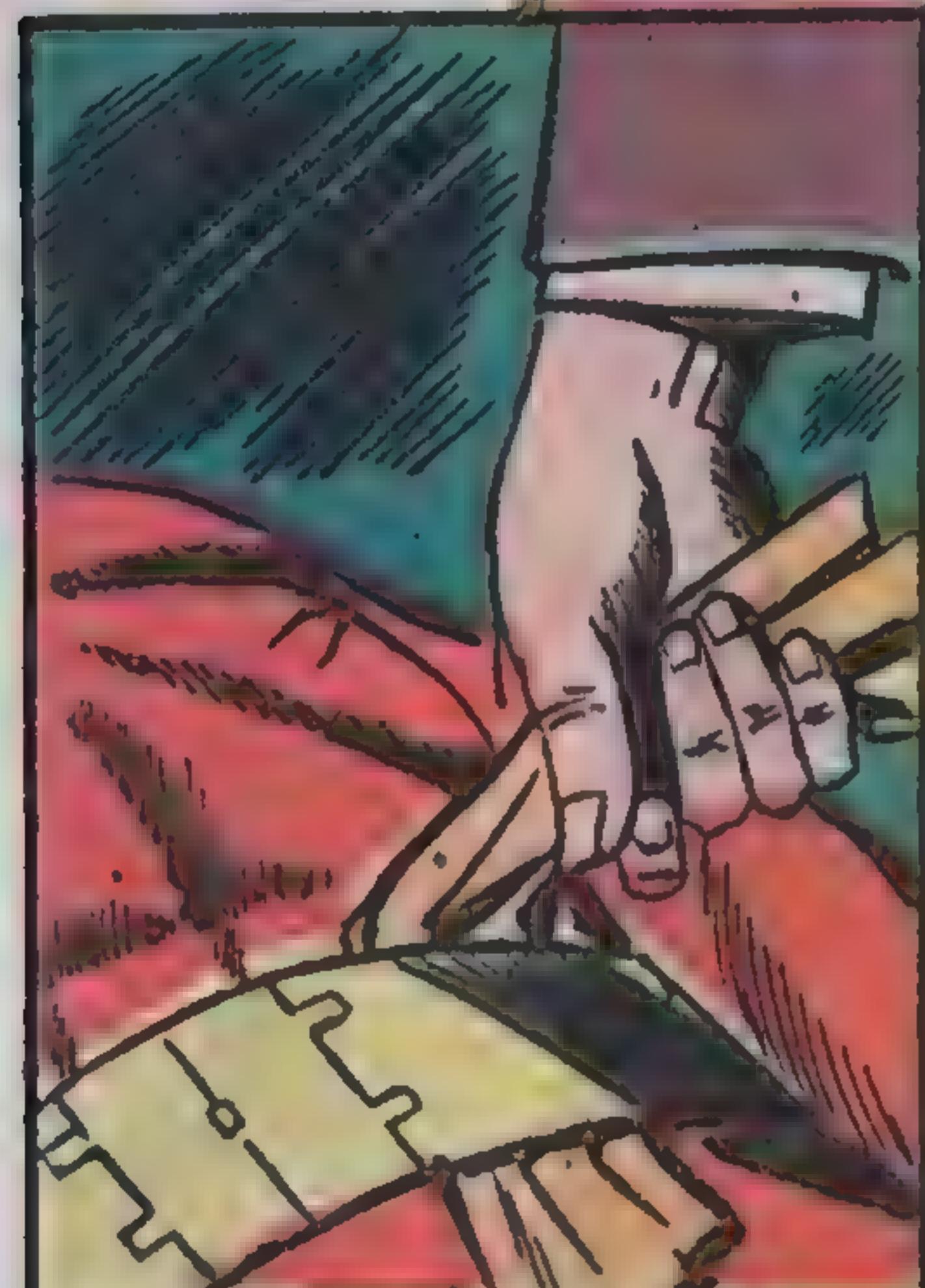
LET'S GET SOME SLEEP,  
TOO, WING! WE'VE KEPT  
GUARD FOR HOURS AND  
NOTHING'S HAPPENED!  
THE MAP WILL BE SAFE

THERE!

OKAY! IF TLUBBLE  
COME..ANCIENT  
SWORD AND  
SHOVEL MAKE  
FINE WEAPONS!

BUT..AS SLEEP STEALS  
OVER THE OLD FORT'S  
OCCUPANTS..TWO WEIRD  
SHAPES SILHOUETTE  
THEMSELVES AGAINST  
THE MOONLIT SKY!

STEALTHY SHADOWS SLINK SILENTLY  
UP THE FORT'S STONE STEPS..AND  
THEN...



SLEEPING LIGHTLY AS A CAT, THE  
RED-ROBED LAWMAN FEELS  
A SLIGHT TUGGING!...

..AND HIS REACTION IS  
INSTINCTIVE DEFENSE!  
WHY, IT'S SHORTY AGAIN..  
AND WRAPPED IN  
PARACHUTE SILK! YOU  
AND TRIGGER MUST  
HAVE BAILED OUT OF  
A PLANE---AND  
PEOPLE AROUND  
HERE THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
FLYING  
GHOSTS!

AND SHORTY'S MASSIVE BOOT JOLTS THE SCARLET SCRAPPER INTO DREAMLAND!

PRETTY CLEVER..BUT YOU ALSO SHOULDA FIGURED OUT THAT LYIN' THERE YA CAN'T GET ENOUGH LEVERAGE TO HIT SOMEONE HARD! GO BACK TO SLEEP!

AH-HH!!

OOUFF!!

WING HAVING DREAM IN TECHNICOLOR.. THIS FOR WAKING ME UP!

YOU'RE A PLUCKY LITTLE GUY...BUT YOU MUSTN'T FORGET TRIGGER..WHO IS A **SMART** LITTLE GUY!

UUGGH!

UH-- UH-- WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

HAH! WAIT'LL YA SEE WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD..IN A DISMAL DUNGEON BENEATH THE ANCIENT FORT ...

HOPE YOU LIKE IT HERE..'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE TILL YOU **ROT!** AND..HA HA..THANKS FOR TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF THIS MAP!

MORNING..AND THE RISING SUN SENDS BLINDING SHAFTS OF LIGHT THROUGH THE DUNGEON'S SOLITARY VENTILATION OUTLET!

WRISTS RAW FROM TRYING TO FREE THEM..AND NOW THAT SUN IN MY EYES...

HEY!

DON'T SEE HOW THAT'LL HELP! IF YOU DROP THE GLASSES AND BREAK THEM, YOU STILL WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH THE FRAGMENTS WITH YOUR HANDS!

NECK MUSCLES CORDED WITH STRAIN.  
THE COURAGEOUS CRIME-FIGHTER  
CLAMPS HIS TEETH ON THE GLASSES  
AND LIFTS HIS HEAD BACK...BACK...

MUST.. MUST FOCUS THE LENSES  
BETWEEN THE SUNLIGHT AND MY  
BOUND WRISTS!

THE GROUND  
LENSES  
CONCENTRATE  
THE SUN'S  
RAYS INTO  
A SLIM  
SHAFT OF  
FIERY,  
HEAT!

HIS HANDS FREE.. THE CRIMSON BATTLER  
SOON UNTIES THE OTHERS!

THANKS, MISTER AVENGER.. EASY, TOMMY!  
AND HOW ABOUT LETTING LET YOUR UNCLE,  
ME GET IN THE FIGHT? WING AND MYSELF,  
I'M PLENTY MAD! WORRY ABOUT THAT!

TOMMY,  
BRAVE, LITTLE  
BOY! I  
LIKE  
HIM!

SAVE YOUR  
BREATH, WING..  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO NEED  
IT!

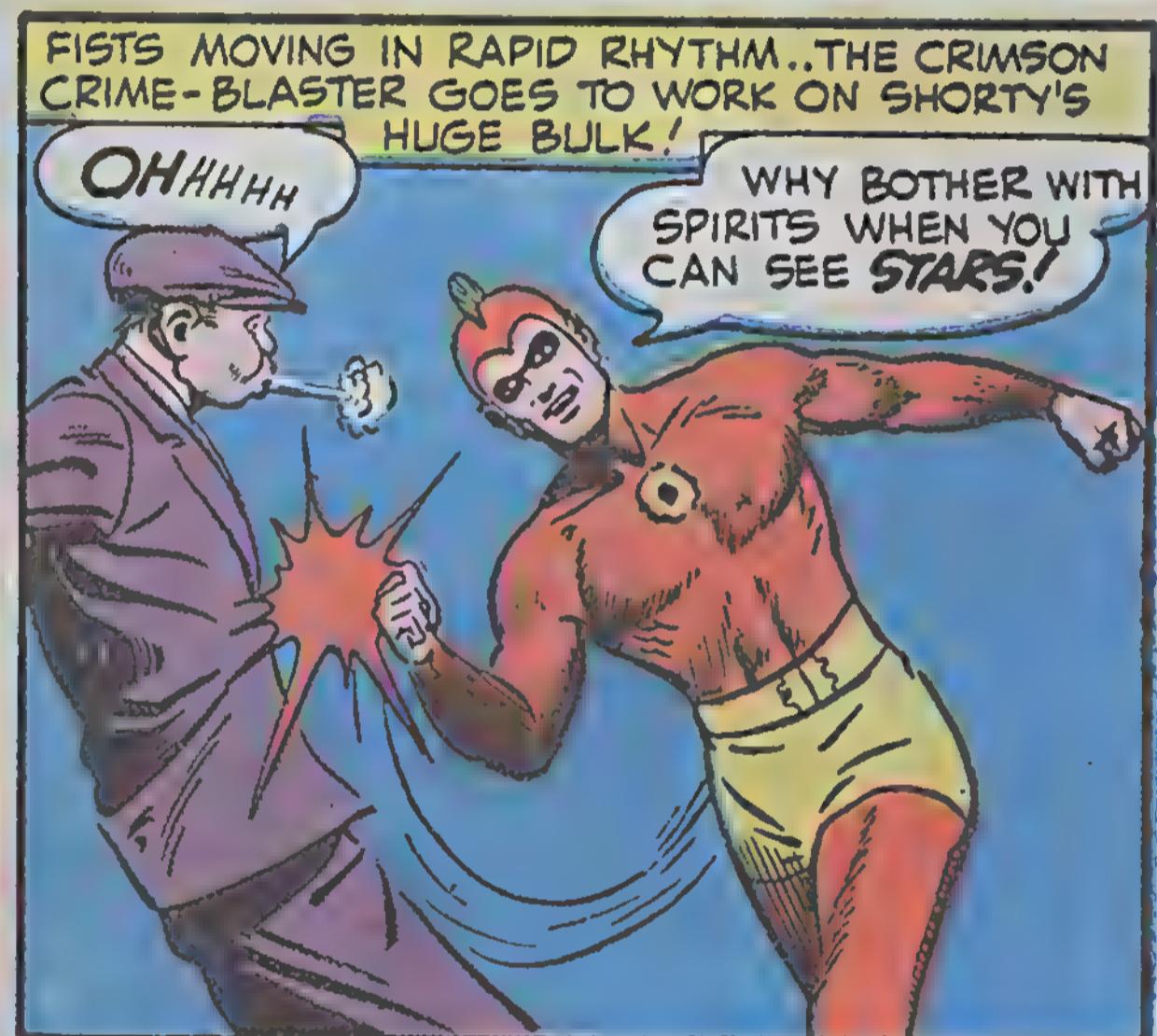
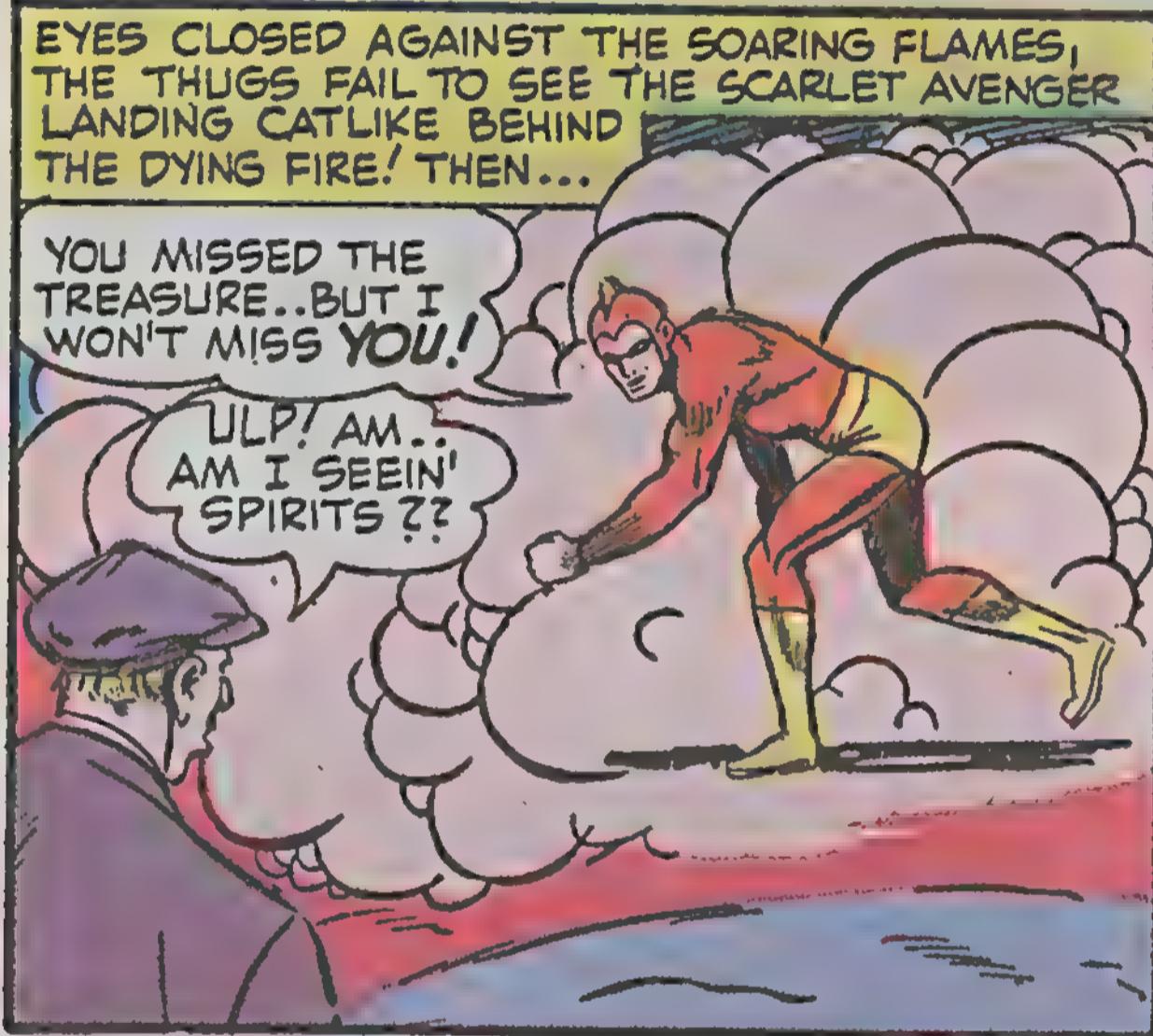
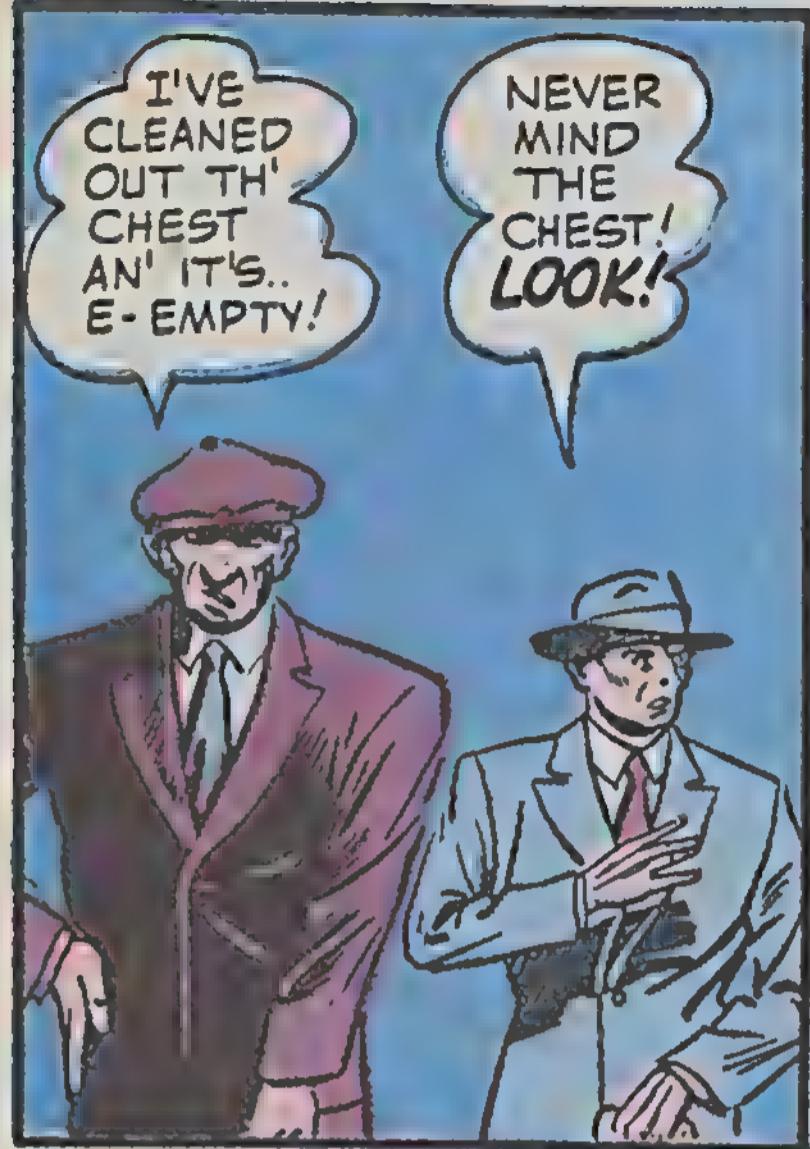
THEY'VE  
FOUND THE  
CHEST,  
WING! GO  
DOWN INTO  
THE FORT  
AND CARRY  
OUT THE  
PLAN I'VE  
OUTLINED!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT  
TO OPEN THIS TREASURE  
CHEST AN'..UH..WHAT'S  
THIS? IT'S FULL O'  
ROCKS!

MAYBE  
THE ROCKS  
COVER  
SOMETHING!  
THROW 'EM  
OUT! HURRY!

INSIDE THE FORT.. WING'S  
EDUCATED FOOT SHOVES  
FORWARD.. AND..

MAKE QUICK,  
CANNONBALLS-  
AND DO PROPER  
STUFF!



BEFORE THE CRUDE WEAPON REACHES ITS MARK...A RACING BODY SOARS INTO THE AIR..AND LANDS!

THANKS, WING!

SOLLY SO LATE..BUT NOW MAKE UP FO' LOST FUN!

OLD CHINESE PROVERB SAY:  
"TWO FISTS BETTER THAN ONE"!

LATER..THE LIMP THUGS HAVING BEEN BOUND...

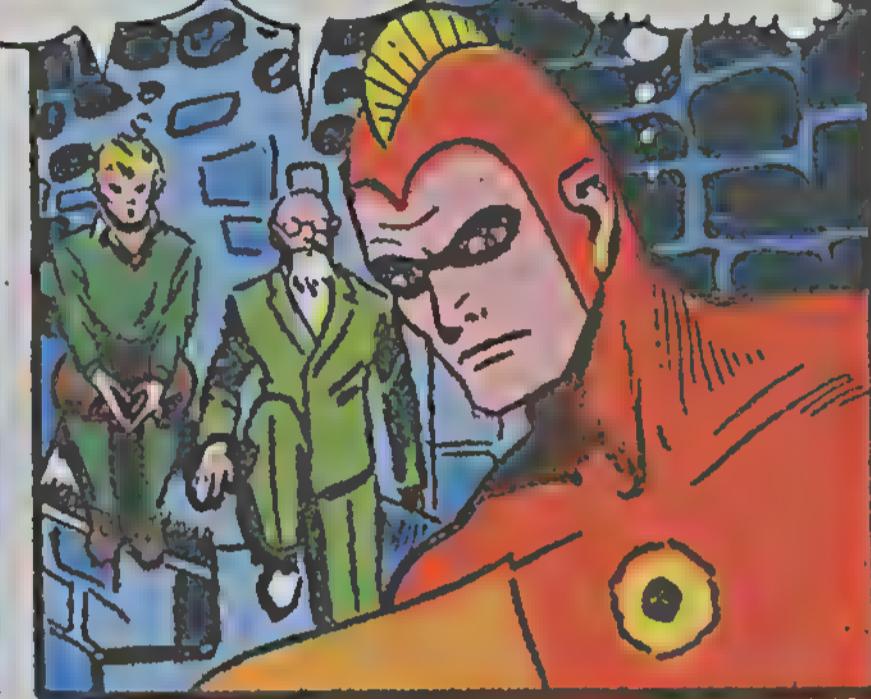
AIEEE!

NO TREASURE AFTER ALL!  
BACK TO SELLING...  
(COUGH...) PAPERS!

I'LL GO TO A POOR-HOUSE!

THE TREASURE LIES WITHIN A CHEST...A WELL-PLACED BALL THE FINAL TEST! HMM...

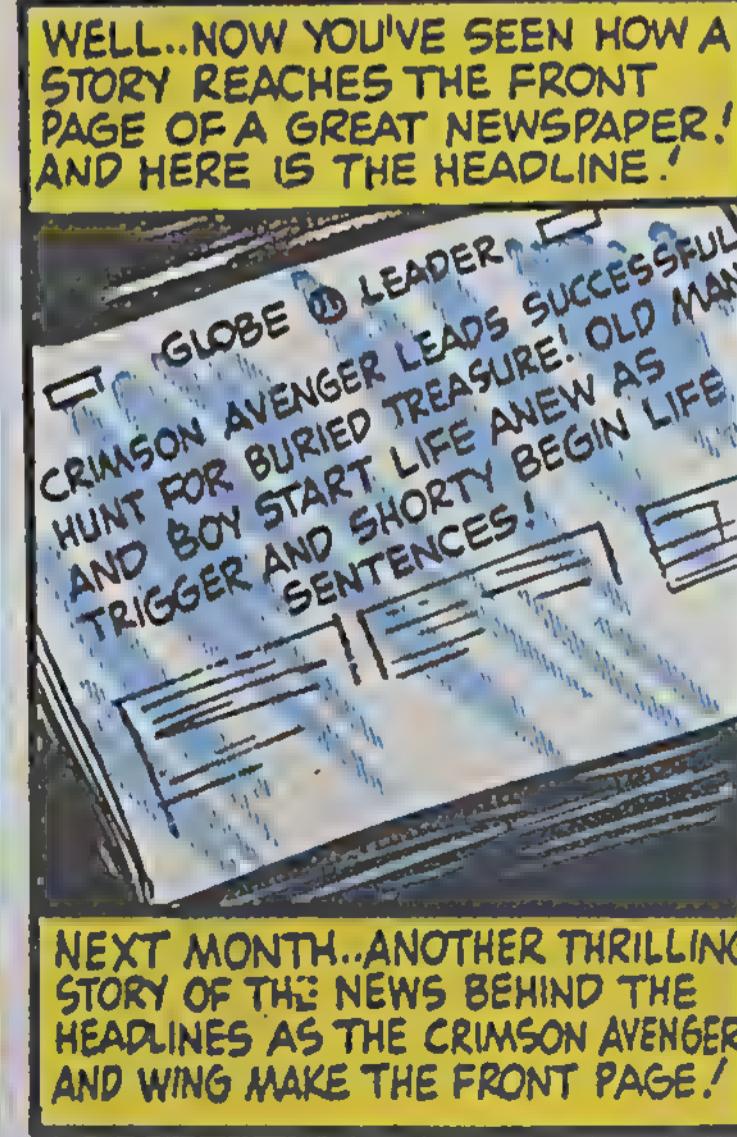
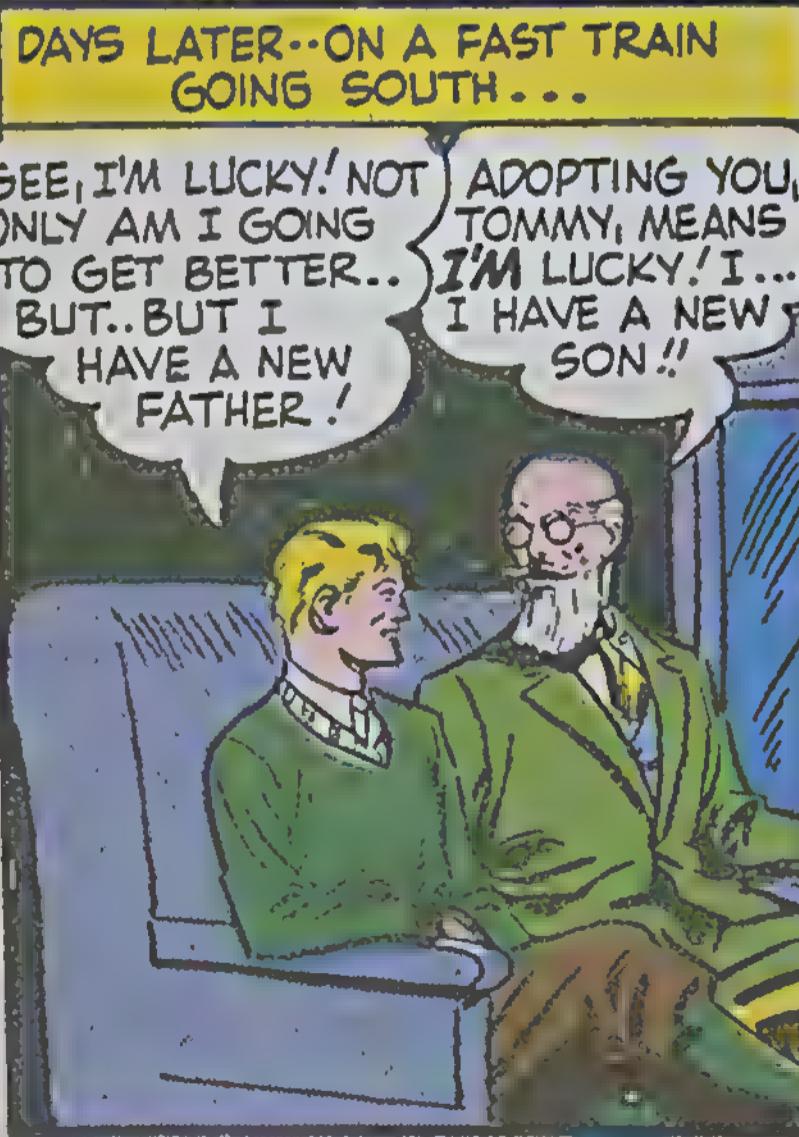
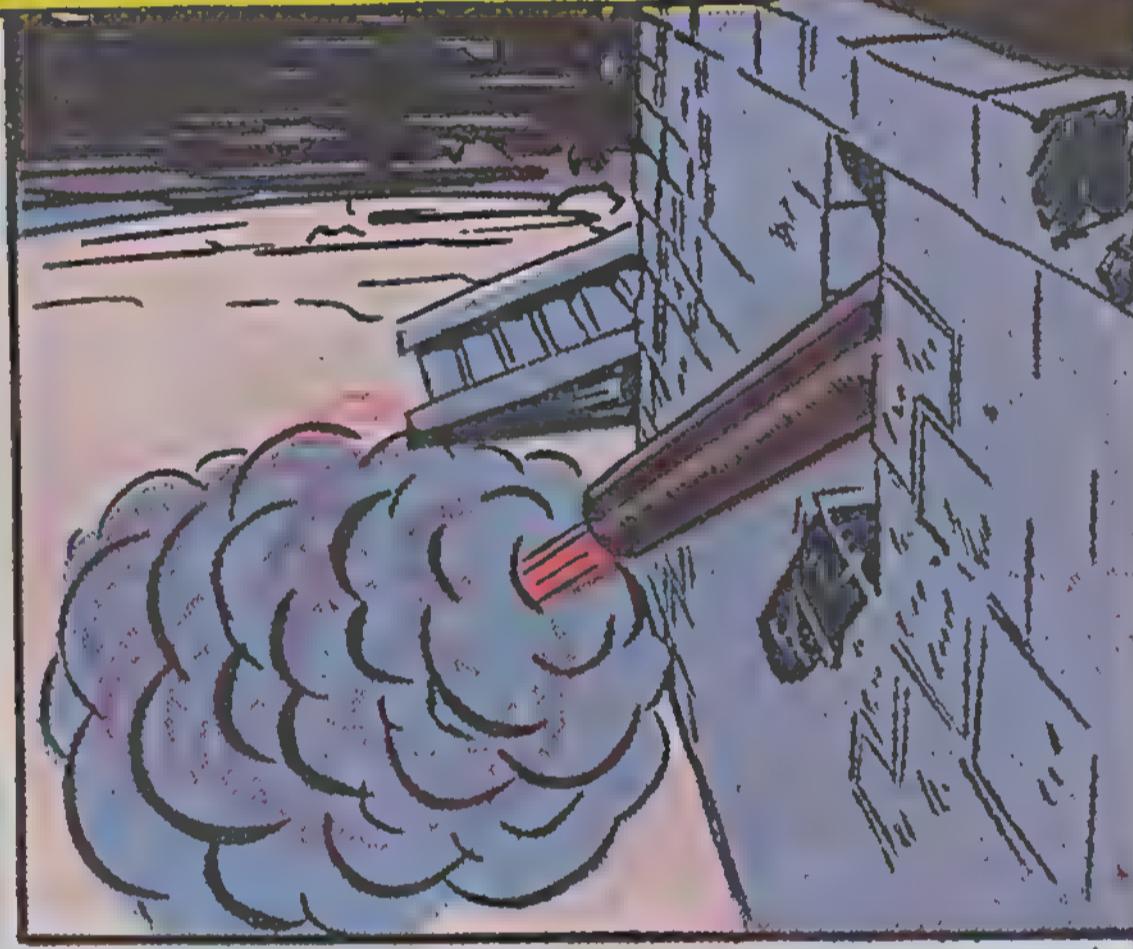
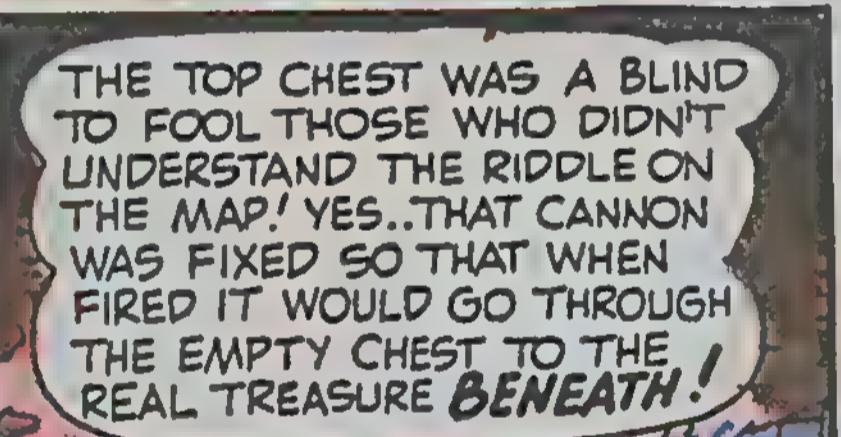
WHO..  
WHAT..  
UGH!



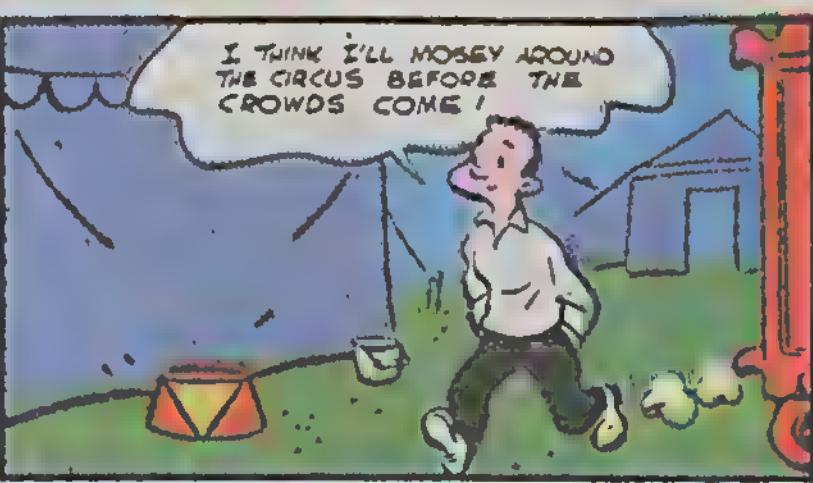
I'VE GOT IT! TOMMY'S MENTIONING THAT THE CANNON POINTS ALMOST STRAIGHT DOWN..AND THE RIDDLE ON THE MAP GO TOGETHER! HELP ME LOAD THE CANNON, WING!

TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

A SPUTTERING FLARE TOUCHES THE OLD CANNON'S FUSE...AND A CANNON-BALL BLASTS FROM THE SMOOTH - BORED ANCIENT WEAPON!



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# SPY



"THIS IS PRACTICALLY  
A VACATION," SECRET  
SERVICE MAN BART REGAN'S  
CHIEF TOLD HIM! "ALL YOU  
HAVE TO DO IS KEEP AN EYE  
ON OLD JONAS SALT TO MAKE  
SURE HE STAYS OUT OF TROUBLE!"  
IT SOUNDED EASY--BUT BEFORE  
BART WAS FINISHED HE'D BEEN  
SHANGHAIED, DRAGGED TO SEA  
ON A WRECKED TUGBOAT,--  
TORPEDOED, SHELLED AND  
DUMPED ON THE DECK OF  
A NAZI SUB IN THE--

"ADVENTURE OF  
THE PEGLEGGED  
WILDCAT"!

GET YOUR HAT, BART! YOU'RE TAKING A LITTLE TRIP TO BLACK BAY!

ME? BUT I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A WEEK'S, VACATION!

THIS WILL PRACTICALLY BE A VACATION! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WATCH AN OLD SEA DOG FOR A FEW DAYS!

OLD JONAS

THAT SALT! EX-SAILOR WHO LIVES ON AN ABANDONED TUGBOAT? I KNOW HIM... WHAT'S HE DONE?

YOU FIND OUT' HE'S BEEN LOADING THE OLD BOAT WITH WOOD, SUPPLIES AND SHOT-GUN SHELLS! WITH NAZI SUBS LURKING OFF SHORE, WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

A FEW HOURS LATER AT BLACK BAY.. BART GETS A JOLT!

THERE'S JONAS NOW.. AS HARMLESS AS A KITTEN... HEY! THAT BOX HE'S OPENING! IT'S FULL OF HAND GRENADES!!

AS DARKNESS FALLS...

NOW HE'S GOING ASHORE! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO SLIP ABOARD THE OLD TUB AND INVESTIGATE!

ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES HERE TO WRECK A CONVOY! THE OLD COOT **MUST** HAVE SOLD OUT TO THE NAZ... WOW! HE'S COMING BACK! I'M TRAPPED!!

OH, IT'S ONLY ME FROM OVER THE SEA, CRIED BARNACLE BILL, THE SAIL-L-L-OR!

15 MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHESS-ST'

THIS LOCKER IS THE ONLY HIDING PLACE!

COULDA SWORE I SEEN A LIGHT IN HERE, B'JOE!

BUT UNKNOWN TO BART, HIS COAT.. CAUGHT IN THE DOOR.. IS SPIED BY SHARP EYES.

HM-MM! I THOUGHT I SEEN A LIGHT!

JUST AS BART DISCOVERS, WHAT HAS HAPPENED...!!

BETTER LOCK UP M'CUP-BOARD! HEE-HEE !!

HOLY SMOKE! I'M LOCKED IN! I WONDER IF HE KNOWS I'M HERE...? I'D BETTER KEEP QUIET...!!

OFF TO SEA WE GO! AIN'T GOT NO ENGINE, BUT THIS TIDE'LL CARRY US OUT, O' SIGHT BEFORE DAWN' HEE! HEE!!

A SHORT TIME LATER,  
BART'S DISCOMFORT IS  
SHARPLY INCREASED!

HEY! WE'RE STARTING TO  
PITCH AROUND.. OOOOF!!  
WOW! WE'RE ADRIFT..  
HEADING OUT INTO  
THE OCEAN!

I'VE GOT  
TO SEE  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON!!  
HEY!!  
LET  
ME OUT  
OF  
HERE!!

KEEP YOUR  
ANCHOR  
UP,  
SWAB!  
I'M  
A-COMIN'!!

DROP THET CANNON,  
SON, OR I'LL  
PERFORATE YE!..  
WELL, SHIVER  
MY TIMBERS...  
IT'S THE  
GUVM'ENT  
FELLER!

YOU BET IT IS,  
JONAS! I WANT  
TO KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE UP TO!  
AND I WANT  
TO GO  
ASHORE!

THAR'S  
SHORE!  
IF YE  
WANT  
TO GO,  
START  
SWIMMIN'!!

WE'RE MILES AT SEA  
AND DRIFTING FARTHER!  
WHERE DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
GOING, JONAS?

ONE OF  
THEM WAS  
MY BOY,  
TED. I  
AIMS TO GET  
ME ONE OF THEM  
NAZI SUBS  
IN EXCHANGE!  
GONNA  
SINK IT LIKE  
THEY SUNK  
HIS SHIP!

YOU'RE CRAZY!  
YOU CAN'T  
FIGHT A SUB  
WITH THIS  
OLD DERELICT!  
BESIDES, A SUB  
WOULDN'T  
BOther COMING  
NEAR THIS WRECK!

WOULDN'T, HEY? I AIN'T SO DUMB!  
ANY SUB THAT SEE'S MY "GUNS"  
AN' "CREW" IS GONNA LOOK  
AGAIN!

HEAVEN HELP US!  
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
A SUB-CHASER ON  
THE PROWL!

YOU'RE A LUNATIC TRYING TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE. BUT IT WON'T  
WORK! NC SUB COMMANDER  
WOULD FALL FOR THAT GAG  
AND... !!

THEY  
WOULDN'T,  
HEY?..

THET  
THING  
OUT  
THERE  
IN THE  
WATER  
AIN'T NO  
MAILBOX,  
SON!

YEEOW!! A  
SUB.. AND A  
TORPEDO  
HEADED  
RIGHT  
FOR US!

HEY!!  
GET DOWN!!  
YOU WANT  
YOUR FOOL  
HEAD  
BLOWN  
OFF ??!

THUNDER SPLITS THE QUIET DAWN.. THE TERRIBLE THUNDER OF THE WORLD'S MOST DEVASTATING EXPLOSIVE! CAN BART AND JONAS SURVIVE THAT FURY ??



BUT BART'S QUICK MOVE HAD GAINED THEM THE SLIM PROTECTION OF THE CABIN..

JONAS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE'RE SINKING!

SURE! NOW SIT STILL, SON, SO'S THEM WOLVES'LL FALL INTO MY TRAP! WE CAN'T SINK FAR, WITH OUR HOLD FULL O' SCRAP LUMBER! HEE. HEE!

THE ENEMY SUB CIRCLES WARILY.. AND DECIDES TO BLAST A FEW SHELLS!

GIFF THEM A FEW MORE, HEINRICH! MAKE SURE DER SCHWEIN ARE ALL DEAD!!

--AND MAC SAID THIS WOULD BE PRACTICALLY A VACATION!

THEY'LL GIT TIRED AND TRY COMIN' ABOARD PURTY SOON, SON!

BANG!



VOT KIND UFF A SHIP ISS DOT? COME!! VE GO ABOARD ONCE!



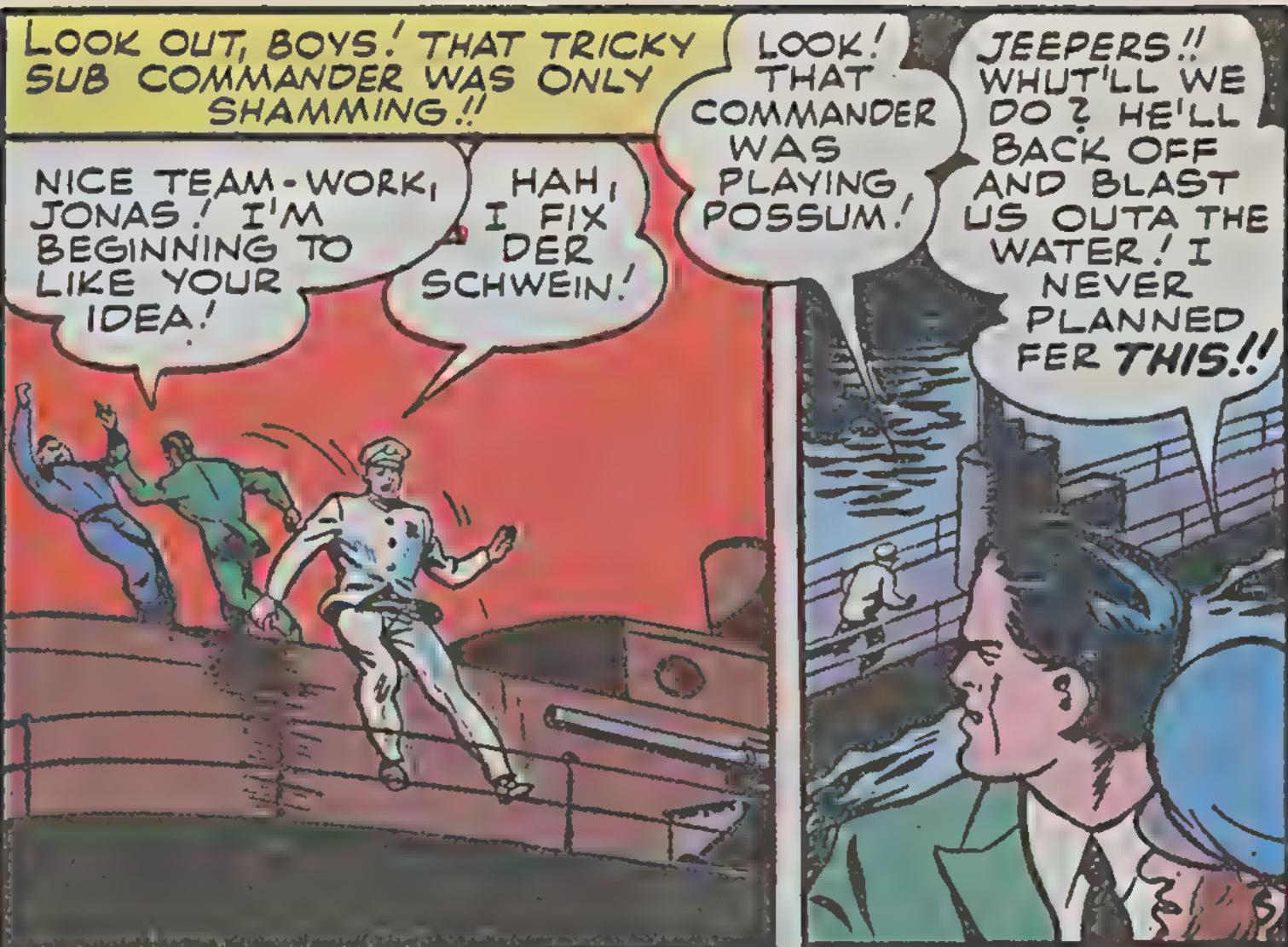
HOT DIGGETY!! IS HE GONNA BE SURPRISED, EH, SON?

YOU GUessed IT, RATZI!!!

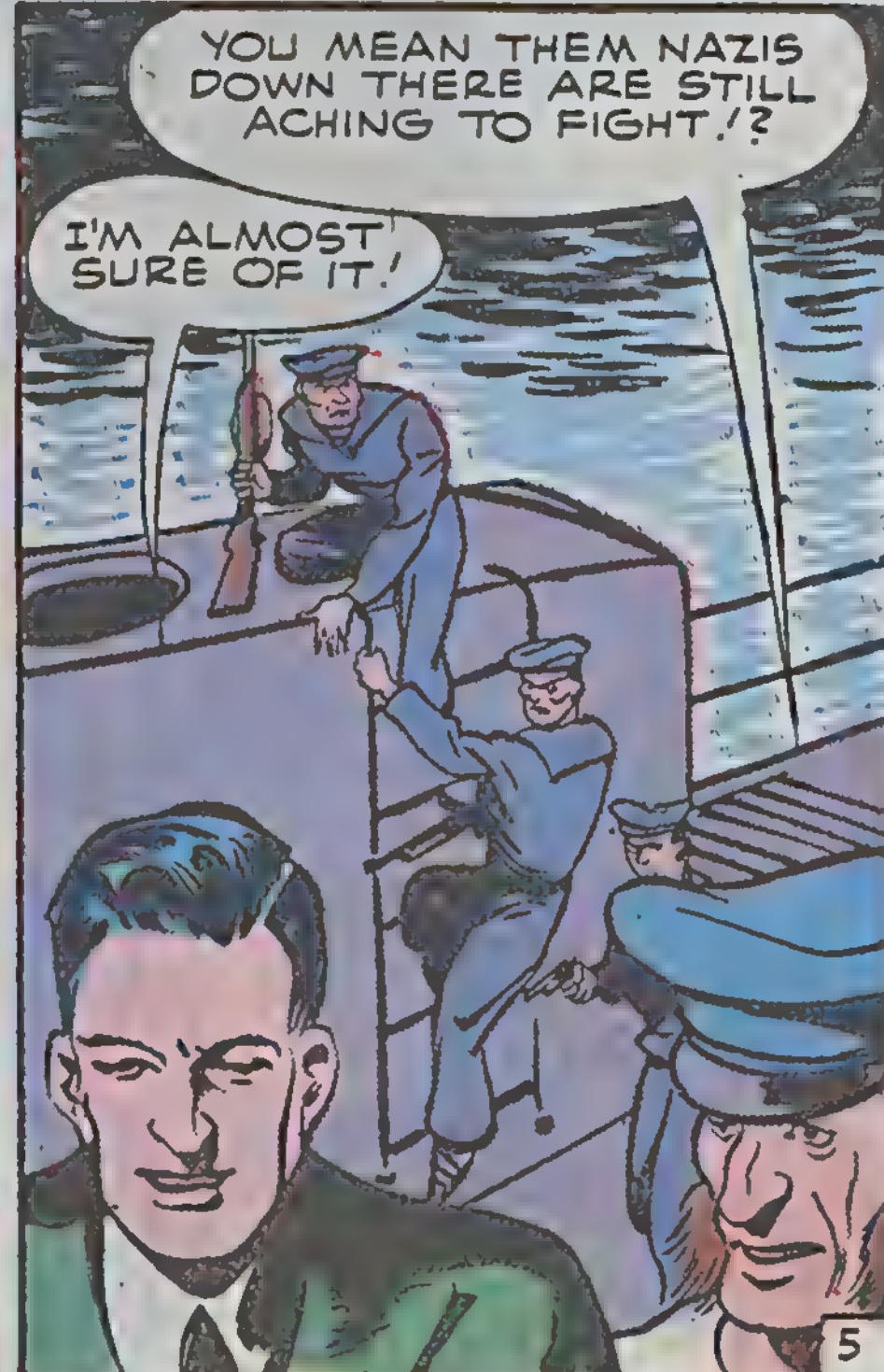
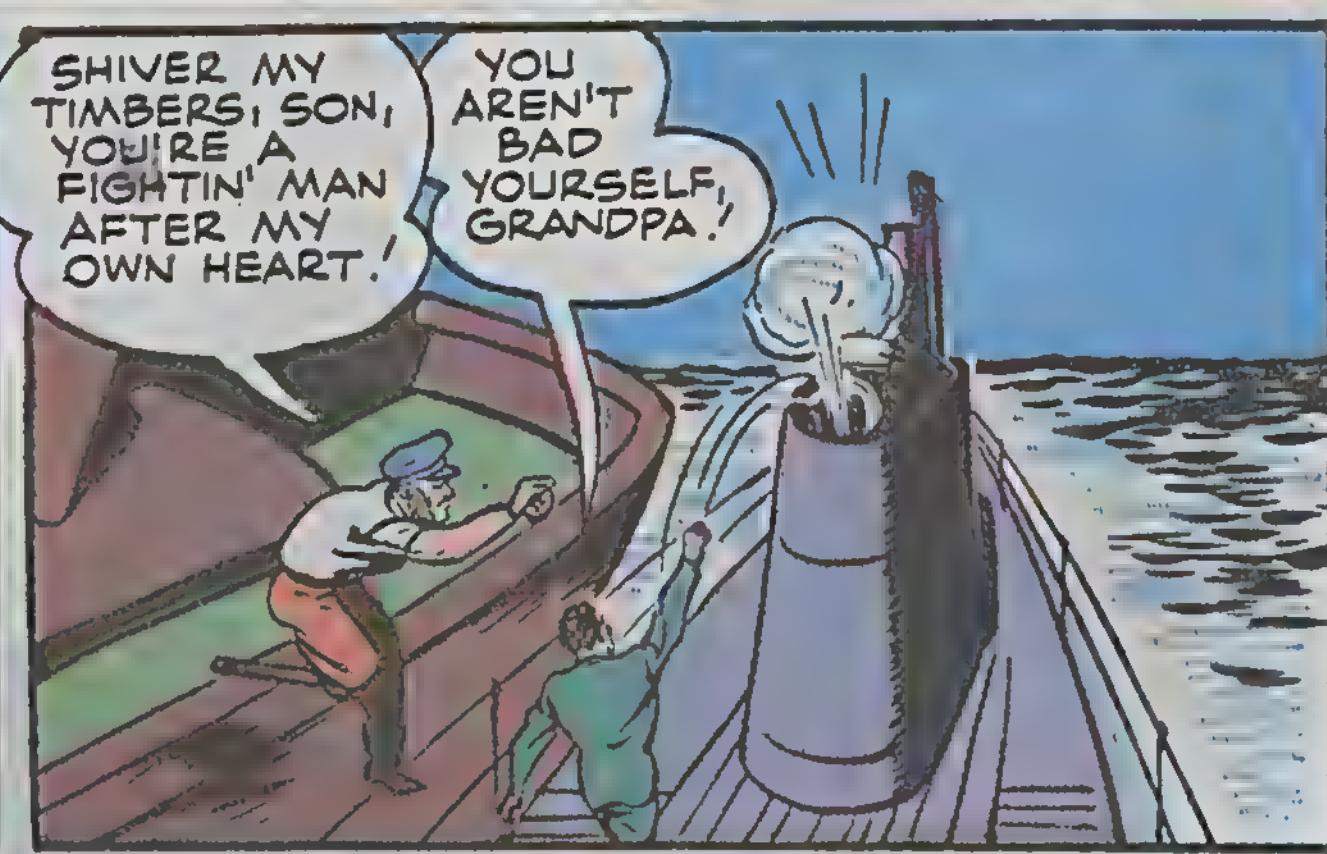
AND HERE'S THE BEST TRICK OF ALL... SAVED TILL LAST!

ACH!! MINE JAW! KILL HIM, YOU DUMKOPFS!





BART'S MIND WORKS AT SPLIT-SECOND SPEED!

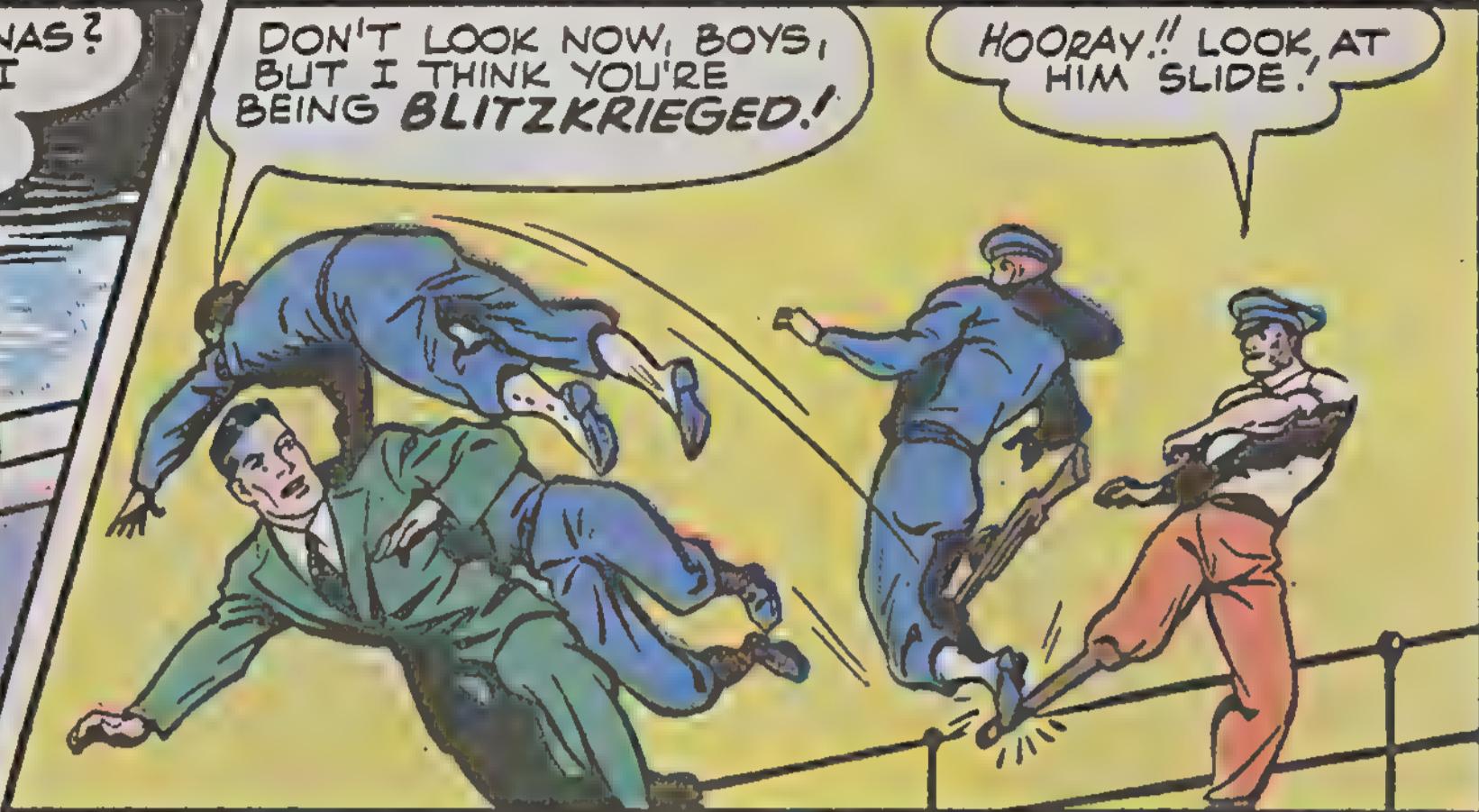


KILL THEM!!  
SMASH  
THE  
YANKEES!

SEE, JONAS?  
DIDN'T I  
TELL  
YOU?

DON'T LOOK NOW, BOYS,  
BUT I THINK YOU'RE  
BEING **BLITZKRIEGED!**!

HOORAY!! LOOK AT  
HIM SLIDE!



DUMKOPFS!!  
FATHEADS!!  
DO  
SOMETHING!!!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT  
ON, JUGHEAD!  
I'LL GET TO  
YOU IN A MINUTE!

YOU BOYS DON'T  
FIGHT SO GOOD,  
FACE TO FACE!

DER FUEHRER SAID  
WE COULDN'T BE  
BEATEN!

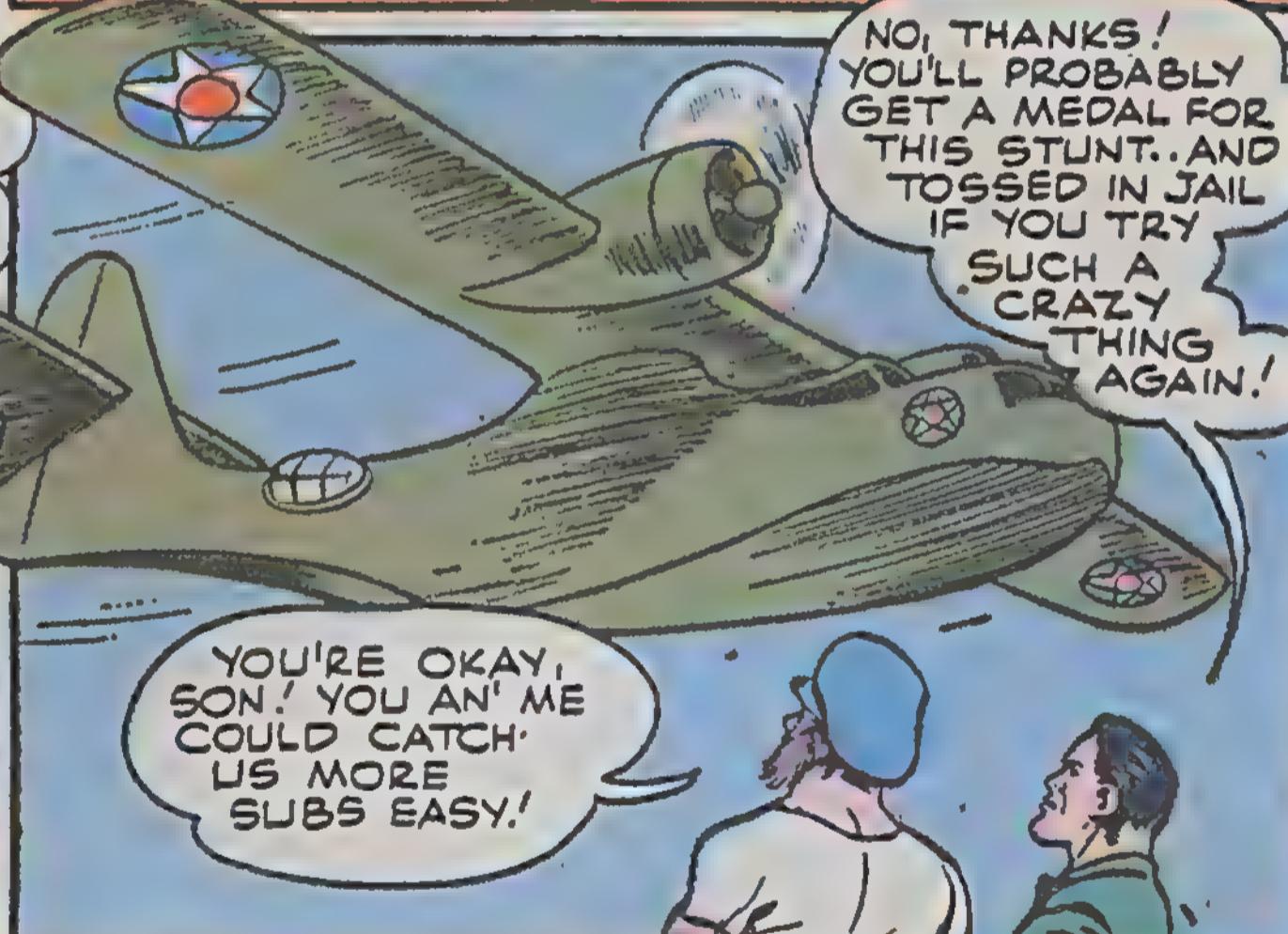
NEXT TIME DON'T  
BELIEVE EVERYTHING  
YOU HEAR!



BY JINGO! I FIGGERED  
HOW TO CATCH THESE  
LUBBERS BUT I  
FORGOT TO FIGGER  
WHAT TO DO WITH  
'EM AFTERWARDS!

RELAX, JONAS!  
THAT LOOKS LIKE  
ONE OF OUR  
COASTAL PATROL  
PLANES COMING! I  
USED THE SUB'S  
RADIO TO  
CALL FOR  
HELP!

NO, THANKS!  
YOU'LL PROBABLY  
GET A MEDAL FOR  
THIS STUNT.. AND  
TOSSED IN JAIL  
IF YOU TRY  
SUCH A  
CRAZY  
THING  
AGAIN!



NEXT DAY.. BACK  
AT HIS DESK..

YOU'RE  
JUST  
THE  
GUY I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR!

HELLO, BART!  
DID YOU  
HAVE A  
NICE,  
RESTFUL  
VACATION  
BY THE SEA?



The  
SECRET  
SERVICE  
FLASHES  
INTO NEW,  
BLAZING  
ACTION  
IN NEXT  
MONTH'S  
SENSATIONAL  
ISSUE OF  
DETECTIVE  
COMICS!

# ESCAPE FROM DEATH

by Nils Hall

HE WAS a half-breed. His name was Le Dirque. He had plotted this crime carefully: for a whole season he had been waiting for Carver to get the money for the pelts.

And now Carver had it. Through the heavy swirls of snow, Le Dirque's eyes followed the thin plume of smoke rising steadily from the cabin. Night was falling fast. Soon the snow would get heavier. A man who knew this countryside—and Le Dirque did—would want to get shelter fast. That part of it was also planned. When a man lived and trapped in the Hudson's Bay country, he always thought ahead.

\*\*\*

Hudson's Bay was new to Le Dirque, who had come down from Alaska not many jumps ahead of the police. He had been trapping in Hudson's Bay only a month when he heard of Carver and the many pelts he always brought in.

Thus, Le Dirque, the trapper, had set the trap. He was now ready to spring it. There was a sardonic smile on his face as his snowshoes glided over the snow, toward the plume of smoke. In a little while he would have all the money Carver had gotten for his pelts. He was sure the trapper had it, because only yesterday Carver had come from the trading post, some twenty-five miles away.

Le Dirque smiled to himself. Only a fool would live this far away from town and keep so much money around. He slid off his snowshoes, placed them carefully outside the door of the hut. He put his heavy gloves into his pocket and shifted the

knife he intended to use. Then he knocked on the door.

Joe Carver looked up cheerily. Alongside him were three pelts, poor pelts, Le Dirque thought looking at them. There was a washbasin on the table. Joe Carver's sleeves were rolled up.

\*\*\*

Le Dirque's eyes darted around the room, seeking likely hiding places. He smiled back at Joe Carver, who said: "Pretty bad night to be out, stranger. Glad you dropped in. You're a trapper, aren't you?"

"No. I am a buyer of pelts. They tell me at the post that you have the best skins in all Canada. I would like to make a deal with you." His eyes glanced at the pelts on the table. "But I hope they are better than these."

"These?" Joe Carver laughed. "Listen, when I get through with these—" He stopped, as if remembering something. "Oh, I forgot." He leaned back in his chair, motioned Le Dirque to sit down. "Before I get talking too much, stranger, and the way this storm's coming up, I'd better tell you I've already gotten rid of this year's trap. I did pretty good, too." Then, he added, "But didn't they tell you at the post I do business with only one company?"

\*\*\*

Le Dirque grinned, his white teeth flashing. "So they did. But I decided to come out anyway." His scrutiny of Joe Carver had showed him he had nothing to be afraid of. Now, he moved toward Carver, as if going to say something confi-

dential to him. Carver inclined his head, then he gasped as the knife point touched his neck. His eyes went wide.

"Where is the money hidden?" Le Dirque grated. "Tell me or I'll kill you."

A sharp pain stabbed his ankle. He hadn't realized Joe Carver was wearing heavy boots. Now, Carver moved his head away from the dangerous point of the knife.

Le Dirque rolled with him. His knife went into Carver's shoulder. Came out. It flashed again; a scream came from Carver as he plunged to the floor.

"Fool!" Le Dirque's gaze was burning.

\*\*\*

He looked at the blood on his hands, then back again at Joe Carver's still body. "I told you I'd kill you," he grated. "Le Dirque does not make idle boast." His eyes hurriedly swept the room. He would have to work fast, get out of here with the money. Maybe no one would come for days; not with this storm. Joe Carver would be snowbound and by the time the Mounties picked up the trail it would be cold.

"My hands!" Le Dirque looked at the reddened hands. Then he smiled. "This will do. He will not need it." He plunged his hands into the washbasin Joe Carver had filled.

He had no idea that his luck was riding with him, as he carried the reddened water to the bed. He had intended to slash the mattress, drop the tell-tale basin inside, then cover it up.

Instead, he found the money! Hurriedly, he scooped it out from its hiding place. Then,

craftily, he emptied the basin, and placed a blanket again over the mattress. It would probably be a long time before anyone thought of looking there.

His fingers trembled as he counted the money. Joe Carver hadn't lied. His year had been good. There was enough money here to enjoy sanctuary in the States for a long time! Very carefully, Le Dirque slipped it into the money belt he had brought along. He would not touch it until safely in the States.

\* \* \*

It was the thought of what the money would buy that kept him from dying on his way to the trading post. The storm fought him every inch of the way, seeking to pull him down beneath a blanket of snow. Icy particles struck at his face savagely, like hundreds of little knives.

\* \* \*

Hour after hour, he plodded along. It seemed an eternity before he saw the first faint lights marking the trading post.

But at last, he reached them. He knew now that he had narrowly escaped death. He couldn't have held on another mile! He fell wearily through the opened gates of the post.

He needed a drink, needed it badly. He forced himself toward the building that housed the bar. He lived in the building, occupying a small room. The landlord knew him as a buyer of furs, too.

\* \* \*

All eyes turned toward him as he stumbled in. His face was blue with cold, and his eyes bloodshot. Le Dirque's tortured eyes saw the Mountie, seated in a far corner of the room, a newspaper in front of him. He was looking at Le Dirque, but the latter was unafraid. They had nothing on him.

"Heavens, man," the startled bartender said. "What happened to you?"

Le Dirque leaned against the bar. His fingers, beneath his gloves felt numb. "A drink," he said, "pour me a drink first." The fiery liquid burned his throat, seared his insides, making him feel warm. At last he put it down, wiped his mouth with the back of his glove.

\* \* \*

"I was lost in the storm," he said. "I do not know how I ever found my way back from the Three Rivers." Inwardly, he smiled. He was thinking well now and that was good. Three Rivers was miles away from Joe Carver's place. In the opposite direction.

He looked around, feeling warm again. "Everyone have a drink on me," he said. "To celebrate my escape from death." His laughter rose mockingly. "Yes, I have cheated death. I, Le Dirque. Now, everybody drink."

He smiled happily as the half-dozen trappers in the tavern ordered their drinks. Le Dirque looked at the Mountie. "Come on, Mountie, drink. In my business, it is necessary that a man carry around plenty of money. My company will be glad to know I did not die."

\* \* \*

The Mountie came over. Le Dirque smiled inwardly. This was fine, nobody would ever suspect him! His act was going over well. He tugged at his right hand, pulled off the glove. With his left hand, he called to the bartender. "More drinks for my friends. Tonight we celebrate."

He turned to the Mountie. "And for you, my friend—". Then he stopped. The Mountie's eyes were strangely cold and hostile, not friendly as they had been just a moment ago.

\* \* \*

"Did you say you came from Three Rivers?" the Mountie asked.

"Yes," Le Dirque said. "That is true." His voice and eyes

were puzzled. "But why do you ask me when I—" His throat choked as his eyes saw his ungloved right hand.

\* \* \*

It was blue! And it was not blue from the cold!

And then Le Dirque was looking into the muzzle of the Mountie's gun. His eyes saw the gleam of light on the bracelets that were suddenly snapped on his wrists. "What are you doing?" Le Dirque cried hoarsely. "Why do you do this?"

\* \* \*

The Mountie's voice was cold. "There's only one place in Hudson's Bay you could have gotten methyl blue on your hands," he said. "It's a special chemical preparation, colorless until applied to something, that a trapper up here was using for experimentation with skins. I know because I helped him buy it this morning." His strong fingers bit into Le Dirque's arm. "And you and I are going to talk to Joe Carver about it. Now."

\* \* \*

Le Dirque couldn't speak. His eyes were wide with terror, and a picture of a man in shirt-sleeves, fooling with skins, a washbasin alongside him flashed into his mind. That hadn't been water! "Not water!" At last Le Dirque found his voice. "Something that looks like water but comes out in color later," he mumbled.

\* \* \*

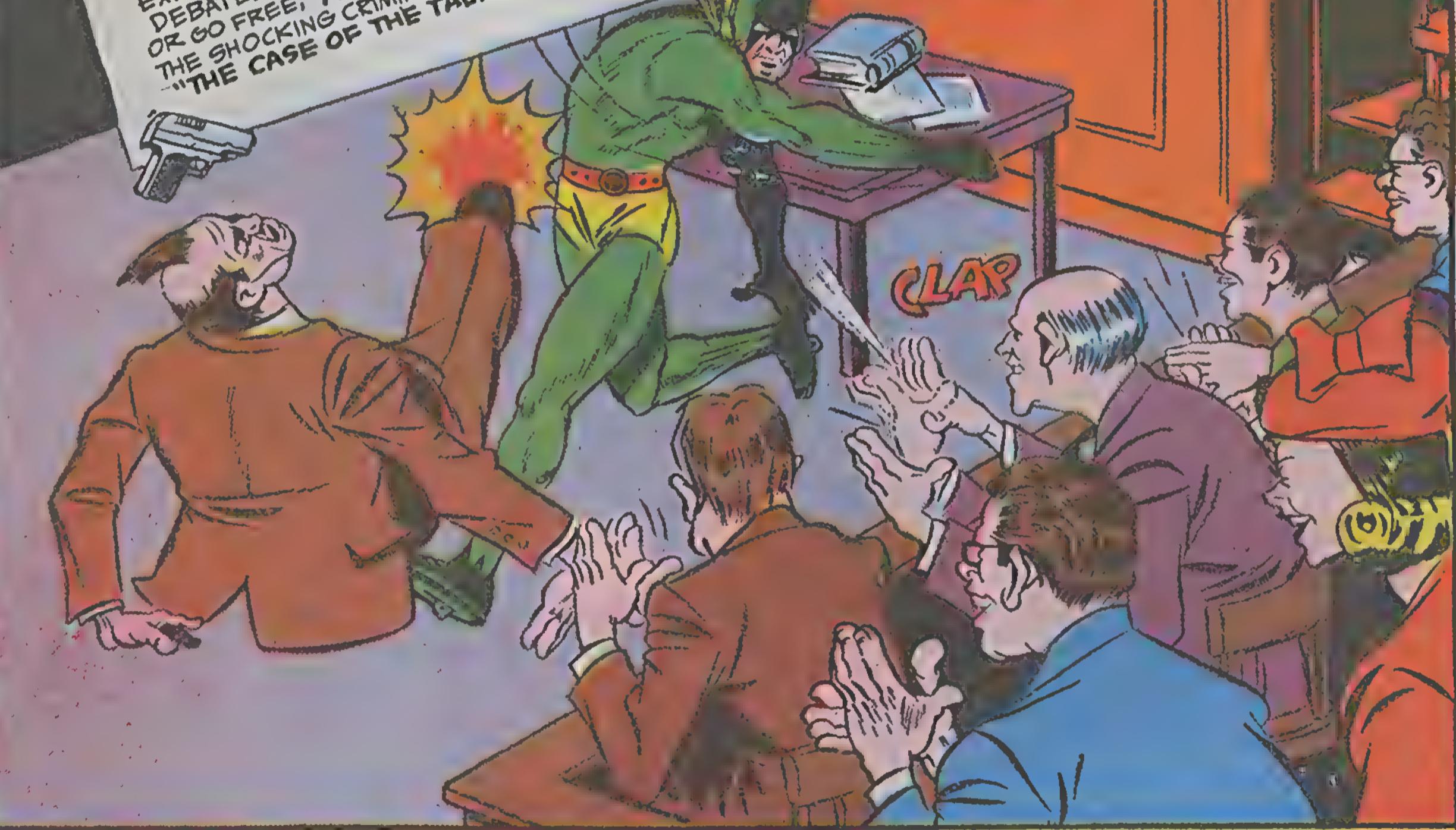
He was still talking to himself when they found Joe Carver. Only death finally silenced him, Le Dirque!

*The End*

# AIR WAVE

RADIO CHANNELS PULSE WITH DRAMA AS LARRY JORDAN FIGHTS THE TOUGHEST BATTLE OF HIS CAREER IN A COURTROOM... FOR JORDAN'S BEST FRIEND IS ON TRIAL FOR MURDER, AND IT IS JORDAN'S HEARTBREAKING DUTY TO DEMAND THE EXTREME PENALTY!... AND AS A JURY DEBATES WHETHER A MAN SHALL DIE OR GO FREE, AIR WAVE BLASTS OPEN THE SHOCKING CRIMINAL PLOT BEHIND... "THE CASE OF THE TALKING GUN!!"

by Harris



...AND NOW, FOLKS, OUR THRILLING COURTROOM BROADCAST BRINGS YOU WITNESSES IN THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL OF JIMMY PARDEE, FAMOUS CRIME REPORTER, ACCUSED OF MURDERING HIS EDITOR, EBENEZER ROOD!

...BURT BENSON, CITY EDITOR OF THE "MORNING STAR" TAKES THE STAND...

ROOD CALLED PARDEE INTO HIS OFFICE TO FIRE HIM. I HEARD YELLS AND A SHOT! WHEN I GOT THERE, ROOD WAS DEAD AND PARDEE HAD RUN AWAY...

...THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR IN THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING...

JIMMY WAS A SWELL GUY... BUT RIDING DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR HE ACTED SORE, AS THOUGH EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING!

...DESPERATION BRINGS THE DEFENDANT SUDDENLY TO HIS FEET...

I'M NOT A KILLER! ROOD FIRED ME BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID TO PRINT CRIME NEWS I'D WRITTEN, AND I THREW MY REPORTER'S BADGE AT HIM AND WALKED OUT!

...AND A LITTLE OLD LADY SPEAKS IN A QUAVERING VOICE!

I'M JIMMY'S MOTHER. I KNOW MY SON COULDN'T HAVE HAD DONE THIS AWFUL THING!

LARRY JORDAN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, RELUCTANTLY SUMS UP THE CASE AGAINST THE YOUTHFUL DEFENDANT...

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THE PISTOL WITH WHICH ROOD WAS SHOT BEARS PARDEE'S FINGERPRINTS! AND PARDEE'S REPORTER BADGE WAS FOUND BESIDE THE BODY!

JIMMY PARDEE HAS BEEN MY BEST FRIEND FOR YEARS. HE HAS EXPOSED CRIMINALS FEARLESSLY IN HIS WORK... NEVERTHELESS, THE STATE BELIEVES HIM GUILTY AND ASKS THE DEATH PENALTY!

AS THE JURY FILES FROM THE ROOM TO REACH ITS VERDICT...

YOU KNOW I HAD TO DO IT, DON'T YOU, JIMMY? THERE WASN'T ANY OTHER WAY IN THE FACE OF THE EVIDENCE!

I UNDERSTAND, LARRY-BUT I'M INNOCENT!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

THE JURY IS OUT, FOLKS, AND THE BETTING IS TWO TO ONE THAT PARDEE GETS THE CHAIR!

GOSH, I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HIM, PORKY!

HE'LL BURN, ALL RIGHT! AND EVERYTHING WILL BE HUNKY-DORY!

YOU'RE GETTIN' DANGEROUS, WILBUR. YOU'RE SO SOFT-HEARTED, YOU'RE LIABLE TO SQUEAL ON THE REST OF US!

I GUESS IT'S WHAT HIS MA SAID THAT GOT ME GOIN'... IF MY MA WAS ALIVE, I'D NEVER BE A CROOK!

SO THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET... PERMANENT!

WHEN THE OTHERS HAVE GONE, A STRICKEN FIGURE CREEPS FEEBLY TOWARD A TELEPHONE...

CRACK!

NO! STINGER... PLEASE! AH HHHHH...

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, STINGER! WE'D BETTER SCRAM!

OPERATOR! GIMME TH' CRIMINAL COURT... AN' 'HURRY!... I... I GOTTA DO THIS... FAST...

MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS AS THE ANXIOUS JORDAN WAITS IN HIS OFFICE FOR THE VERDICT...

IF HE'S CONVICTED, AND IS LATER PROVED INNOCENT, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? HUH? THE PHONE...

THIS THE D.A.?... LISTEN... I'M DYIN'... BUT I WANNA PUT YA STRAIGHT... ABOUT PARDEE! HE DIDN'T KILL ROOD! IT WAS...

THE NEXT INSTANT, AN AWESOME FIGURE SWINGS FROM THE HIGH WINDOW OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE... AIR WAVE!

HELLO! HELLO! WHAT HAPPENED? HE MUST HAVE FAINTED... OPERATOR, TRACE THAT CALL!

THAT CALL CAME FROM 110 WILLOW STREET! IF I CAN FIND THE MAN WHO MADE IT BEFORE THE JURY COMES BACK...

ELECTRIC MAGNETS REGULATE HIS SWIFT PROGRESS DOWN THE METAL PIPE...

AIR WAVE! WAIT A MINUTE... WON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

SURE-  
IF YOU  
CATCH  
ME!

AS HE SKIMS LIKE A RUN-AWAY METEOR ALONG TELEPHONE WIRES, HIS MASTER RADIO PICKS UP THE BROADCAST FROM THE COURTROOM...

...THE PARDEE JURY HAS BEEN OUT FIFTEEN MINUTES, FOLKS! THAT'S LONGER THAN A LOT OF PEOPLE THOUGHT THEY'D TAKE!

NOT A SECOND TO WASTE!

THIS IS THE PLACE... AND IF THE MAN WHO CALLED ME FAINTED, IT WON'T HELP TO RING THE DOORBELL!

DEAD! NO WONDER HE COULDN'T FINISH TELLING ME WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND!

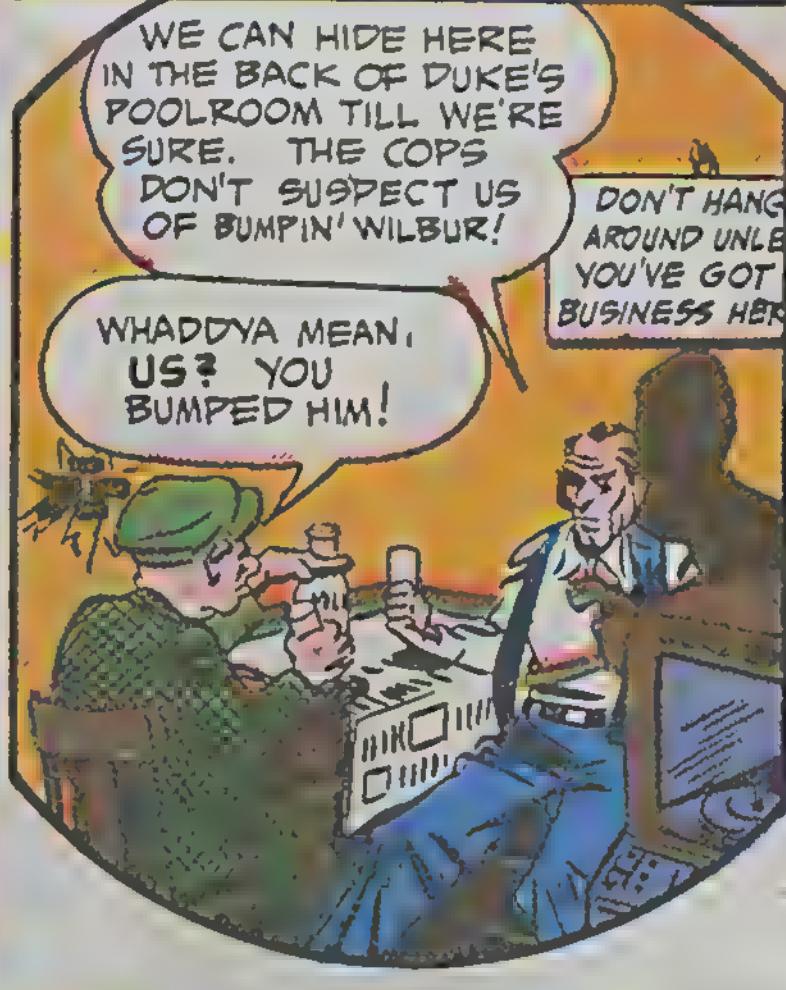
BUT EVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH, AIR WAVE'S KEEN EYES PICK OUT CLUES...

WHY, IT'S WILBUR THE WEEPER... A PAL OF PORKY PRALL AND STINGER RAFFLE, THE EXTORTION ARTISTS! AND HERE'S THE EMPTY CARTRIDGE THAT KILLED HIM!





AN INVISIBLE BEAM FROM AIR WAVE'S RADIO EQUIPMENT DARTS UNERRINGLY TO ITS GOAL!



LIKE A RUNAWAY THUNDERBOLT,  
THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS STRIKES.

I'LL GET  
HIM...  
NO, I  
WON'T  
EITHER.  
OOF!

WATCH ME  
BLAST  
HIM...  
ER...I  
MEAN...  
OW!



THEY TOLD ME  
I'D HANG SOME  
DAY, BUT I  
NEVER BELIEVED  
IT!

TOO BAD  
I DIDN'T  
BRING MY  
CAMERA!

SHUT OFF  
THAT MUSIC...  
IT MAKES  
ME NERVOUS!

BEAT ME  
DADDY

BUT THE SOUNDS OF STRIFE HAVE  
ALARMED PALS OF THE CRIMINALS IN  
ANOTHER ROOM...

AIR  
WAVE!

WE GOTTA  
RUB HIM  
OUT!

AIR WAVE WHIRLS...

HUH?  
A  
SURPRISE!

...BUT NOT IN TIME...

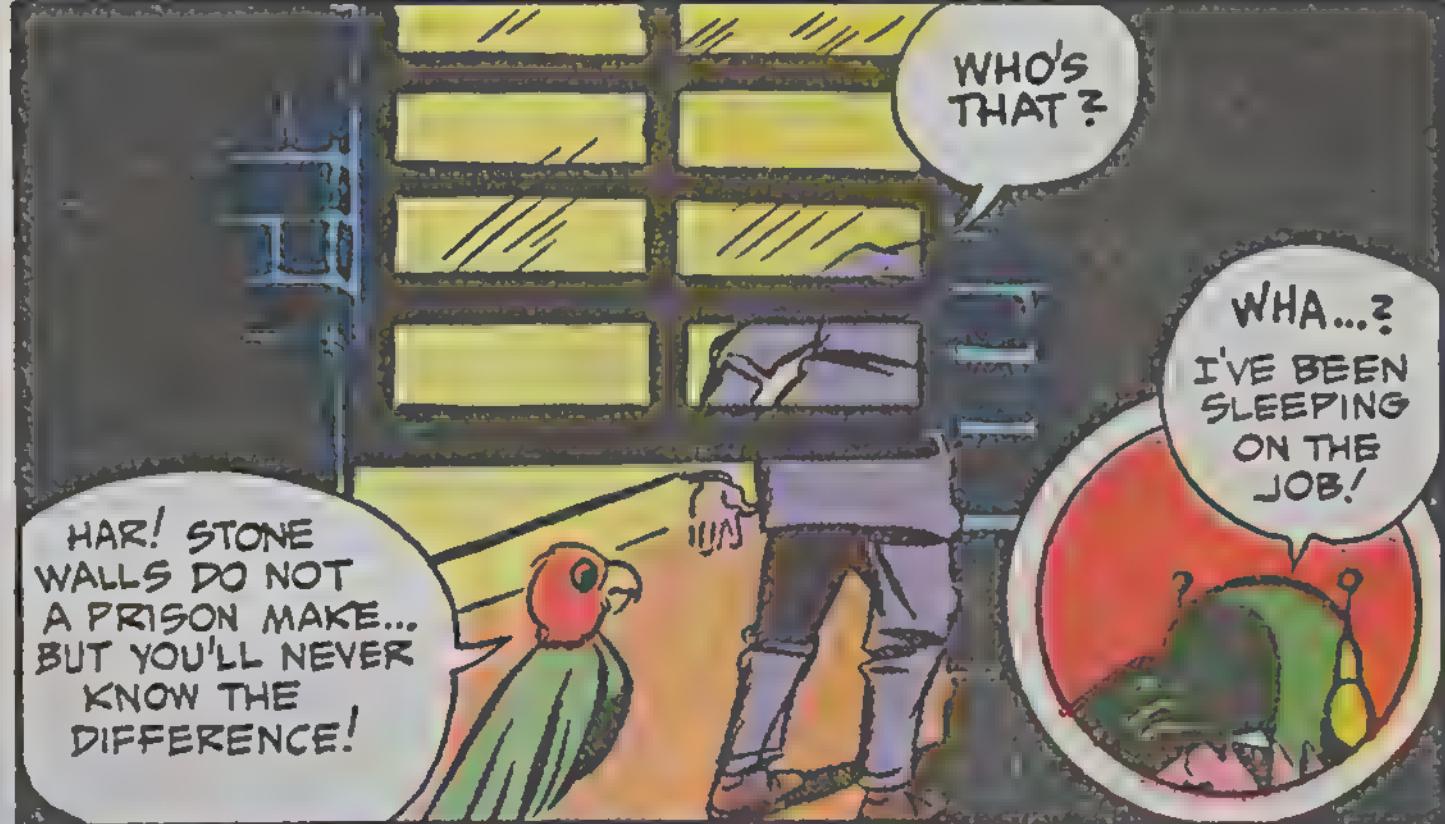
THIS IS LETTING  
THE AIR OUT OF  
YOU, AIR  
WAVE!

DON'T PLUG HIM  
YET...I WANT  
THAT PRIVILEGE!

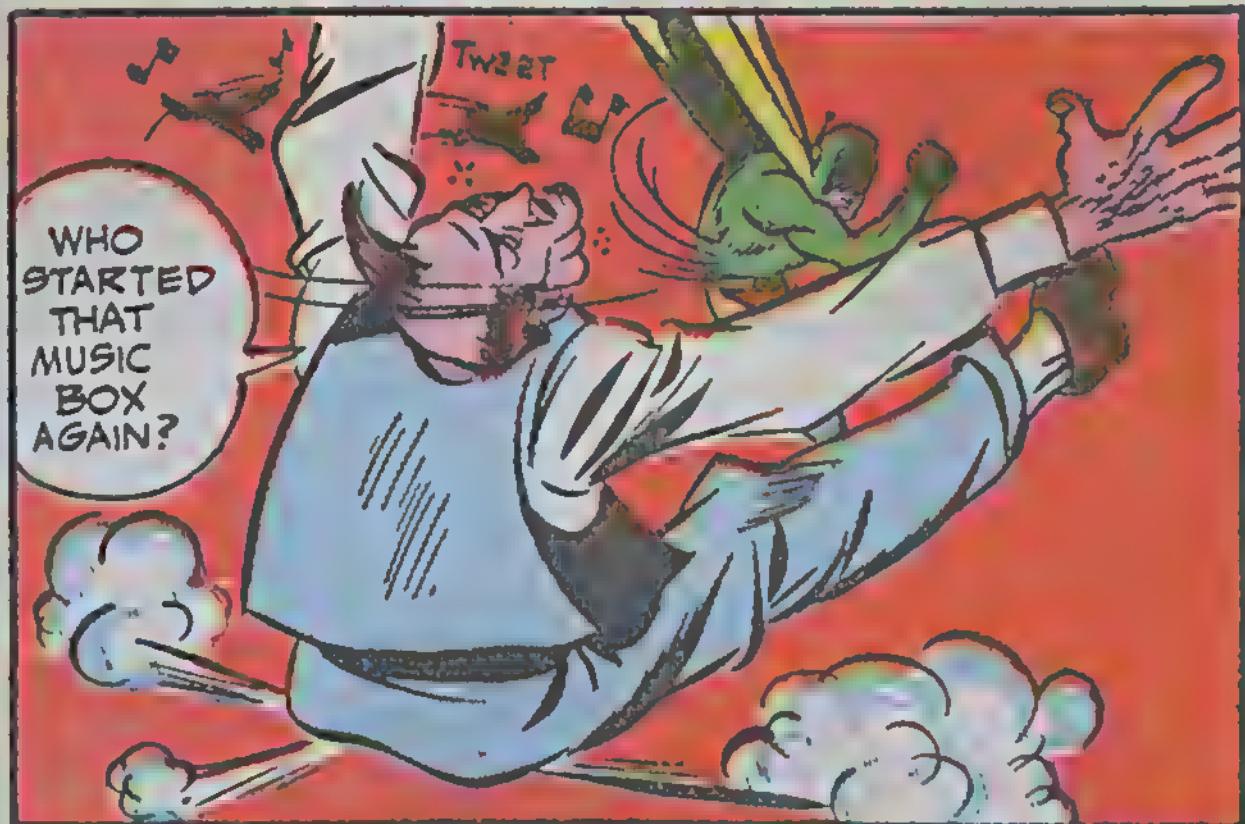
THIS IS HIS  
LAST MOMENT...  
AND MY  
HAPPIEST!

WE CAN BREATHE  
EASY WHEN HE  
STOPS  
BREATHING!

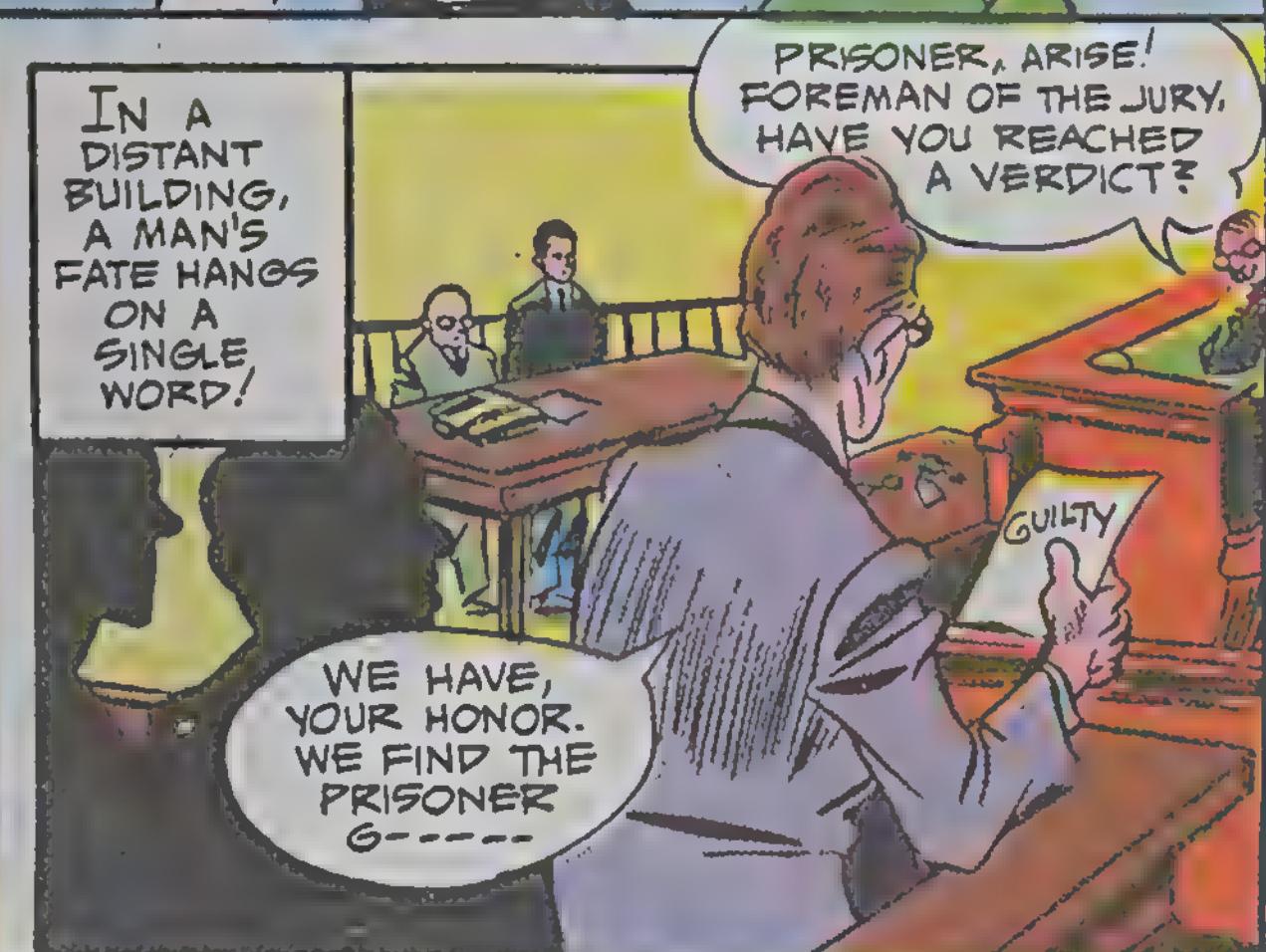
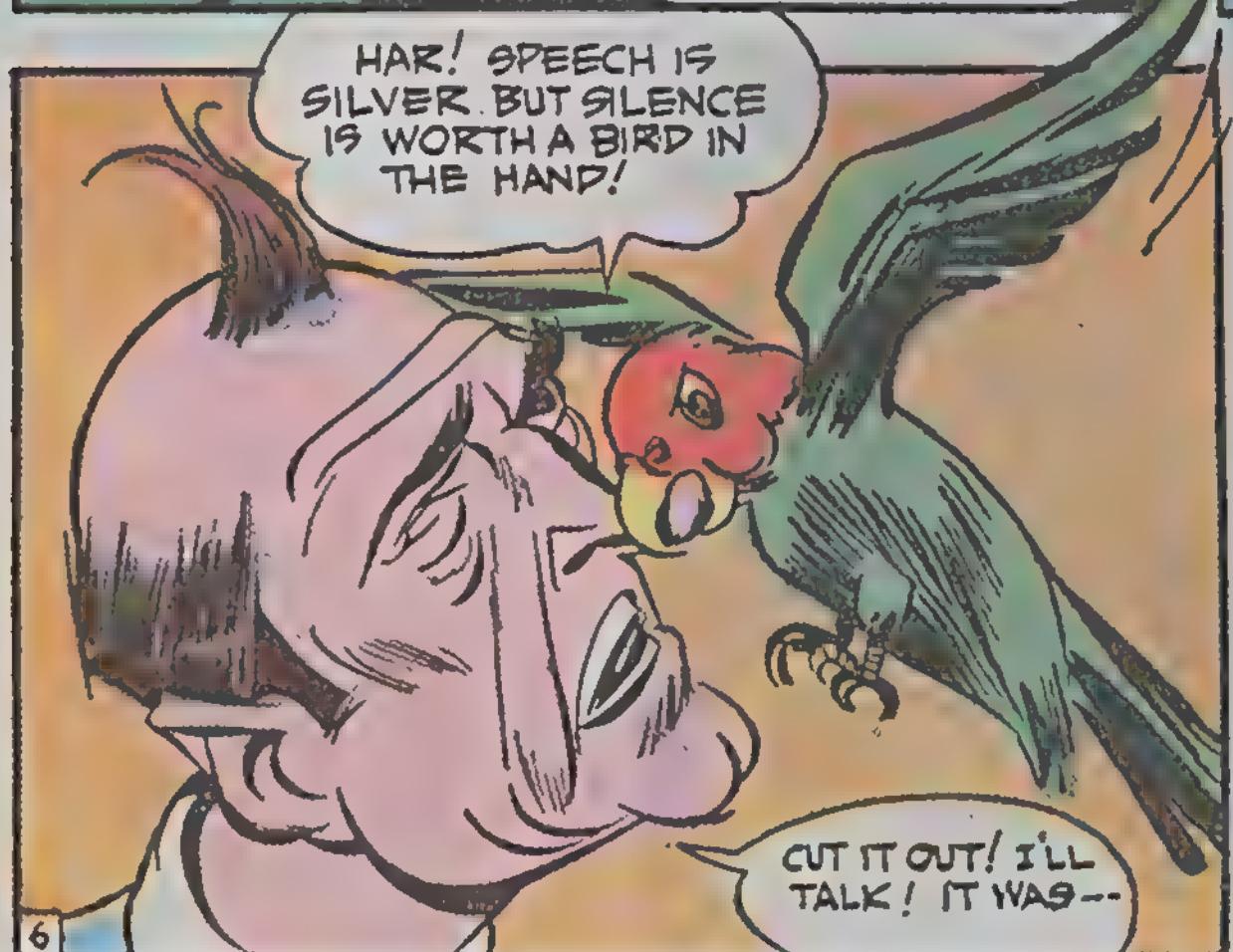
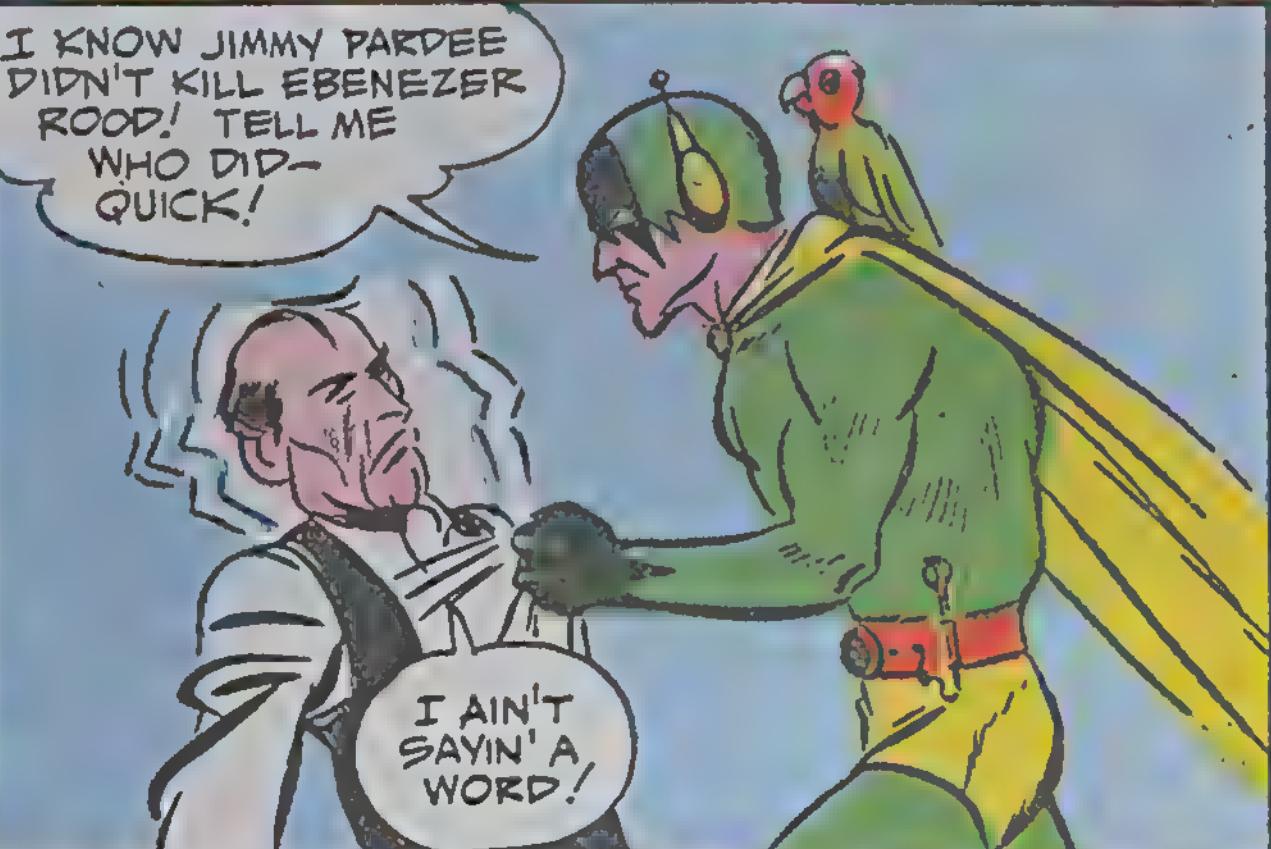
MEANWHILE, A SIXTH SENSE, EVEN MORE WONDERFUL THAN RADIO MAGIC, HAS SENT STATIC, THE PROVERB PARROT, WINGING TOWARD HIS MASTER...



THE SPLIT-SECOND DISTRACTION TURNS THE TIDE OF THE BATTLE...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE COURTROOM WHERE JIMMY PARDEE IS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE, COMES AN ALARMING RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT.



ABRUPTLY, A RINGING VOICE FILLS THE COURTROOM, DROWNING OUT THE FOREMAN'S VERDICT, SHOCKING ALL WHO HEAR IT!

GREAT SCOTT!  
THE MURDER  
WEAPON IS  
SPEAKING!

JUST A MINUTE!  
IT'S TIME I HAD  
A SAY IN THIS  
CASE! I GUESS I  
OUGHT TO KNOW  
BETTER THAN ANYONE  
ELSE WHO FIRED  
THE FATAL SHOT!

AN INSTANT LATER, AIR  
WAVE'S WORDS ARE  
BROADCAST FROM THE  
METAL REPORTER'S BADGE  
FOUND AT THE SCENE OF  
THE CRIME...

I WAS THERE, TOO... AND  
WHEN BENSON LEFT ROOD'S  
OFFICE, ROOD WAS ALIVE!  
THE GUN WAS IN ROOD'S  
DESK, AND JIMMY'S FINGER-  
PRINTS EVEN ON IT BE-  
CAUSE HE HAD HANDLED  
IT THE DAY BEFORE!



NO! IT  
ISN'T  
POSSIBLE!

AFTER JIMMY LEFT,  
A MAN WHO IS NOW  
IN THIS COURTROOM  
ENTERED ROOD'S OFFICE  
AND KILLED ROOD.  
THAT MAN  
IS...



STOP  
I CAN'T  
BEAR  
IT!

I'LL CONFESS... JIMMY  
DUG UP PROOF OF CRIMES  
COMMITTED BY PORKY  
PRALL AND STINGER  
RAFFLE... AND THEY  
OFFERED ME MONEY TO  
GET JIMMY FIRED  
AND SUPPRESS THE  
FACTS... BY MURDER,  
IF NECESSARY!

ROOD AGREED TO  
SUPPRESS THEM ON  
MY ADVICE... BUT  
AFTER HE FIRED JIMMY,  
HIS CONSCIENCE BACK-  
FIRED... HE WAS GOING  
TO PRINT THE STORY  
ANYWAY. SO I  
KILLED  
HIM!

OVER THE STUNNED GATHERING SOUNDS A  
FLAPPING OF WINGS...

PEOPLE WHO LIVE  
IN GLASS HOUSES  
MUST PAY THE  
PIPER!  
AWWWKK!

SO  
THAT'S IT...  
AIR WAVE!  
SAVED ME!  
PARROT, YOU  
SURE LOOK LIKE  
A GUARDIAN  
ANGEL TO  
ME!

AND AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN  
ENTERS THE COURTROOM!

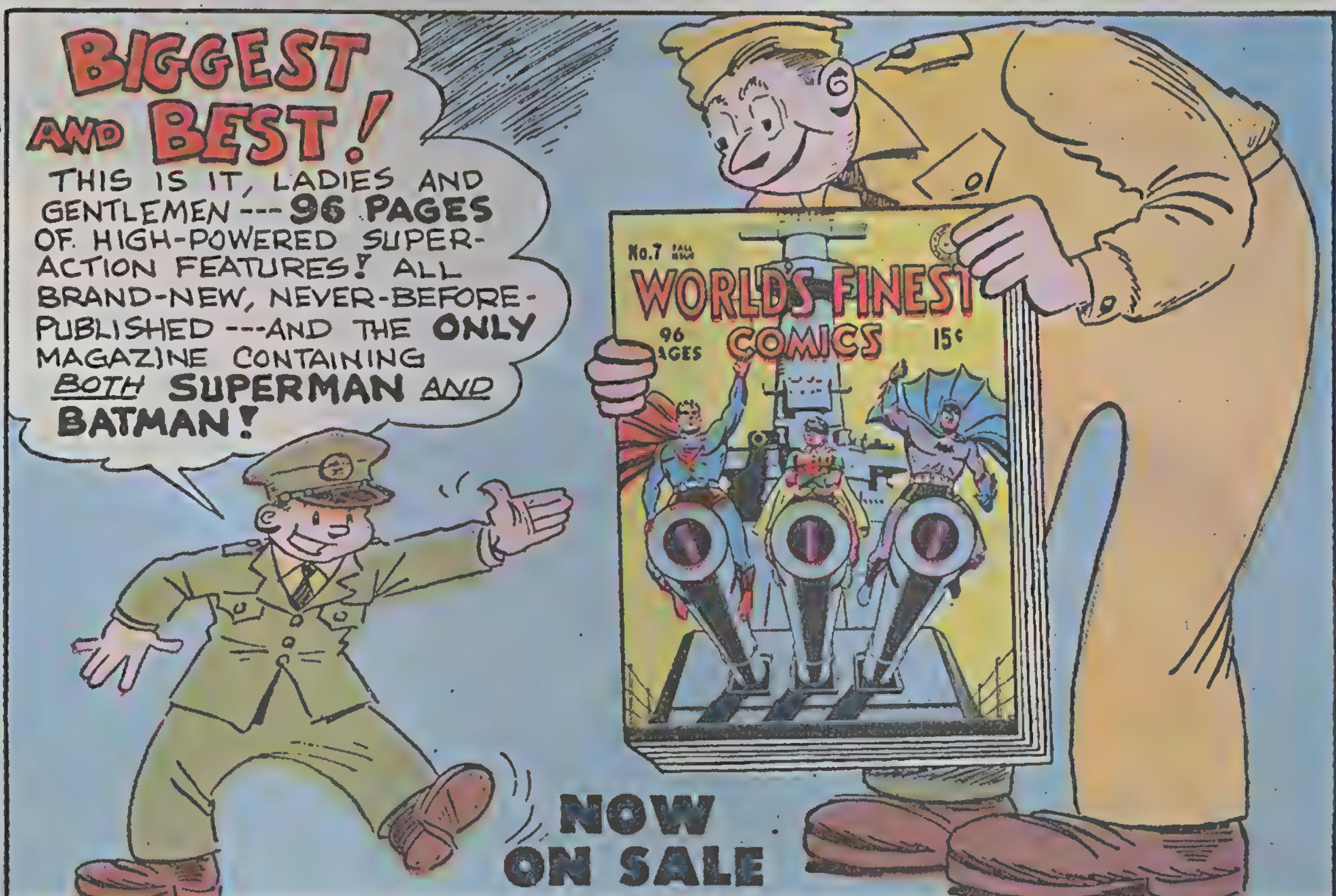
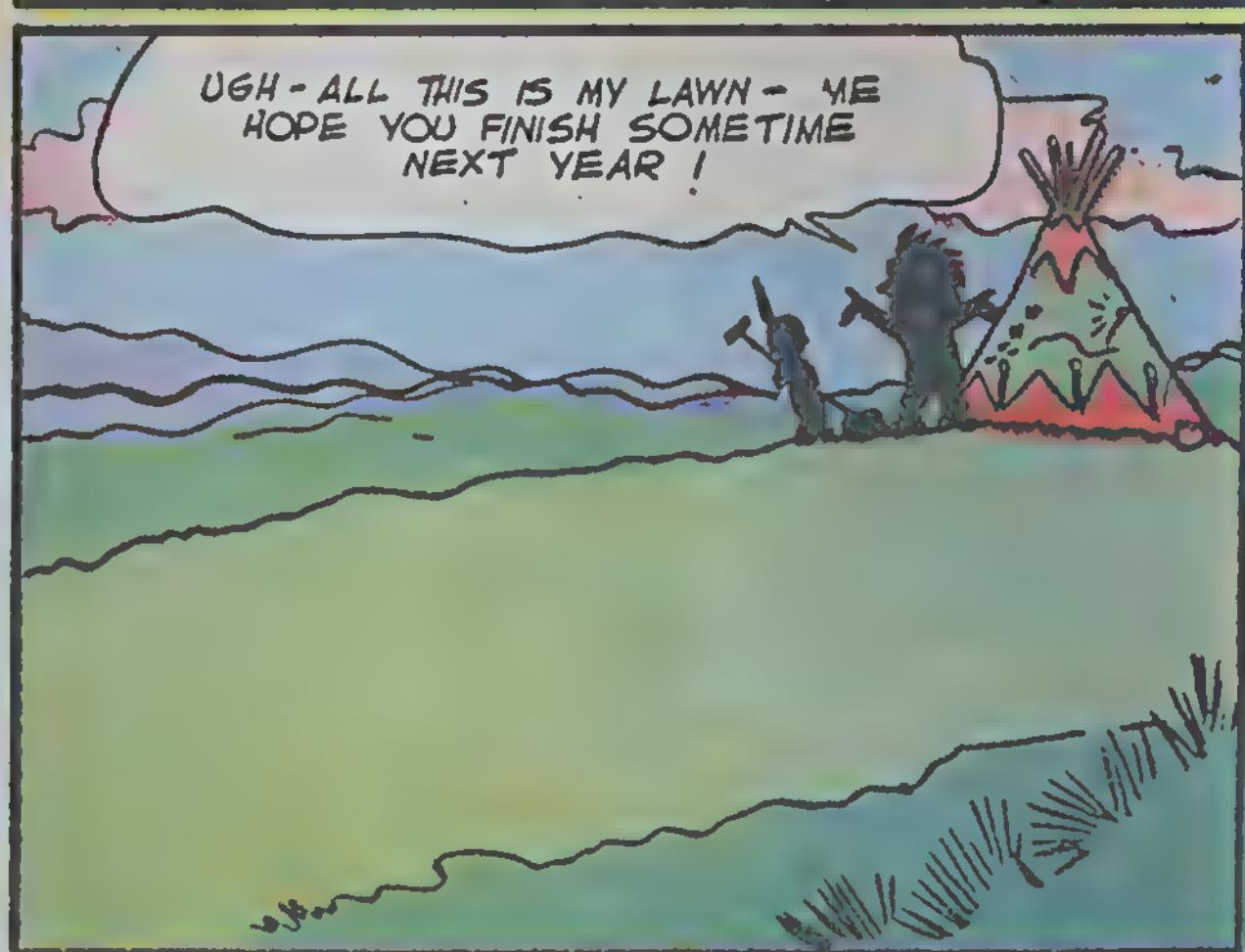
AS I WAS SAYING... ER...WE  
FIND THE DEFENDANT  
AHEM... NATURALLY...  
NOT GUILTY!

THAT'S THE  
BEST NEWS I'VE  
HEARD IN A LONG  
TIME, JIMMY.  
NO HARD FEELINGS,  
ARE  
THERE?

OF COURSE NOT, LARRY!  
YOU DID WHAT YOU  
THOUGHT WAS RIGHT...  
BUT AIR WAVE WAS  
SMARTER THAN YOU!

AIR WAVE  
HAS LOST ME  
A CASE, BUT  
SAVED ME MY BEST  
FRIEND... HE MUST  
BE QUITE A  
FELLOW!

TUNE IN ON THE  
SMASHING BLOW-BY-BLOW  
STORY OF THE BATTLE OF  
AIR WAVE VS. CRIME  
NEXT AND EVERY MONTH  
IN DETECTIVE  
COMICS!



# SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN A THIRD-RATE THUG WITH A THIRD-GRADE EDUCATION DIPS INTO SHAKESPEARE, YOU CAN BET HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BESIDES LITERARY GEMS! SO SLAM AND HIS PAL SHORTY MORGAN REASONED... AND PROVED AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES BEFORE THEY WERE FINISHED WITH-

## "THE CASE OF THE CULTURED CROOKS!"

LOOK, SLAM!  
MUSCLES  
MALLON!

WHAT'S HE  
DOING WITH  
A BOOK?

▲ PENCILED MESSAGE  
ON THE MARGIN OF A  
PAGE CATCHES SLAM'S  
EYE...

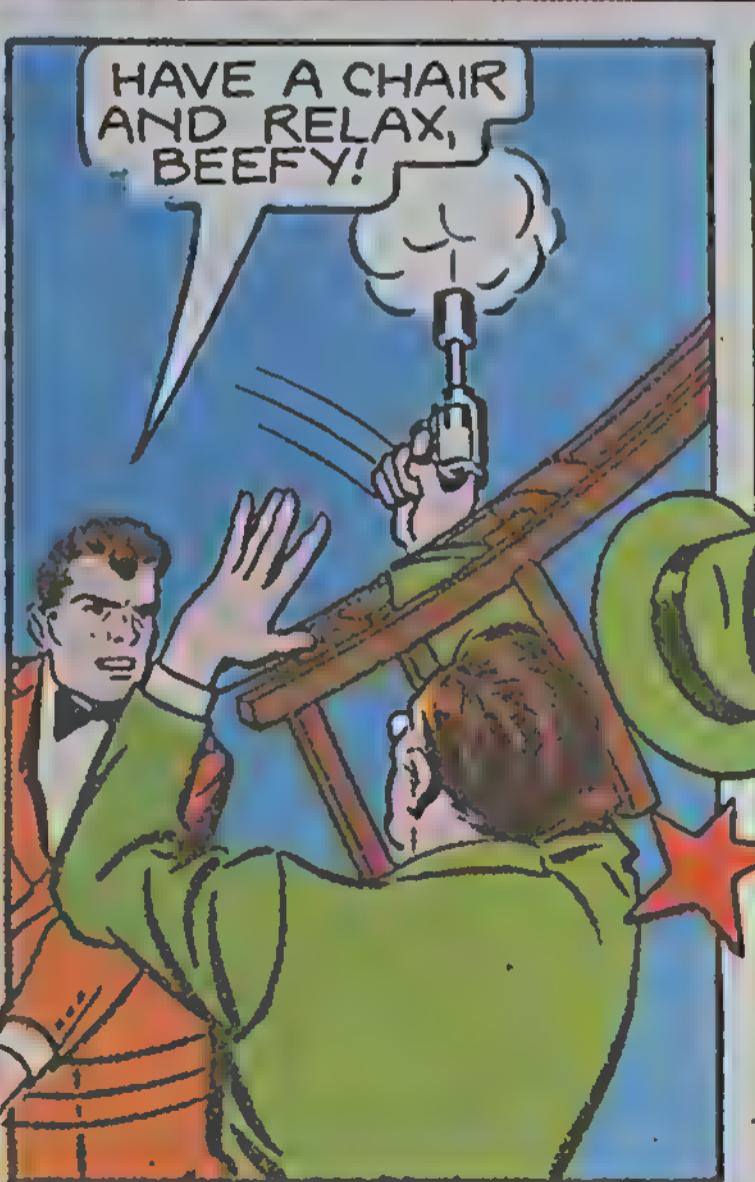
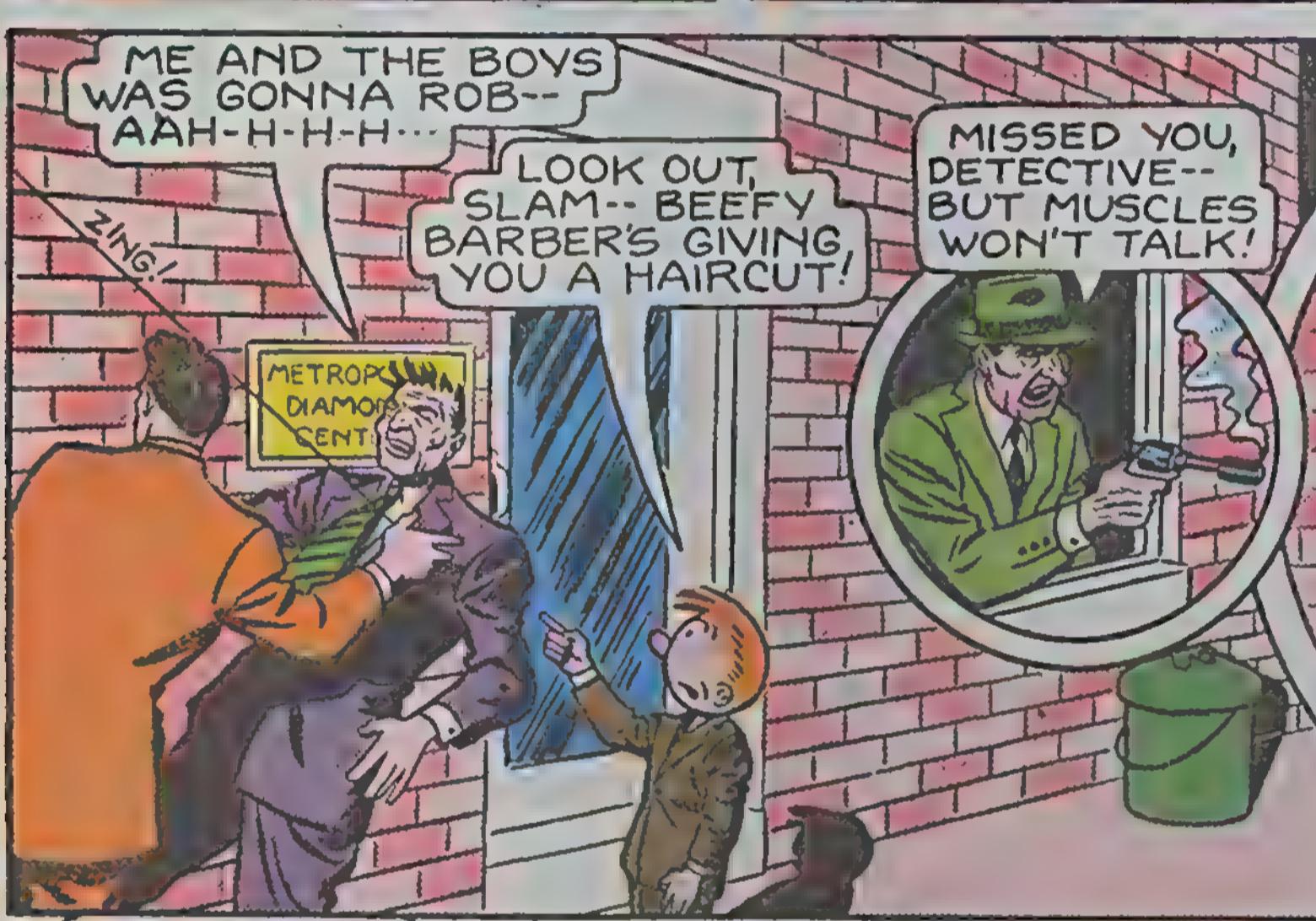
IMPROVING YOUR  
MIND, MUSCLES--  
IF ANY?

HUH?

SHAKESPEARE'S  
COMPLETE  
WORKS

Everything set for  
9 tonight.

BE,  
I SOLD  
I NEED  
TO REV  
PAR. SIMPLY  
FEE, AND CUT  
IT, PERPETUA  
A SOLD. WHAT'S HE  
TAIN DUMAN? WHY DOE  
A SOLD. WHAT'S HE  
TOGETHER A GREAT DEA  
GREAT. HE EXCELS HIS  
BROTHER FOR A COW  
ONE OF THE BEST



HERE'S WHERE  
YOU GET YOUR FACE  
LIFTED, APE!

THIS TIME  
I'LL GET  
HIM!

THIS HAIRCUT  
WILL LAST YOU  
FOREVER!

MAKE SURE  
HE'S FINISHED  
FOR GOOD, PRETTY  
BOY!

WITH  
PLEASURE!

SUDDENLY A SHOUT  
IS HEARD THROUGH  
THE CLOSED DOOR...

THEY'RE  
IN HERE,  
OFFICERS!

THE COPS!  
WE GOTTA  
BEAT IT!

I'M ON  
MY WAY!

THAT WAS  
A GOOD TRICK,  
SCARING THEM  
OUT! WHA--?  
HEY, SLAM!

SLAM, OL' PAL!  
DID THEY KILL  
YOU?

I DON'T  
THINK SO--  
BUT THEY  
SURE  
DAMAGED  
MY SCALP!

BUT THEY KILLED  
MUSCLES AND TRIED  
TO KILL ME-- AND I  
DON'T LIKE KILLERS!  
IF IT'S THE LAST  
THING I DO, I'M  
GOING TO PUT THOSE  
RATS IN CAGES!

YOU PUT  
'EM IN, AND  
I'LL SLAM  
THE DOOR!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE  
ANOTHER LOOK AT  
THAT SHAKESPEARE  
VOLUME-- BUT IT'S  
GONE!

IT ISN'T  
UNDER HERE!

I'M THE PROPRIETOR.  
CAN I HELP YOU?

I NOTICED  
A VOLUME OF  
SHAKESPEARE'S  
WORKS HERE A  
FEW MINUTES  
AGO...

SHAKESPEARE?  
YOU MUST BE  
MISTAKEN! I--ER--  
I'M SURE ALL  
THE SHAKESPEARES  
I HAVE ARE INSIDE  
ON THE SHELVES...

MAYBE NOW..  
BUT NOT WHEN  
WE PASSED  
BEFORE!

HE'S  
LYING!

HERE'S A SHIPMENT  
OF BOOKS FOR YOU--  
AND IT WEIGHS  
A TON!

BRING  
IT RIGHT  
INSIDE!

LOOKS  
LIKE THE  
KIND OF BOX  
MACHINERY  
AND TOOLS  
ARE KEPT  
IN...

AS IF BY ACCIDENT,  
SLAM DROPS A HEAVY  
BOOK ON THE FOOT OF  
ONE OF THE EXPRESS  
MEN...

OUCH!  
MY CORN!

OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
PICK IT UP,  
QUICKLY!

WHAT WAS  
THE IDEA  
OF THAT?

DIDN'T YOU SEE  
WHAT WAS IN THAT  
BOX? BURGLAR  
TOOLS!

THERE'S A  
COUPLE MORE  
OF BEEFY'S  
MOBSTERS!  
PINKY BEAMIS  
AND ONE-  
EYE PETERS!

NEVER  
MIND THEM...  
LET'S GO!

WHY DID YOU  
RUN AWAY FROM  
THOSE GANGSTERS?  
AND WHY ARE  
YOU STOPPING  
HERE?

YOU'LL  
SEE!

YES, THIS ONE  
WILL DO... HOW  
MUCH?

DON'T  
TELL ME  
YOU'RE

GETTING  
OUT OF TOWN  
JUST BECAUSE  
BEEFY DOESN'T  
LIKE YOU!

SOMETIMES BEING  
SMALL HAS ITS  
ADVANTAGES... IN  
YOU GO, LITTLE  
MAN!

ME? NOT  
ON YOUR  
LIFE!

WHAT DID I EVER  
DO TO DESERVE  
THIS?

QUIT  
SQUAWKING,  
AND LISTEN!  
HERE'S HOW  
YOU CAN HELP  
SEND THOSE  
KILLERS TO  
PRISON OR  
THE CHAIR...

NO ONE AROUND...  
THAT'S GOOD! WHEW,  
BUT THE LITTLE  
FELLOW IS  
HEAVY!



YOU  
AGAIN!

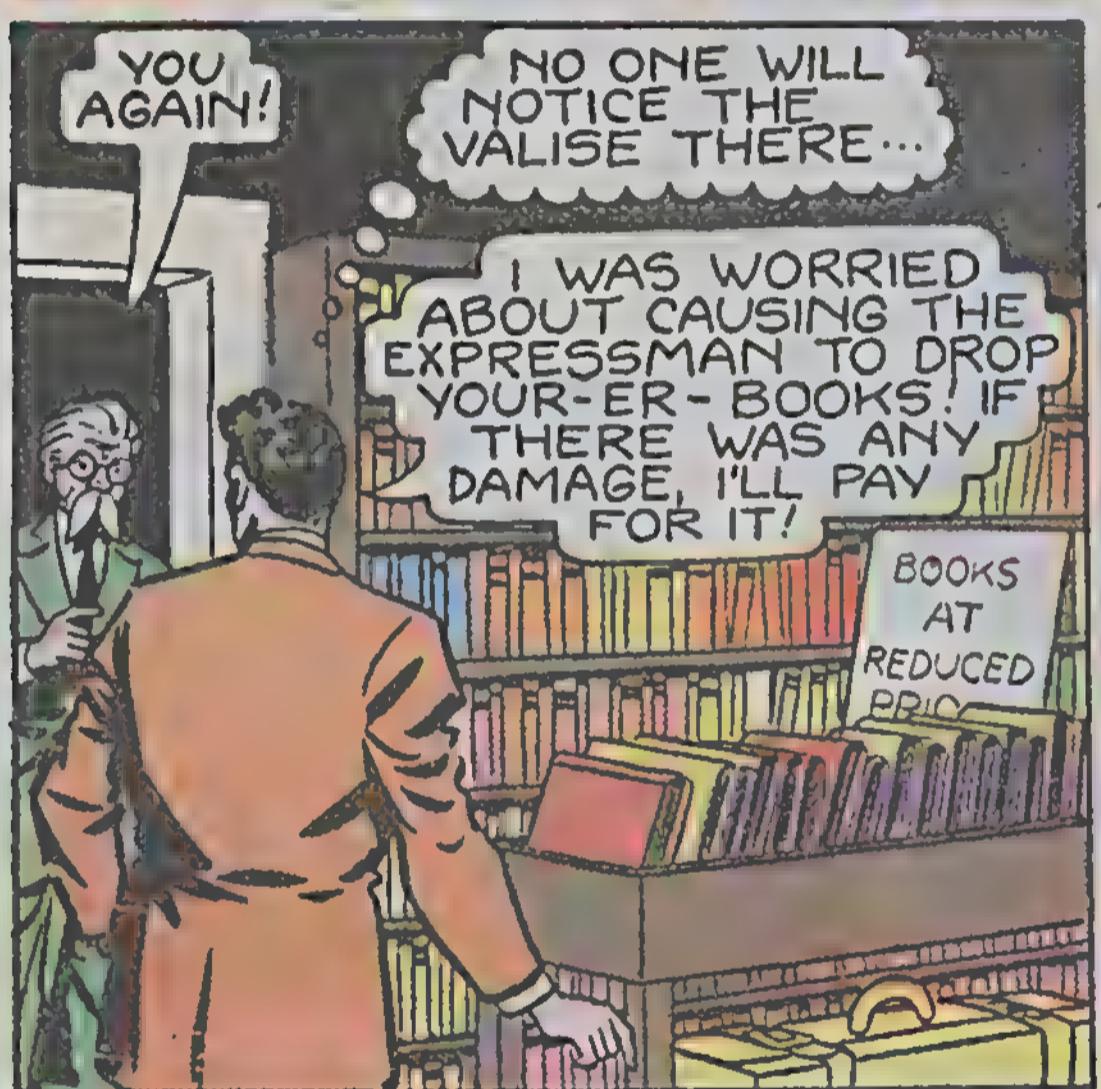
NO ONE WILL  
NOTICE THE  
VALISE THERE...

I WAS WORRIED  
ABOUT CAUSING THE  
EXPRESSMAN TO DROP  
YOUR-ER- BOOKS. IF  
THERE WAS ANY  
DAMAGE, I'LL PAY  
FOR IT!

BOOKS  
AT  
REDUCED  
PRICE

THERE WAS NO  
DAMAGE, AND NOW,  
IF YOU DON'T WANT  
TO BUY ANY BOOKS,  
I WISH YOU'D STOP  
BOTHERING ME!

I'LL BE  
GLAD TO DO  
THAT LITTLE  
THING!



WHA--? OH, IT'S  
THE BEAU BRUMMEL  
OF THE  
UNDERWORLD!

A  
CLOSE SHAVE  
FOR YOU,  
DETECTIVE!

BANG!

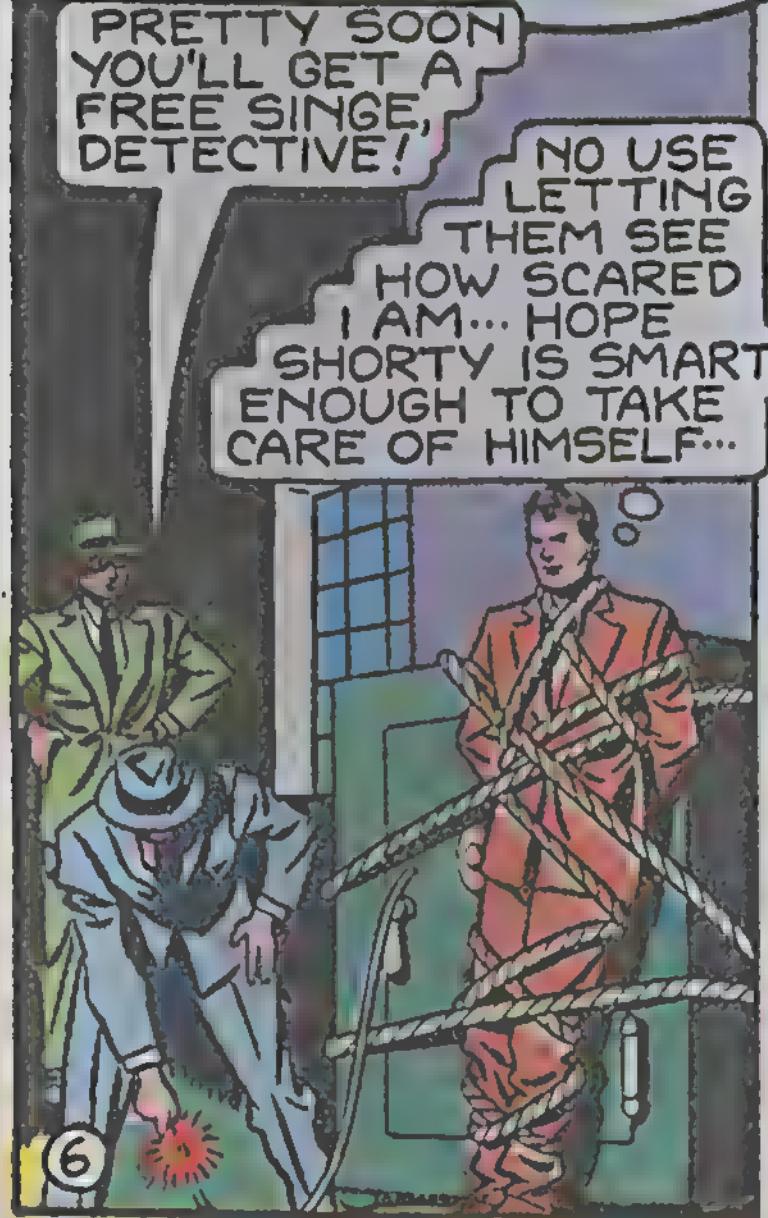
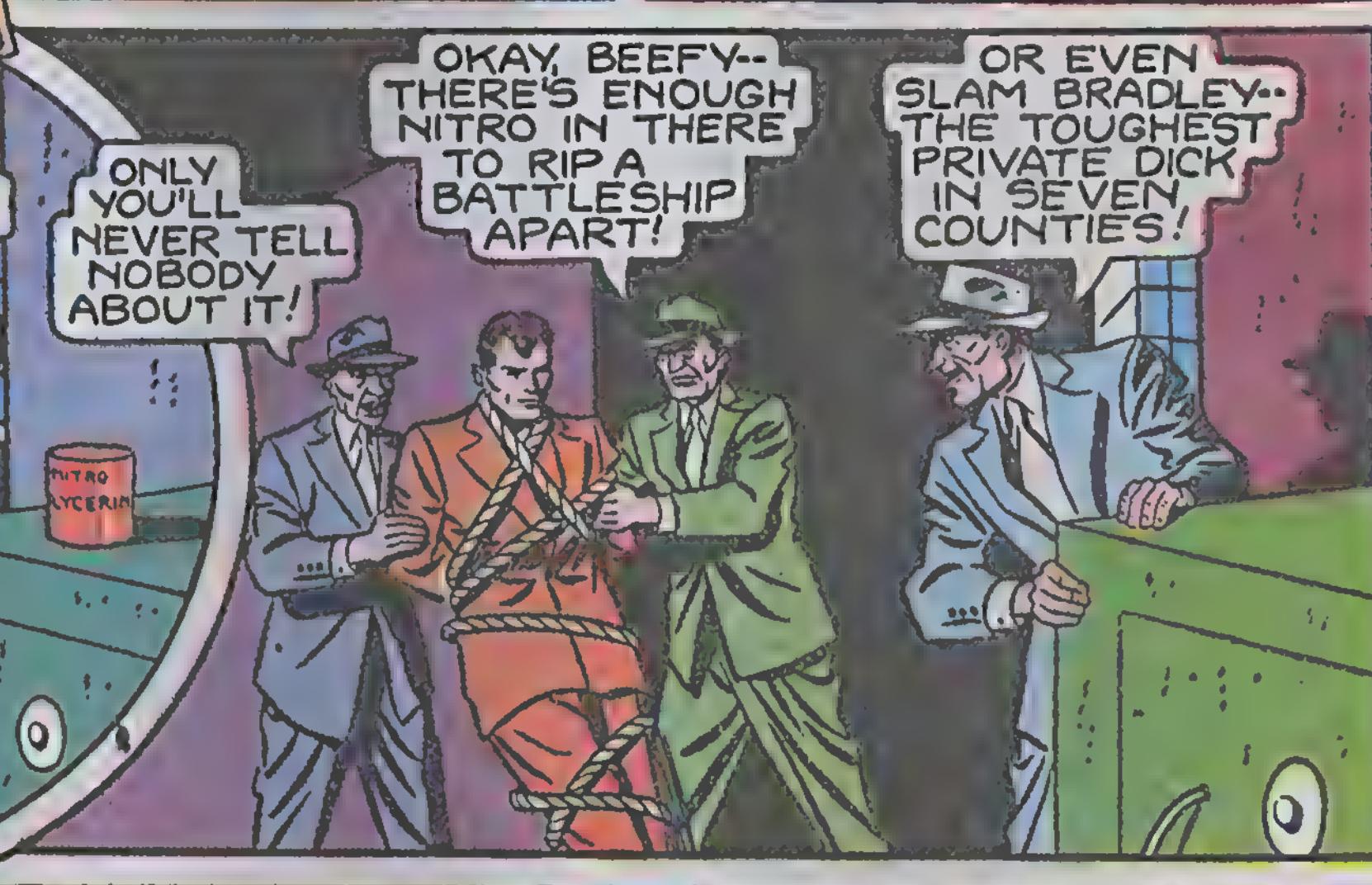
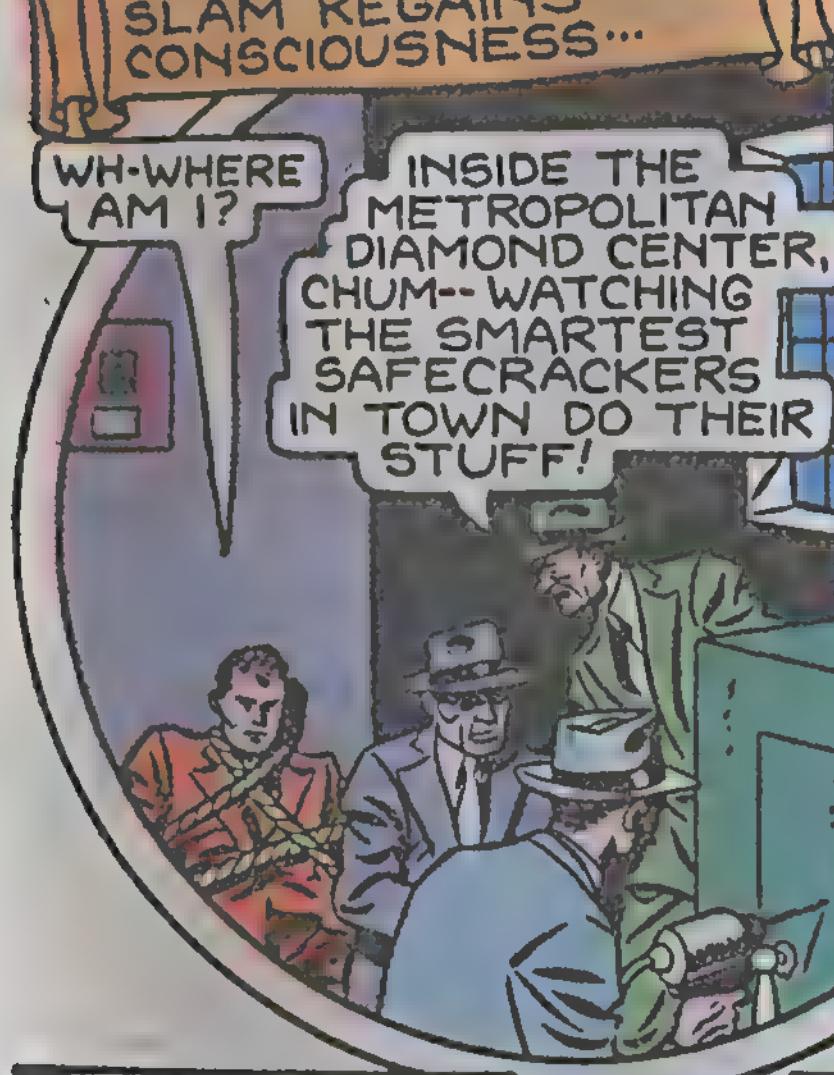
I'M GOING TO  
PUT A BIG DENT  
IN THAT CUTE  
HAT YOU'RE  
WEARING!

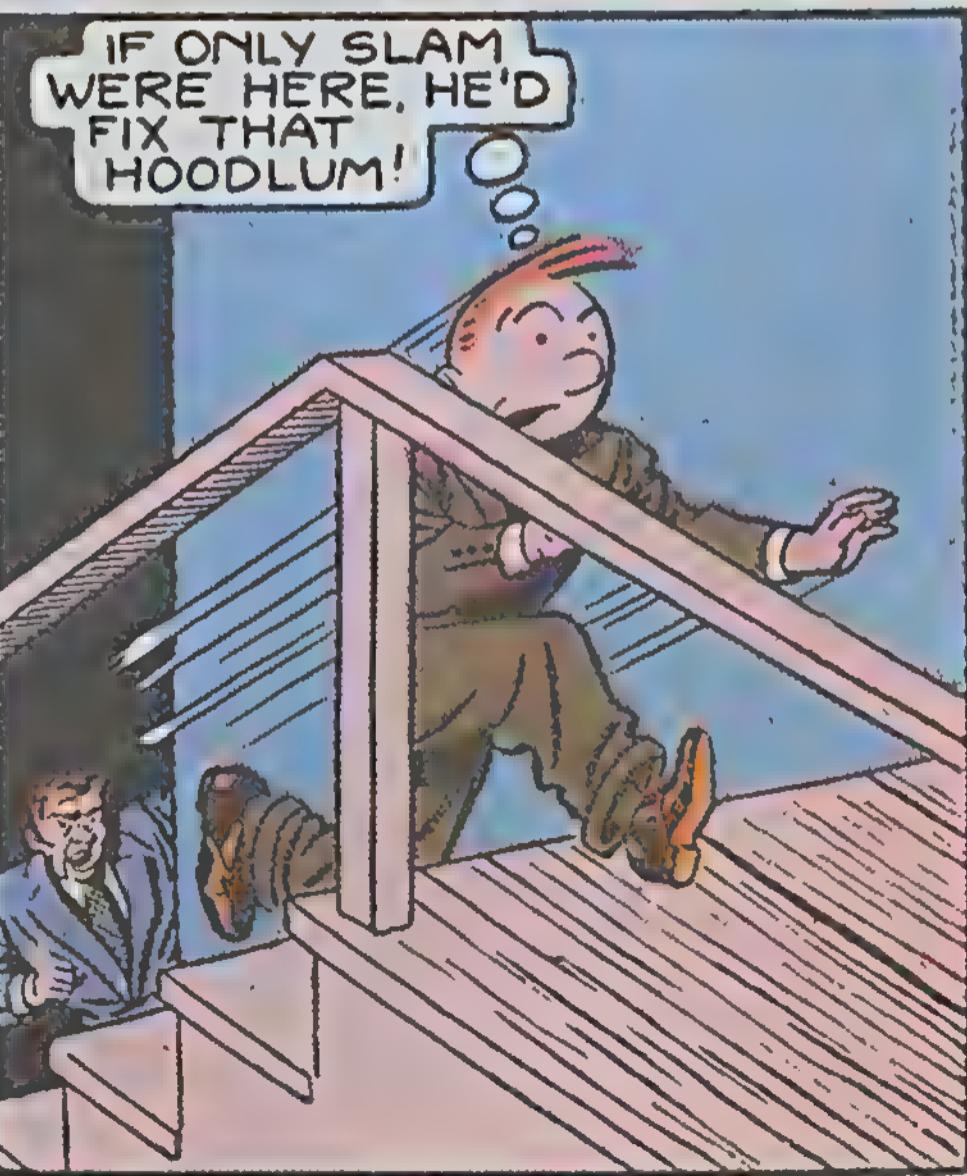
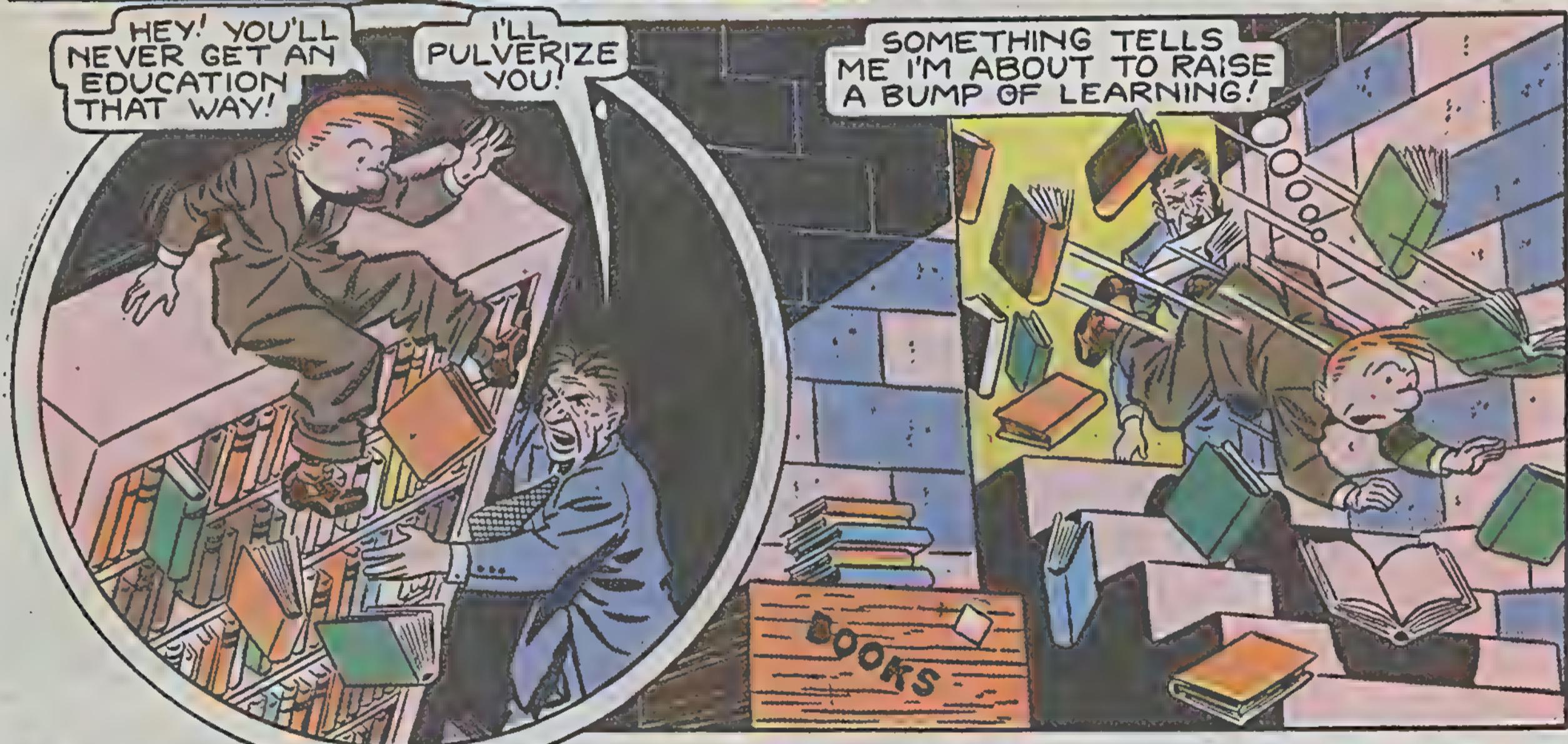
YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
CATCH ME  
FIRST!

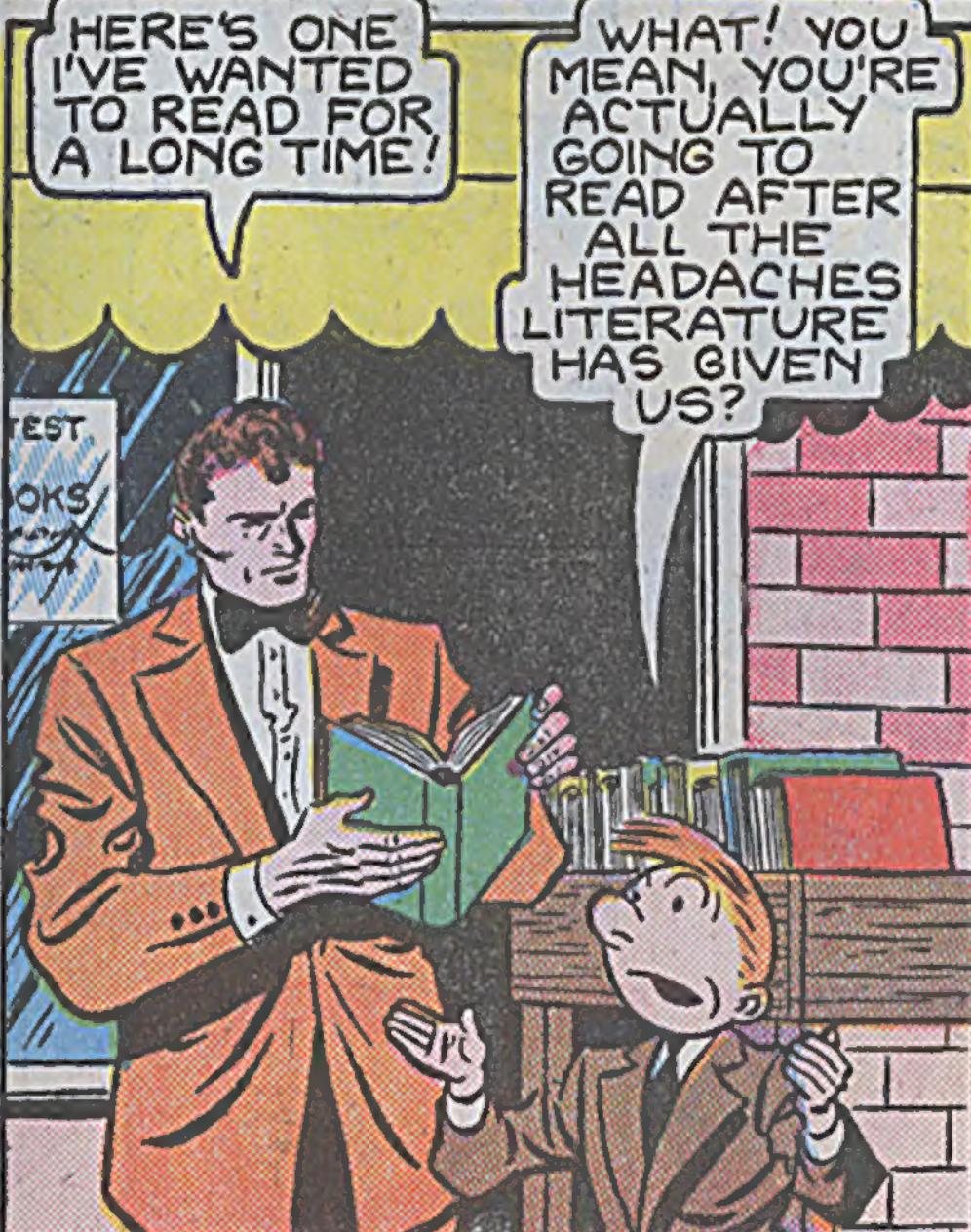
I GET IT!  
A PARTY!

THIS TIME  
WE'RE  
GONNA GIVE  
YOU THE  
WORKS!

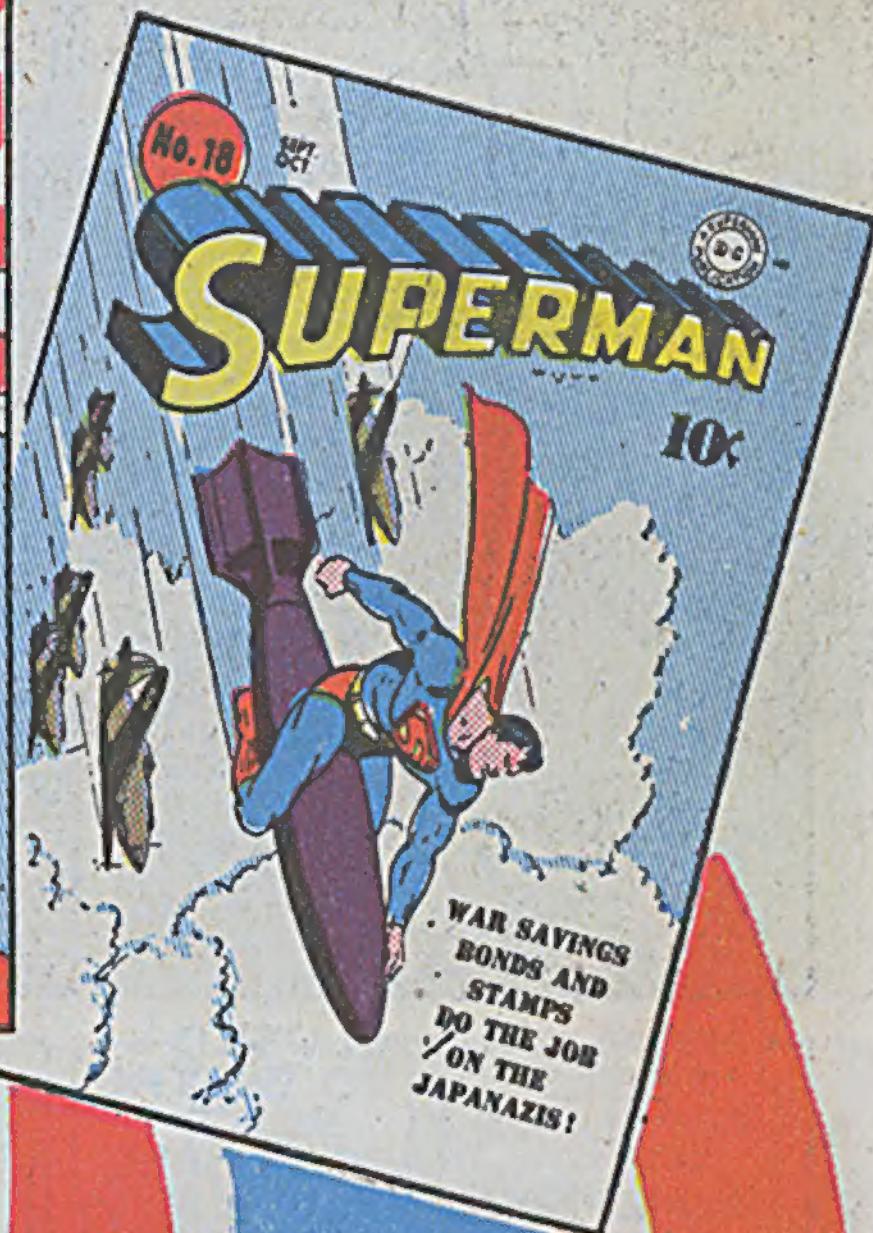
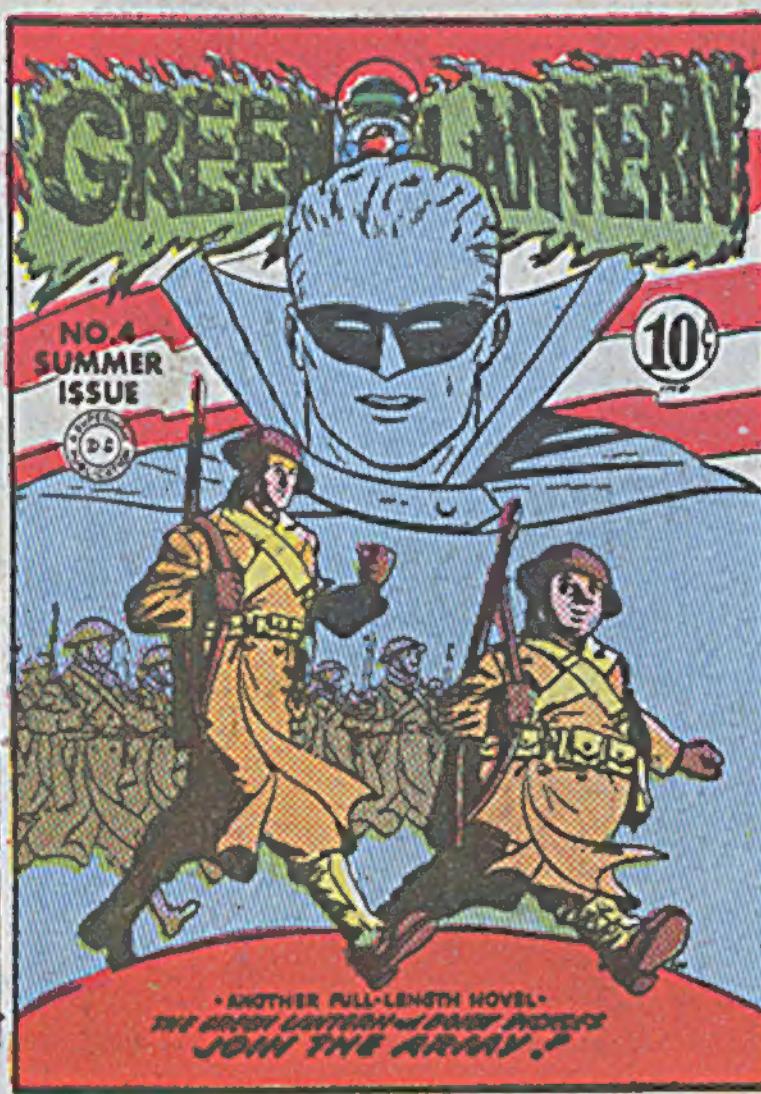




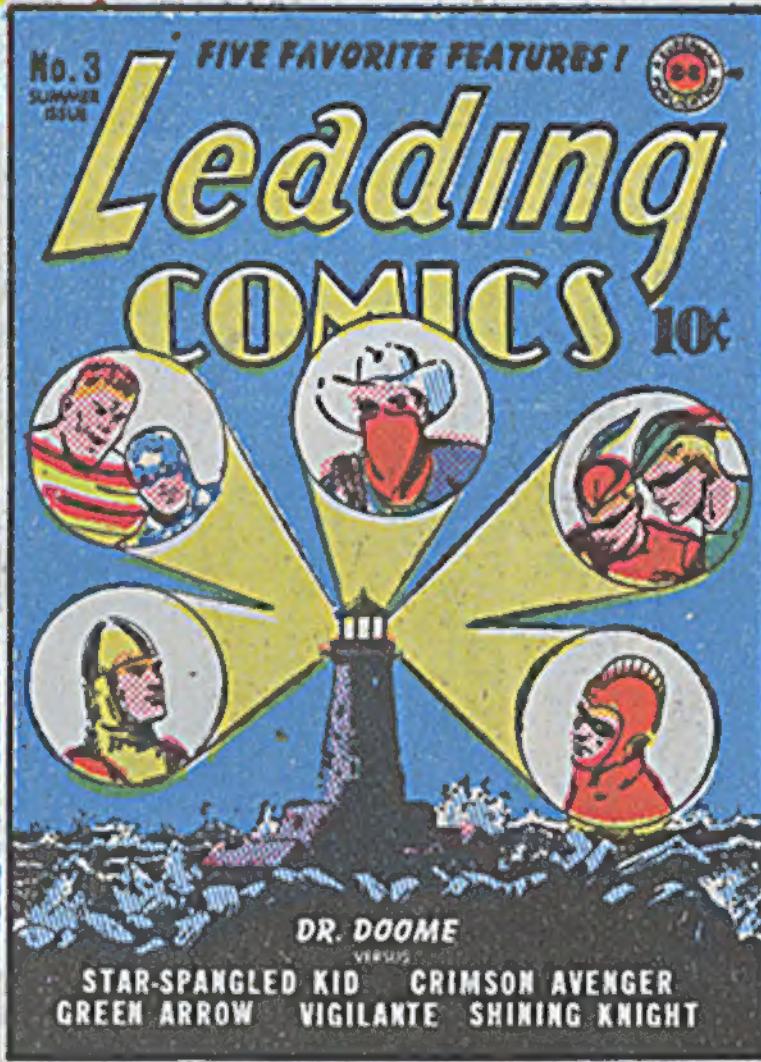
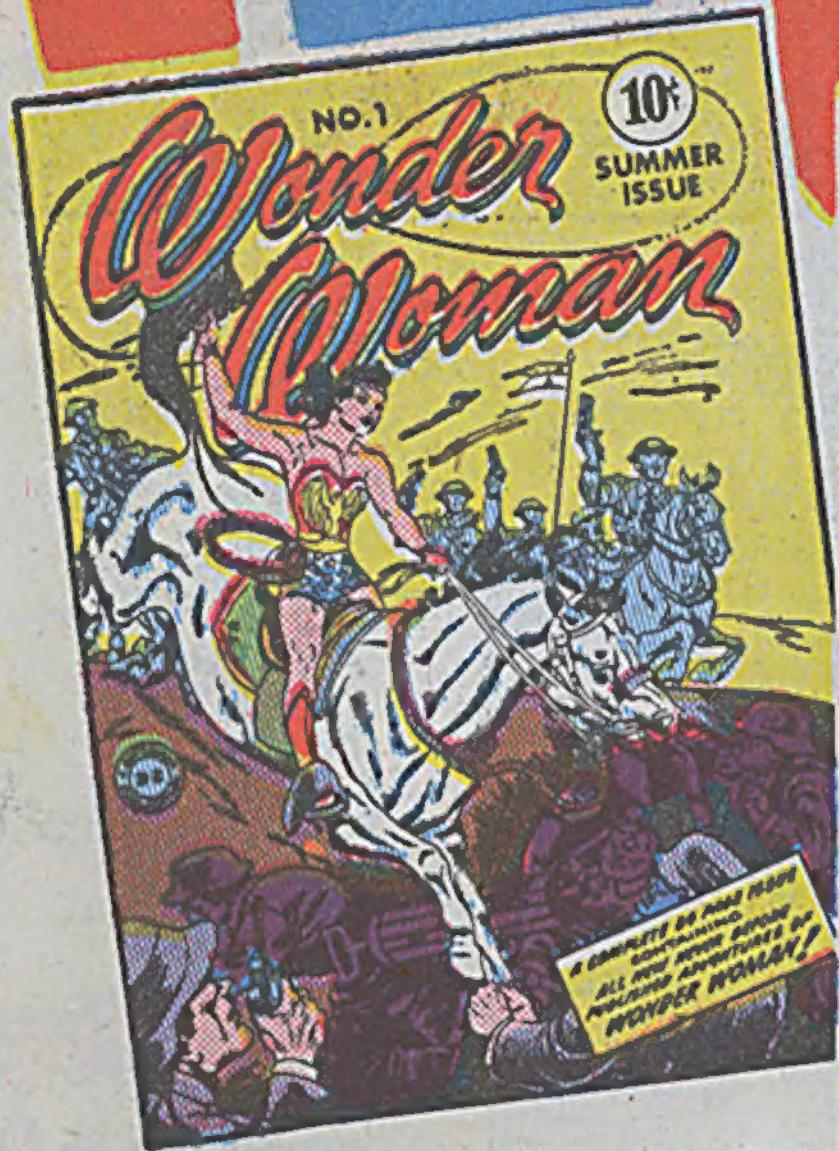




AND THERE  
ARE MORE  
HEADACHES  
COMING! BUT  
SLAM AND  
SHORTY KNOW  
EXACTLY  
WHAT TO DO  
ABOUT THEM  
AS THEY  
SMASH  
THROUGH  
BRAND-NEW  
ADVENTURES  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
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